

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 51.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

TO PRAIRIE BIRD.

Who art thou, bird of song,
Say, wouldst thou deign to tell?
I've heard thy notes so long,
I've learned to love them well;
"They follow me from shore to shore,
I think I've heard them oft before."

By mountain, hill and stream,
And on the mighty deep,
And in my midnight dream,
And when I vigils keep,
Thy soul with thy sweet song is stirred,
I love thee well, fair Prairie Bird.

Boston, August 1853.

BRATRICK.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

BELINDA:

Or, The Pastor's Prediction.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

Belinda's prayer-book lay open upon the table. The good pastor turned to the psalter and read aloud the following verses from the twentieth psalm. "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee." "Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfill all thy mind." Mr. True then left for his home. Belinda caught up her prayer-book, the gift of her cherished pastor, and pressing it to her heart, she bathed it with her tears. A tap at her door aroused her from her meditations, and Hugh Hardheart, with his wily smile, stood before her.

"Bliss me, is it crying you are, Miss Belinda; well I imagined I should find you in high glee this morning. Ah! I see how it is. That fatherly old man that just passed me has been talking sad things to you. He'll change his tune when we return, and settle down beside him, and show him how far from being true were his idle tales. I'll prove to him yet my intent was with you as strictly honorable."

"Oat Hugh, may I but live to enjoy the light of that blessed morn that will find my pastor reconciled to me; not counting me as lost; but, as he ever has done, a child of his love and care. My heart grows sick within me when I call to mind his pious instructions. I feel he knows what is better for me, than even I do myself. I wish we had not been so hasty, Hugh. Cannot you delay the journey for a few days, and see Mr. True and give him the facts in the case?"

"Nonsense, Belinda! Do you think I can stoop so low, after he has so abused me? I would die before I would ask any favor of him. I am surprised at your conduct, after having so much calumny heaped upon me, then turn and kiss the hand that dealt it. Not I—I am more of a man than that, I am thinking."

"Any man, I think, would be willing to consult the friends of her he chose for a companion. I have no earthly friends save the pastor and his family. That I should live to disregard their counsel, I feel would be living entirely unmanly of the duty I owe them. See, Hugh, here is my 'Bible,' will you promise me upon its sacred pages that you will improve true to me, and return me to my friends again as happy as I was when you first met me?"

"As I live," (said the wretch, holding the book in his guilty hands,) "I do promise you that all that the people of Summerside have said of me shall fall back upon their own heads. You shall return here, and spend the remainder of your days with the friends you so love. Now let this suffice, we must prepare for our departure."

The morning came, the sad morning in which Belinda was to leave the cherished scenes of her youth. Calmed by repeated assurances of a speedy return, she composed herself as well as circumstances would allow. We have said Belinda was a high-minded sensible girl. So she was, and yet like many of her sex, and like many of the opposite, who are often deceived, she lacked a knowledge of the true character of what constituted a man of principle, a gentleman of real merit. Had she known the proper course, I think she would have followed it. But as she did not, neither would she regard the admonition of those who did know, she went madly on, blinded by what she thought was love, until her ruin was accomplished. She should have tried the man, and but few would have been the words to find out his depth of soul, or his evil heart. Could she not have said to him, "Sir, the invitation extended to me to visit your friends, previous to our union, I feel I must decline for various reasons. The distance is a number of hundred miles, and the objection that my friends have, and a feeling of delicacy myself will prevent my accompanying you. I am to wed you, not your friends; and though it would be pleasant to visit them at this time, were they at a convenient distance, I nevertheless feel to say that our short acquaintance (with many other considerations) will render it impossible." Were he what he should be, the answer would come forth with all the feeling the soul is capable of exercising when suspected of imagining wrong. This would have been the wife (and suitable companion for a good woman's answer.

"You are right, my dear Belinda, I was hasty in suggesting the thing. Indeed rather

would I defer seeing my friends, for years to come, than give you occasion to have one unhappy hour, or cause your friends to have one broken sigh, for fear of coming sorrow. Your friend and teacher, the good shepherd of Summerside, is old, and nice in his judgment, and for his sake, for his feelings alone would I sacrifice any pleasure which would appear to him imprudent."

Such would be the man's answer. But the fiend would answer as did Hugh, for fiend he surely was, in form of man.

Belinda received a note from her pastor's family the morning after the interview with Mr. True, then taking her prayer-book, she laid the note in, and placed the book in her bosom, and started, as she supposed, to visit the friends of her lover at New York. Arriving at Boston, Hugh left her seated in a stage office, while he went about business which he told her he must attend to before leaving Boston. Hours passed, Hugh returned and said he had much trouble in finding men whom he had to pay money to, and it would not answer to leave the city without seeing them. Again he sallied forth, nor returned until night had thrown its dark mantle over the earth. Belinda's fears were aroused—but soon she thought it all right again, as Hugh entered and, begging her to excuse him, as nothing but business the most urgent, and which must have been attended to, would have caused his absence. He then told her, that such being the case, he should be obliged to put up for the night in the city, as they could not leave until morning for New York. He said he had relatives in the city whom he had seen during the day, and who would be greatly pleased to have Belinda pass the night with them. Belinda preferred this, rather than put up at a public house, so she took his arm and he walked off (with his now sure victim) to the den of infamy, the home of the vile debauchee.

"This is the house," said the villain, as they stopped before the door of an infamous brothel. "My aunt and daughters reside here." Up the steps they go, and Hugh pulls the bell handle, in a hurried manner. A young girl apparently about nineteen answered the call, and as if she felt an inward struggle at the attempt, she gave her hand, and with a faint smile, as if she were rather fearful of his touch, then happy to see him, faintly said, "Good evening, cousin Hugh." A fat old woman then made her appearance, who went through the course of friendly congratulations with such deception as one could scarcely believe a person capable of doing.

Nothing appeared out of the course of things, until the old woman was seen to wink to Hugh, and both left the room together. Belinda thought this appeared strange, as she was left entirely alone. We will follow the old hag and Hugh to a little back room, which serves for a bar-room for the house.

"Hugh, she's handsome as a picture. I'll find new business for her after to-night. You'll want to have that little back-room up stairs for her until she gets used to the business. She can't be heard, let her scream and squall as much as she will. The shutters are fastened down. There's no danger of her getting to the windows, you see. You had better let one of the girls show her up to her room, 'cause you want to be off, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm going to do the business up in short metre. I'll let that old minister at Summerside catch me if he can, too. I don't care any more about his Belinda than I do for a dog; but I'll let him know I'm able to puzzle his wits."

"I will show you to a sitting room up stairs," said the trembling voice of the young girl previously spoken of. Cousin Hugh will soon be with you, and mother is preparing refreshments for you. We are accustomed to sit in the room above evenings, it is more pleasant," whispers the poor girl, as if she feared to tell such an untruth aloud. Belinda followed her guide up a flight of stairs round through into the back part of the house, and wondering what could make things appear so strange to her, and fearing to betray her feelings, lest a worse fate might befall her, she remained silent. A door with a key in the lock upon the outside was opened. Just then the light went out, and the girl told Belinda to go in and sit down, and she would soon return with a light. Belinda walked into the room, the girl closed the door, and went down as Belinda supposed to light her a lamp. Belinda waited about ten minutes, then laying her hand upon the door-knob, thought she would look into the hall, but what was her surprise when she found the door locked. Terror seized her, a thousand thoughts filled her mind. Her pastor's voice was sounding in her ears. A ray of light shone through the old rickety shutters, and Belinda thought she would lift the window and cry for help. But oh! the agony of soul, when she found they were fastened down strongly; and that her fate was sealed, appeared certain.

She wrung her hands and wept, she prayed and implored Heaven to lend her aid. Her groans would have pierced any heart but that of an adamant, her cries for help would have brought any to her rescue save those who delight in the torture of innocence, those who make mock at the distress of the unprotected when danger awaits them. Oh! the warnings she had slyly, the counsel she had given her, and all rejected. How did her soul shrink at the thought of her former happy life, and the friends of her childhood, her own dear sister and all cherished associations.

Then it was she prayed to die. And though she heard voices, and laughter, and songs of revelry around her, yet she thought it would be better to be borne from such a place a corpse than to live among such destructive scenes of soul and body.

Was there none in that large house that cared for, or felt to drop a tear for Belinda? Yes, one there was, who was hid away in a closet, who had heard all her cries, and who was herself weeping and praying God to grant her deliverance. It was the poor soul-sick and sin-sick girl who had been made to perform the part of daughter and cousin that evening.

Hugh Hardheart takes a lamp, and goes to Belinda's room. He finds her upon her knees, and almost frantic with fright. But do these things move him? Not at all, he's used to such scenes of vice. She implored him to put her only upon the street, to leave her a stranger and alone in the city, to take her purse with her all in it, only to spare her from the ruin which she felt he was to bring upon her. A fiendish laugh broke the silence, that was for a moment caused by Belinda's stifling her sobs to hear his answer. A scream for help was soon heard, a turning over of chairs and lamps, and a running to and fro, tearing of garments, and a wailing the most lamentable is heard from out that room.

Again all is as silent as the grave. Belinda had fainted. Her strength had failed her.

"She's dead," thought the villain, and catching her work-bag, which she had upon her arm, took her purse and fled. No one came to her room that night. Early before light the next morning the old woman arose, and calling the poor girl she have mentioned, went to the room. Belinda was walking the door, and the blood flowing profusely from her mouth. In her agony she had bitten her under lip very badly; the scar is visible to this day. The young girl began to weep, but the hag gave her a slap and pushed her into the hall. Then the old woman asked Belinda if she would go down stairs and have some cordial, and she'd soon feel better.

"Where do you live? How far does your friends live from here did you say?"

To all her questions the old hag could get no other answer. Belinda smiled, but her reason was gone. What to do with her, now was the question. To put her upon the street was the first idea, but she saw her book upon the floor and she took it up and found the note Belinda had received from Rev. Theron True of Summerside. Then she took pen and paper and wrote a note informing Mr. True, that a young man brought a young lady to her boarding house, on such a night, and that she had fled, and she was found in her room next morning deprived of her reason.

"I knew it," said the good pastor as the tears filled his eyes. "I knew her pleasure would end in despair."

Mr. True took a neighbor with him, hastened to Boston, and found Belinda as before described. Belinda said no more than I have before stated, simply asking those questions, and continues to ask them to this day. She was taken to Summerside, where everything was resorted to, known to help her, but all to no purpose. The mind of that beautiful girl had sunk into forgetfulness.

A short ride from our pleasant town, dear reader, will bring you to —. A huge brick building meets the traveller's eye, as you enter the town. I visit it sometimes, and you will often see the people of that town going through the hall of the female department, and as they pass one room, you'll often hear the person say to his or her friends. "Oh, there are nothing but idiots in there." Oh! how I wish they could know the cause of one's becoming idiotic. They would leave a tear upon every slate that bars the door, and pray for that day to come when such as Hugh Hardheart, must be judged for deeds done in the body. Judged by one who pities the sorrowing soul, but who will pour out His vials of wrath upon such sin-hardened souls.

The first time I saw Belinda, I stood looking through her door, when she was asking me the same questions she does all. A friend called me to the end of the hall, and we seated ourselves in the large window, and I listened to the history of Belinda.

My friend then called two female attendants, and requested them to sing. They did so. They sang:

"Come sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah lives, the sovereign Lord;
The universal King."

When they got to the third line, Belinda began, and I never, and I have heard a great many voices, never heard such a sweet musical voice in my life.

They then sang, "By Saloom's shady rill." Belinda commenced on the third line again. I laid my head against the iron grating to the window, and wept as I seldom weep. I have often thought it was very singular how she could sing and remember tunes, she does it seems, and this it appears to me she might be restored. But her head has become somewhat deformed, and I suppose nothing could help her. She is always mild, and meets you with a smile; is very pretty yet, and never does anything but tear up bits of cloth, or paper, that is given her.

Her blue eyes seem filled with tears, always look watery, and as you gaze into them, a sudden gloom comes over the soul, and after hearing her history, one is choked with grief. I have thought to place the wretch who so

falsely and cruelly deceived her, before her, it might make an alteration in her. Beautiful wreck of woman, when shall the day dawn that shall bring you face to face with the deceiver, when thine shall be welcome to glory, and his the sentence to endless night.

How many have been the prayers for these Belinda, and thou art yet remembered in Summerside, and one day may lay thy limbs in the little churchyard, where sleeps thy parents and heart-broken sister. May all young women take council from the sad fate of Belinda, and know no man of any principle will ask a lady to run off to be married, or urge her to go to any place which seems improper in the eyes of the virtuous and good. And may we all profit by the simple, but truthful tale, to hearken to the council of the good, to know those that have lived the longest, know more of life than we do, and are better judges of human nature. Let us feel to obey, even though at the time we may be disappointed, knowing that the day will come, should we live, when we shall see we were wise in listening to the voice of the wise and good.

FEMALE BARBERS.

The New York Sunday Atlas tells the following somewhat amusing story of the new field to which female labor is being directed:

Miss Caroline E. Putnam, of the city of Salem, Mass., has announced to the public, that she has adopted the profession of a barber, and will take the beard off gentlemen's chins at the rate of six cents the mug.

Miss Caroline E. Putnam, of Salem, is not the first female in the world who has taken up the trade of a barber. Some ten years ago, Madame Josephine Courcey, the pretty, yet beautiful wife of a French barber, who had a shop at Chambers street, then called the Granite Buildings, and known as the Irving House, found herself a widow with some three or four children to support. The husband had omitted to leave her any money, or other means when he died. The children were to be taken care of, and Madame d'Courcey was not disposed to neglect them. She at once resolved to keep up the shop, and enact the part of barber. Her determination was soon made known and applauded. Every man of gallantry said she was right; and every man who was disposed to indulge in the luxury of a shave, called at her establishment. In less than a month she had four times as many customers as she could attend to. She therefore called in the aid of Josef du Boys, an aged knight of the razor. Josef was a good shaver, but nobody wanted him about their chins, while there was the least possible chance of calling the skill of Madame d'Courcey into action. And how often would they wait for hours, for an opportunity to place their faces under the pressure of her fair hands.

One bright and beautiful day in the month of June, an aged citizen of the West End, a man of some five or six hundred thousand dollars, and a widower at that, was seen tottering down Broadway. On reaching the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, a small placard arrested his attention. Though the letters were large, they were badly printed, and the old gentleman found it difficult to read them.

"Hey dey! what does all this mean?" he said as he vainly attempted to decipher the placard—"what does all this amount to?"

And then he took out his specks, carefully wiped them, and was enabled to ascertain that Madame d'Courcey would shave gentlemen!

"Upon my word!" ejaculated the old fellow, "I believe I did not shave to-day. I ought to be shaved. I always shave daily." And he passed his hand across his chin, and was satisfied that he did require shaving. Into the shop he popped, and found it empty.

"Young woman," said he, as he entered, "do you shave gentlemen?"

"Oui Monsieur," was the modest reply, and the old gentleman was welcomed to a chair. He took it, threw his head back, was lathered in a twinkling, shaved in no time!

After the operation was concluded, the venerable citizen was shampooed and powdered, and he looked for all the world like a regenerated sinner.

"My dear child," said he to Madame Josephine, "it appears to me that this business is not one that you ought to follow. It exposes you, my child, to danger and temptation. Would you like to marry?"

Madame Josephine blushed as none but a French woman can, and nodded an affirmative.

The next day the shop was closed—two weeks afterwards the papers announced the marriage of the Hon. H—d to Madame Josephine d'Courcey. The happy pair made a tour to Niagara and Saratoga; the next winter went to Italy and the south of France, returned happy and contented, and are now living in splendor in one of the fashionable avenues up town.

We hope Miss Caroline E. Putnam may be equally fortunate.

There is a barber residing at Quogue, Long Island, sixty-three years of age, who has never seen a steamboat. He has only travelled twenty-five miles east, and thirty-two west of his home. He is possessed of land, and does not care about selling it, as the money would give him trouble. He once went to the Riverhead depot of the Long Island Railroad, with his daughter, and was so frightened at the noise of the steam-whistle that he ran away.

SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decanter,
and his mouth was
gaping wide; the
rosy wine had
ebbed away
and left
its crystalline
side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming,
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains to
me. "They tell me—puny conglomeration!
The plague has slain his ten, and War has hounded
thousands of the best of men; but I—'twas
thus the bottle spake: 'but I have conq'r-
ed more than all your famous conq'rors,
so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye
youths and maidens all, come drink from
out this cup, the beverage that dulls the
brain and burns the spirit up; that puts
to shame the conq'rors that slay their
scores below; for this has deluged
millions with the lava tide of woe.
Tho' in the path of battle
darkest waves of blood
may roll; yet while I
kill'd the body, I've
damn'd the very
soul. The chol-
era, the sword,
such ruin
never wrought,
as I, in mirth or
malice, on the
innocent have
brought.
And still breathe
upon them, and they
shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
tread the dismal road of Death.'"
Alarm Bell.

TURNER THE PRINTER.—A good story is told of his skill in bargain-making. When arranging with Hurs' and Robinson for a new work in numbers, the price of each drawing was settled, not without deliberation, at twenty-five pounds. He went away, expressing full satisfaction. He came speedily back, and thrust his head in at the door, and cried—"guineas." "Guineas be it," said the publishers. In a few moments a hasty step was heard and Turner put in his whole person saying—"My expenses."—"Oh, certainly sir," was the answer. But this was not all; a few minutes after he was for a third time at the door; breathless and eager, with his whole body in the room, for he expected resistance to his new demand, "and twenty proofs." No resistance was made, and the drawings were set about with an ungrumbling reluctance.

When George Cooke, the engraver, related this story to my father, from whom I received it, he added, "I am told that Turner's father, who was a barber, having been paid a penny for a shave, followed his customer down Maiden lane to demand 'a halfpenny for soap.' Another story of the same character merits to be preserved. He had painted a picture for the famous Jack Fuller, was asked by Fuller to breakfast with him the next morning; to bring the picture with him, and told that the cheque for the picture would then be ready. To this Turner consented. He took the picture in a hackney coach, breakfasted, received the cheque, thanked the purchaser, and left. He had not been gone about five minutes, when a knock was heard at the door. The painter was back—"I must see Mr. Fuller." He was shown in. "Oh! I'd forgotten; there is three shillings for the hackney coach." The sum was paid. Fuller, who was laughing all the while, loved to relate this story to his friends.—Turner and his Works.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The annexed beautiful lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia:

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes me a disciple of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; and corruption and decay call up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and scales the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly horrors, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarantins, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

Philbrook Witherby has been convicted, at Greenfield, of the murder of Charles R. Weeks, and sentenced to be hung a year hence, when the Executive shall appoint the time.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Belknap Timothy B., son of Samuel and Abigail, born October 24th.
Conner Stephen, son of John and Rebekah, born August 31st.
Johnson Frederick, son of Francis and Sarah, born March 29th.
Carter Thomas, son of Adina and Abigail, b. March 28th.
Adams Thomas, son of Sampson and Mary, b. November 16th.
Haywood Rachel, d. of Nathaniel and Sarah, born September 1st.
Flegg Joseph, son of Benjamin and Hannah, born April 28th.
Wyman Jane, daughter of Paul and Lucy, b. October 10th.
Wyman Ezra, son of Ezra and Eunice, born Feb. 7th.
Johnson Rhoda, son of Samuel and Elizabeth, born Aug. 20th.
Tidd Samuel, son of Jonathan and Suriah, b. Dec. 7th.
Tay Martha, d. of William and Susanna, born Feb. 2d.
Brooks Joseph, son of Benjamin and Susanna, born Dec. 28th.
Richardson Anne, d. of Zachariah and Phebe, born Sept. 16th.

1760.

Richardson Hannah, d. of Phineas and Hannah, born Feb. 8th.
Richardson Patridge, s. of Bartolomew and Hannah, born April 23d.
Johnson Benjamin, son of Axel and Rebekah, born Feb. 31st.
Richardson Gideon, son of Ebenezer and Mary, born Feb. 3rd.
Wyman Lois, daughter of Noah and Ruth, b. April 15th.
Tay Lois, daughter of Isaiah and Abigail, born August 26th.
Tyler Jonathan, son of Moses and Eleanor, b. June 14th.
Wyman Zadok, son of Nathan and Rebekah, born August 10th.
Cutter Seth, son of John and Martha, born August 25th.
Richardson Mary, daughter of Silas and Mary, born Oct. 31st.
Alexander Philip, s. of Abraham and Jerusha, born Nov. 8th.

Caldwell Elizabeth, d. of Jacob and Anna, b. March 26th.
Reed Reuben, son of Eliphaz and Sarah, born March 8th.
Reed Ezekiel, son of Ezekiel and Mary, born August 20th.
Fowler Ruth, d. of Jonathan and Mehitabel, born Feb. 18th.
Thompson Jonathan, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born April 26th.
Wright Philimon, s. of Thomas and Elizabeth, born Sept. 2d.
Lovejoy Ezekiel, son of Phineas and Susanna, born Aug. 18th.
Marion Abigail, d. of Ignatius and Mary, b. March 20.
Reed Ruth, daughter of George and Mary, b. July 31st.
Wood Seth, son of Solomon and Martha, born March 24th.

Russell John, son of Jesse and Elizabeth, born June 8th.
Richardson Jonas, son of Jonas and Martha, b. May 4th.
Parker Anne, daughter of Josiah and Mary, b. Feb. 12th.
Wyman John, son of James and Sarah, born Aug. 11.
Kendall Mary, daughter of John and Sarah, born Nov. 11.
Cutter Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel and Sarah, born April 27.
Twist Axel, son of James and Lydia, born Feb. 27th.
Richardson Alfred, s. of Joshua and Abigail, Dec. 14th.
Buck Prudence, d. of William and Mary, born Nov. 9th.
Fox Susanna, daughter of Jonathan and Ruth, born August 3rd.
Reed Molly, daughter of Joshua and Rachel, June 3rd.
Snow Jesse, son of James and Persis, born April 3rd.

Richardson Benjamin, s. of Benj. and Rebekah, March 4th.
Brooks Seth, son of Timothy and Ruth, born March 2d.
Wyman Abigail, d. of Jonathan and Abigail, born Aug. 20th.
Wyman Eunice, d. of Ezra and Eunice, born Dec. 31st.
Brooks Lucy, d. of Nathaniel and Esther, born Oct. 24th.
Alexander Vins, d. of John and Abigail, born July 6th.
Lawrence Rachel, d. of Jonathan and Rachel, born Oct. —
Welch Samuel, son of Elkanah and Mercy, b. April 10th.
Watts Jane, d. of Samuel and Susanna, born April 29th.

1761.

Bruce Rhoda, d. of John and Mehitabel, born Jan. 22d.
Simonds William s. of Benjamin and Susanna, born March 6th.
Converse Mary, d. of Samuel and Mary, born April 2d.
Carter Jacob, son of Jabez and Lydia, born May 18th.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNG.
Stoneham—Messrs. W. DICK.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

BREADSTUFFS.

The extent to which we shall be able to supply Europe with breadstuffs, during the year intervening between the present and the next harvest, is a very important question, which the regular Washington correspondent of the New York Courier attempts to answer. He assumes that the wheat crop of 1853 will not exceed 150,000,000 bushels. The crop of Indian Corn, taking the country through, he says, is probably far above the average. The same causes which injured Wheat and other small grains, have been highly favorable to this product. The abundance of Indian Corn will enable us to export a much larger proportion of the wheat crop, than we should be otherwise enabled to do. In 1846, when the apprehensions of a short crop in England gave occasion to an active demand for supplies from America, our exports of "breadstuffs and provisions," rose from sixteen and three quarter millions to twenty-seven and three quarter millions; and in 1847, when the apprehensions of the former were realized, our exports of these articles rose to within a fraction of sixty-nine millions. The increase in value for that year was twenty-one millions of dollars; and for the two years it was over fifty-two millions, or about three hundred and twenty-five per cent. Of course there was no corresponding increase in the grain crops of those years, but the demand and the consequent high prices called for the full amount of the supplies in the country, including what may be called the contingent reserve in the granaries and warehouses. The exports went down gradually, with the cessation of the Foreign demand, until, in 1851, we exported "provisions and breadstuffs" only to the amount of \$21,913,000, a falling off of more than two-thirds from the exports of 1847.

In 1850, the United States produced upwards of 500,000,000 bushels of Indian Corn and in 1853, he does not consider 800,000,000 an extravagant estimate. Without professing to discriminate between the articles of which the aggregate will be composed, he reckons with confidence upon our ability to export between the 1st of July and the 30th of June, 1853, "provisions and breadstuffs" to the value of \$100,000,000.

Though the necessities of England and France in this respect, have been exaggerated, there is every reason to fear that the present is a year of scarcity in Europe. The northern countries, Holland, Germany, Sweden and Denmark, all feel the effects of approaching calamity for want of food. We shall find a market for everything edible which we can spare from the wants of our own people.

The U. S. Economist, of Saturday last, suggests, very justly, that the deficit in Europe will not be actually felt until next summer. Meantime, high prices and existing apprehension will promote active and early operation for spring food on a large scale, and reasonable fortune may yield such a supply as may with an early crop, partly make up for the deficit. In June, 1846-7, Wheat rose to 106s. 2d quarter, say \$3.12 per bushel. It was then found that the supply, aided by the Spring crops, was sufficient, and a fall of 50 per cent. ruined 200 merchants. Those who hold for extravagant rates will lose.

ACCIDENT.—About 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, Mr. Justin Hayward, of this town, was found lying on the track of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, at Winchester, a short distance above the depot, with his skull fractured. It is supposed that he found he was in the wrong car, and jumped off after the train started, as they divide at Winchester. Dr. Ingalls, of Winchester, was called, and rendered every assistance. He was taken to his residence on Park street, where he has resided for about 3 weeks. At the last account, slight hopes were entertained of his recovery.

SCARCITY OF HOUSES.—We learn that there never was such a demand for houses in town, as there is at this time; at least one hundred tenements could be let. A great inconvenience is felt by persons procuring workmen, on account of not finding tenements for their families. It is said the demand will be greater next spring, when the Lowell Railroad is extended to Haymarket square. We hope our capitalists will come forward and advance the funds, so that our enterprising builders can erect for another season, a large number of dwellings.

RAIL ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.—We are very glad to notice that the Railroad Company are about to give us the depot accommodations. They are now fitting up a very large building by the side of the old depot, so that trains arriving and departing will do so under cover.

R. R. CHANGE.—Passengers will bear in mind that the trains to and from Boston are altered from and after Monday, Oct. 3d, to the following arrangement:—

Passenger Trains for Boston will leave Woburn Centre, 6.30, 7.45 and 9.30 A. M., 1.15, 4.45 and 7 P. M.

Passenger Trains for Woburn Centre will leave Boston, 8.30 and 11.30 A. M., 2.30, 5.30, 6.7 and 9 P. M. On Saturdays at 10, and on Wednesdays at 11 P. M.

PROCEEDINGS OF ADJOURNED TOWN MEETING, Sept. 26th, 1853.

Voted to take up Art. 5, (the Report of the Selectmen on laying out Franklin Avenue.)
Voted that the Selectmen be instructed to refer the matter of John Cummings in claim for land taken for the widening of Franklin Avenue, to three men, one to be chosen by the Selectmen, one by Mr. Cummings, and the third man to be chosen by them, and their decision be final, and all other claims of individuals for damage on land taken for said Avenue be decided in the same manner.

Voted to take up Art. 9.
Voted to hear the Report of the Committee chosen at the last meeting.

REPORT.

The Committee chosen by the town of Woburn, on the 15th day of August, 1853, for the purpose of conferring with a Committee of the first Congregational Parish, in relation to the fence placed on the Common or training field by said Parish,

REPORT.

That your Committee have received notice from said Congregational Parish that they decline doing anything in relation to the matter. Therefore, your Committee, after taking the most able counsel in the Commonwealth, in relation to the subject, recommend the following Resolution:—

Resolved, That Joshua E. Littlefield, John Johnson, Jr., and John Flanders are hereby chosen a Committee, fully authorized and empowered to remove the fence in front of the dwelling house and land of Dr. Augustus Plympton, on land belonging to the town of Woburn, known as the Common or training field, and that the said Littlefield, Johnson and Flanders be fully paid by said town any expense that they may be at for removing the fence, or any expense they may be at in case of a suit at law, or any other expense that they may be at in relation to this whole matter.

For the Committee,
JOHN WADSWORTH.

Voted to adopt the Report.
Voted to dissolve the meeting.

W.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

There was a meeting on Tuesday evening, Sept. 21, to take measures towards re-organizing the Lyceum. Mr. George M. Champlain was called to the Chair. Dr. Clough was appointed Secretary. A Committee was appointed to nominate officers. Messrs. Choate, Nelson and Masters were made the Committee. It was understood that Mr. Fowler declined retaking the office of Secretary, and Mr. Wyman the office of Treasurer. The Committee, therefore, nominated Rev. Mr. Edwards for President, Mr. George M. Champlain for Vice President, Mr. Joshua P. Converse for Treasurer, and the Rev. Mr. Masters for Secretary. The report was accepted. It was voted, as usual, to give the officers full power to act for the Society.

The officers met on Tuesday evening of this week. And they have taken measures to procure the best lectures that can be obtained. The opening lecture will probably be given at or near the first of November, by . . .

The Lyceum, by force of public opinion, at least, is now a permanent institution of the town. It is needless to say, that it is also a profitable institution. And it is hoped that all, both to be instructed and to be pleased, will attend its meetings. Every good thought, acquired in this delightful way, is worth a grain of gold.

We heard a story in our young days of a barber who kept in State street, Boston, about his having to pay a parish tax. He complained that it was not right, as he did not attend that church. The reply was, you belong to the parish, and the church doors were always open and you might have attended. He paid it. The next quarter he took a bill to the minister for shaving. The answer was, he never was shaved in that shop. No matter, says the barber, the door was always open and you might have been shaved.

The National Democratic State Convention, held at Boston on the 24th inst., nominated the Hon. Bradford L. Wales, of Randolph, Candidate for Governor, and the Hon. George Osborne, of Danvers, for Lieutenant Governor.

The Democratic State Convention, at Fitchburg, nominated for Governor, Henry W. Bishop, of Lenox; for Lieut. Governor, Levi A. Dowley, of Boston.

The Free-Soil State Convention, at Pittsburg, 15th inst., nominated Henry Wilson, of Natick; for Lieut. Governor, Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield.

The Whig State Convention, at Worcester, 20th inst., nominated for Governor, Emory Washburn, of Worcester; for Lieut. Governor, Wm. C. Plummer, of Adams.

There is a little girl, of French parentage, in Troy, whose face is almost entirely covered with black hair, about two inches long.

SALE OF A HOTEL.—The Pavilion Hotel, at Wolfboro', N. H., was sold at auction on Monday last, by G. Beck, for \$12,400.

Rev. Moses Springer, of Gardiner, has been appointed superintendent of the Custom House building in Bath, Me.

A Chesapeake mackerel, three feet and six inches in length, was caught at Baltimore on the 27th inst.

The whole story in a Nutshell.

The Albany Knickerbocker, under the head of "Independence and progress," tells the whole story of our nation's birth and greatness, and progress in the arts and sciences, in a remarkable short paragraph, for a theme so comprehensive. The style is rather racy, but decidedly to the point.

It is seventy-seven years ago to-day since Uncle Sam was born,—and what an eventful seventy-seven years they have been! Seventy-seven years ago the United States was a remote circumstance; they now compose the second commercial nation in the world. In three quarters of a century they have revolutionized the world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent. In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes, we have made more canals, tamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenues of the world could have paid for, the day he got out of his time. In seventy-seven years, we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel—cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot boxes and democracy. Since the fourth of July, 1776, the whole world has been at school, and what is far better, has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth made immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adoption to all the wants of the more aspiring nation has been made more signally manifest. Under its harmonious working a Republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime, that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less time than it has taken some green-house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph posts, and owns more steamboats, than any other nation that has ever lived, or ever will live.

A WARNING TO GIRLS.—A man named James Manard, recently stopped at St. Louis, having in company with him a young lady whom he had married only seven days before, at Decatur, in Illinois. While in Decatur, he professed to be a minister of the Gospel, preached sermons, held prayer meetings, and otherwise affected the manners and calling of a clergyman. This lady, to whom he was united, married him under the belief that he was a preacher. After remaining at St. Louis a few days, he fled, leaving his wife in a destitute condition, at the hotel where they stopped. It has since been ascertained that he had stolen the horse and carriage, and a large quantity of valuable goods, at Alton. The young lady, thus deceived and deserted, returned to her mother in Decatur. She probably married the man, as too many young ladies do, after a few weeks' acquaintance, knowing nothing of his previous life. A little prudence on the part of young ladies, and as much discretion as they would exercise in buying a new dress, would save many of them the shame and mortification of such deception.

ROW ON A RAILROAD.—A queer state of things exists upon one of the sections of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, now in course of construction between Providence and Williamstown, Ct. It seems that the company has failed to pay the contractors at the stipulated time, and this has rendered the contractors unable to pay their workmen, the grain merchants, for horse feed, &c. Last Saturday, some merchants in Norwich, sent officers to attach the horses, carts, and other implements belonging to the contractors a portion of the road near South Windham, Connecticut.

The Irish laborers, however, although their wages were not paid, determined that the tools should be held in readiness for operations as soon as money should be forthcoming, and they collected the teams and tools in a gravel pit, and prevented the officers from taking them away. Suits have been brought by the contractors against the company, and the affairs of the railroad seem to be considerably mixed up. No arrests of the Irishmen were made.

TRICKS UPON STRANGERS.—We hear almost every day of some poor inexperienced countryman being "taken in and done for" by some of our city sharpers, and as they have a variety of ways for carrying on their purposes, it would not be improper to speak a word of caution to such as desire paying our city, or any other city, a visit. In the first place, our advice is to shun all individuals who desire to see you in the street for conversation, if they are strangers; second, beware of your money and your valuables; third, do not be gulled by an attempt to play the drop game on you; fourth, avoid loquacious mountebank gentlemen; fifth, keep your hands in your pocket; sixth, set the police on the trail of the first man who follows you with a design to make a trade; seventh, keep away from houses of ill repute; eighth, pursue the even tenor of your way, take care of yourself, keep a good look out, and you will get along well enough. Philadelphia Sun.

LIBERAL.—The M. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, at a Special Communication last evening, donated in aid of the New Orleans sufferers \$1000, and to Mobile \$5000.

Two stage coaches made in Concord, N. H., were worth \$4000 each when they were landed from ship at San Francisco. Their cost in New England was \$600 or \$700, probably.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

In Biddeford, Maine, at the late election, an old man who performed the duties of "sweeper" at the machine shop, was brought forward as a candidate for the State Legislature, and elected by a majority of 198.

One of the best remedies for a stubborn cough, is the following:—
Mix 2 oz. paregoric, 1 oz. laudanum, and 4 oz. tincture of blood root. Take, at night, the half of a teaspoonful, and increase to a teaspoonful. Mix with sugar and water.

The above recipe was prepared by an eminent physician of Boston, and is known to have worked remarkable cures. There is no quackery about it.

Dr. Wm. Wood, of East Windsor, killed last week, at a single shot, eleven ducks—all that were in the flock. The gun was a single barrel one; he was about seven rods from the birds.

"Muscatine," an ex six years old, raised at Muscatine, Iowa, now en route for the World's Fair, is believed to be the largest ox in the United States. He is 6 feet 8 inches high, 17 feet and 4 inches long, girls 10 feet 9 inches, and, if fattened, it is believed, would weigh over 4,000 lbs.

Iron. Truman Smith, in a letter to the New York Tribune, announces the discovery of silver in unusually large proportion among the ores of the Lake Superior region.

In a case tried the other day, at the Denbigh assizes, the jury having been some time in considering their verdict, when the case, it is said, was really a very clear one, Lord Campbell told them that once when a jury had refused to convict a prisoner who had made a plain confession, a learned judge whom he just remembered—Chief Baron Macdonald—thus addressed the prisoner:—"Prisoner, go and be honest, for your character is now so bad that the jury won't convict you," because they can't believe your confession."

Among the worshippers at the Meadow (Congregational) Church, in Greenfield, Mass. is a dog. He attends the services regularly every Sunday, and takes his seat on the pulpit platform.

Irish linen and other goods which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe brought with her baggage from England have been seized by the New York custom house officers as contraband.

The Madrid journals state that the appearance of the comet has excited great alarm in that city, as it is considered "a symptom of divine wrath, and a presage of war, pestilence, and affliction of humanity."

A bird standing five feet high, five feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, has been shot at Ozaukee, Wisconsin. Its color is blue, with a green taint on the head.

A colored man who undertook to get a living from the land which Gerrit Smith gave away in northern New York, says the bumblebees had to go down on their knees to get a clover.

In the Rhode Island legislature, now in session at Newport, a select committee has been instructed to report a bill to secure the lives of railroad passengers.

Col. W. Russell's saw mill, in Warwick, was burnt on Saturday evening, with a quantity of lumber; no insurance.

On the 7th of October, the completion and dedication of a monument, erected to perpetuate the memory of Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, the capturers of Major Andre, will be celebrated by the Order of United Americans, at Westchester, N. Y.

The trip of the "North Star" is said to have cost Com. Vanderbilt \$250,000.

The surplus of wheat in Ohio this year is estimated at 13,000,000 bushels. McKenzie's Message says: "Calculators think that Upper Canada will have a surplus this year over any former season of 4,000,000 bushels of wheat."

George E. A. Freedland, aged 21 years, in Hopkinton on Monday, wound round his body one end of the latter with which he was leading a gentle horse, when the animal became frightened and dragged him to death.

This morning about half past twelve, a man named Bartholomew Keefe, one of the night gang of strikers at the Rolling Mill, City Point, South Boston, was passing one of the large drums, when he stumbled and fell directly upon it. In a second he was drawn between the drum and the belt, and fell into the pit a shockingly mangled corpse. This morning, Coroner Wm. Andrews of South Boston held an inquest on the remains and rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

"Ashland," the home of Henry Clay, which was sold at public sale last week, was purchased by Jas. B. Clay, his son, at \$140 per acre. The tract contains 337 acres.

SPALDING'S ROSE-MARY HAIR OIL.

Take the sweetest of roses and the finest of flowers, combine them, and lo! what a treasure is ours! For blossoming in winter, when earth is all dreary, we had with delight the fragrant Rose-mary.

Its dark shaded leaves with an essence is filled, which, when from its secret recesses distilled, and combined with an Oil of a quality rare, (As by Spalding,) is just the right thing for the hair.

And Spalding esteems it no more than a duty, this oil to lay on the tresses of Beauty, For boldness and Beauty's hand effects all may fail, By the use of his Cream and Rosemary Oil.

See Advertisement.

The fact is, every body wears clean clothes; consequently most every body uses the Boston Chemical Washing Powder.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.

Passing down State street the other day, I joined the throng that continually pours into the P. O. halls, and turning off ascended the iron stair case leading to the department of the Exchange. At every turn I was met by placards posted up, informing the ascending public that the Atmospheric Telegraph was on exhibition gratis. Always feeling an interest in new inventions, and most especially in one based on such scientific principles as this, I persuaded myself to climb still farther, the weary metallic ascent, and soon found myself before the apartment of exhibition.

I found it like all other great inventions, simple, and of little mechanism. A common lead pipe of three quarters of an inch in diameter, extended across the room. At each end, and in the middle, there were simple contrivances, applied air tight, so that they might give free access to the interior of the pipe, and yet when closed, might exclude the atmosphere. Those contrivances were also so arranged that they could be connected with the receiver of an air pump. A few horizontal exhaustors worked by a rotary motion, completed all the visible appliances. The *modus operandi* was politely shown us by a son of the inventor, and is as follows:—Having taken what the inventor calls a "plunger," but what is more properly a piston, adapted to the capacity of the lead cylinder, the operator placed it in one of the contrivances at the end, and closed it up; then he soon exhausted the air within the tube, and admitted the plunger. Quick as a flash, and quicker too, it passed to the middle contrivance, (which represents a way station on the line,) where the same operation of exhausting was gone through with, and the experiment repeated. This is the way the world works. It is not necessary that the tube should be perfectly straight, for some time since with a tube of three inches in diameter, and a mile in length, the inventor experimented on the Providence railroad. The pipe followed the ground, and in some places was bent to an angle of 30 degrees, yet the plunger, with fifty pounds of stones attached, accomplished the mile in between two and three seconds!

Except by chemical means, it is impossible to obtain a perfect vacuum. One might think this a disadvantage; far from it, it is a perfect exhaustion was made, the plunger would dive on with the urging power of 15 pounds to the square inch, and by the momentum acquired would destroy both itself and the extremity of the tube, and so defeat the purpose of its construction. Now at the air cannot be exhausted, only thirty en pounds instead of fifteen can be removed. It is remaining air is rendered by the quick passage of the plunger, and forms an air spring at the terminus, and brings the body to a safe stop. In addition, a small aperture is made for the escape of the air spring, for the plunger would never reach its destination if the extremity of the tube was occupied by air which had no egress.

Perhaps some may not understand yet how this plunger is propelled. By accurate experiments it has been found that the weight of the atmosphere is 15 lbs to the square inch, that is, it presses on every thing with that power, and a man, for instance, is weighed down by 15 tons of air. This weight is universally diffused. To prove this we have only to place our hand on the receiver of an air pump and exhaust the vessel; we shall find it forcibly sucked down. That is, the air being taken from within, the outside atmosphere presses down and we feel its weight. The reason why we don't have difficulty from this great weight is, because the pressure is uniformly diffused and is equal outside and in. If we could exhaust ourselves as the vacuum tube is exhausted, by the operator we should be squashed, it not crushed. This is the principle on which we raise water in pumps, and imbibe our tea, coffee and other drinks. A thousand every day events depend on it. Now in the case of this telegraph, after the air is removed from the lead pipe, the atmospheric ocean presses down and strives to get in, and when we do admit it behind the plunger, or course the latter is carried along with it.

This invention is patented in this country, and in Europe. A company is formed, and stock is being subscribed, to establish a line between Boston and New York. The tube is to be two feet in diameter, and exhausted by steam power. They will run every five minutes, carrying the mail, and anything in the way of freight. The inventor is very sanguine of success. He thinks that in seven years, it will be adopted all over the world. He says that the company will carry as much as the railroads, for what they lose in space, is gained in time. Be this as it may, assuredly it is a great invention, and so far as we can see, it has answered the expectations of the experiments already made. Time alone will show the value of this invention. I hope that every one will call and examine as I have done.

E. R.

Written for the Journal.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 1st 53.

MR. EDITOR.—As some of your numerous readers may never have visited "Saratoga Springs," or may perchance never enjoy that pleasure, I have taken my pen from its rusty receptacle, hoping to give you a faint idea, at least, of that far famed summer resort, as it appears in the pleasant months of July and August.

Every thing presents to the eye, a mixed scene of fashion and bustle; it is here, that people are congregated from all parts of the world, to enjoy the ease and luxury which wealth affords. It is here, also, that great number of invalids resort, on account of its numerous springs, which have a

great reputation throughout the world, for healing the many ills that flesh is heir to; some of the most noted of these springs are the Congress, High-Rock, Hamilton, Empire, Iodine, and Pavilion, all possessing different mineral properties. The Congress, which seems to be the most favorite one of all, was first discovered by a small hunting party in the summer of 1792. It is situated in the centre of a square, which is enclosed with an iron railing; the whole is covered with a slated roof supported upon pillars, thus affording a shelter from the heat and rain. Near this spring are beautiful walks, shaded by large forest trees, over whose noble and majestic forms, perchance centuries have rolled, and beneath the shadow of whose branches the Indian has sported; while yet they stand boldly forth striking memorials of the past, and silent monitors of the present. Early in the morning hundreds of visitors are seen wending their way to the springs, to obtain their morning draught, which consists at first of two glasses of the sparkling beverage, and which continues to increase to four and six glasses at a time; at almost every hour in the day the sick and the healthy are seen standing around the spring, awaiting their turns for the water, which is supplied by four boys, who are constantly employed dipping the same, to supply the many wants of the people. From six to seven in the morning, a band of musicians are stationed near the spring, whose musical strains, as they issue from the golden instruments, combined with the notes of Nature's sweetest warblers, seem to penetrate to the very soul, leaving the listener almost bewildered, hardly realizing whether he is in heaven or on earth, so completely he is charmed. Near this spring there is also a circular railway three fourths of a mile in circumference, which forms a great attraction; the cars are propelled, not by steam, as upon our rail-ways, but by the use of a crank, which the passenger is obliged to turn himself, thereby proving a highly beneficial exercise for the muscular system, by employing the strength which would otherwise prove dormant.

High-Rock spring is the greatest natural curiosity here. It is of solid rock, arising in the form of a sugar loaf to the height of nearly four feet from the ground. The circumference of this rock at the surface of the ground is twenty-five feet, while at the top it is only about three feet. There is an opening in the centre, which is perfectly smooth, caused by the constant boiling of the water. To this spring it is said the Indians always resorted for relief from laboring under disease. Here, also, he brought his sick friends, and by the use of the water, relieved and oftentimes cured them of their diseases. The water of this spring is much more agreeable to the taste than the Iodine or Empire springs, which are said to contain mere iron. There are also sulphur springs here, the waters of which are numerous to the taste, but contain no healing properties. So much for the famous springs of Saratoga.

There are six churches, which are striking ornaments to the village; each one is crowded every Sabbath with eager listeners to the holy truths as they proceed from the lips of the worthy divines. The Catholic church, which has just been completed, is a beautiful edifice, of the Gothic order; and no expense has been spared to have it rank among the first in the State.

Saratoga Lake is a favorite resort for the fashionable. They while away their time in sporting, fishing, and various other amusements, and then sit down to a sumptuous dinner of fish and fowl, and return to the village about sunset; where they again partake of the spring water, and then return to their hotels or private residences to while away the evenings in dancing, concerting, and in the promenade.

The largest hotel in New York State is at Saratoga. It is called the "U. States." It bounds three sides of a square, enclosing a large and spacious court-yard, beautifully laid out with walks, which are lined with ornamental trees, whose branches seem almost to meet in the centre, thus affording a delightful retreat from the heat at noon day, or a stroll by moonlight. The hotel fronts on Broadway 200 feet, and on Division street extends 550 feet, the whole building containing nearly 625 rooms, and every season more are added. The present proprietors are Messrs. James M. Marvin & Co. The Congress and Union Halls also share a great part of the public patronage, and are conducted in equally as good style as the U. States, although not upon so large a scale.

I can give you but a faint idea of Saratoga as it appears at the present time, and I will therefore close this hasty and feeble, trying these feeble lines may not prove wholly uninteresting to some of your many readers.

Yours, NELLIE.

Written for the Journal.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.—No. 2.

OLD LETTERS.

Here you are, surrounded with precious documents; large bundles, more delicate packages, and scattering sheets, all under the appellation of "old letters." Are they old? no, oh, no! They are ever new, bringing as we read them, new delights, new sorrows, new thoughts and feelings.

Here are some tidings with cord, green yellow with age. These tell of home events, to the weary school girl, cheering her heart with their warm love, their ready sympathy. The mother's anxious kindness for her health and happiness; the father's approval of her diligence in school duties; the brothers and sisters' bright sayings, good wishes, and impatient desires for her return. They bring a thrill of happiness, for they tell of hopes that have been fulfilled, of joys that have no alloy, of fears that were never realized. They tell of bright girlhood days, home and school scenes, forming one harmonious, beautiful

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NO. 52.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

THE REAPER.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And he blows the fair flowers with his icy breath,
And the young, and the old, the fair and the gay,
At his reaper's touch soon pass away.

Thy pass away to the shadowy land,
And round the throne of our God they stand,
And they breathe not a sigh, and they utter no groan,
As they tune their harps by our Father's throne.

The old and infirm are the reaper's prey,
And he takes them off from this world away,
But they live away in a land of love,
And the earth-lick soul finds a rest above.

The young and the fair are the reaper's mark,
And he cuts them down with his sickle sharp,
But the flower in full bloom he doth not spare,
But leaves it to live in the heaven so fair.

And the reaper will take us all one long,
From this sinful world to a happier one,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er oppress,
And ne'er was known the reaper, Death.

W. W. W.

SELECTED.

THE BOATMAN OF MONTEAU.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

The annals of modern French domestic history are full of examples of devotion. Nearly all those who have carried off the Montyon prize—the prize of virtue—deserve a page in history, but few more than Mathieu Boisdox, the young boatman of Montreau, upon whose biography having happened, we have thought it worthy of the widest publicity.

Mathieu Boisdox was born in a town called Montreau, and got his living as a boatman on the river Seine and Yonne. Sober, industrious, and unweary in his assiduity for labor, he supported with his earnings his aged mother and the orphan children of his brother. At an early age he devoted himself specially to saving the lives of those in sudden danger. He had, at eighteen, the good fortune to drag from the flames an old man and a young girl, and the sentiments thus awakened in his bosom were, he has since declared, so exquisite, that he determined never to lose an opportunity of serving his fellow-creatures in the same way. In the course of the following five years he was present on so many occasions at fires, upsetting of boats, and had saved so many lives, that men ceased to count them; when an accident occurred which raised his reputation to the highest point.

An inundation took place which covered the plain around the town, while several quarters of Montreau were inundated. The inhabitants, flying to the neighboring heights, communicated only by boats. Three men had gone to examine what ravages had happened to their property from the flood, and weary and sick at what they had seen, re-entered their boat and pushed off with their feet. They instantly saw that they were without oars or pole, but it was too late to remedy the omission. The stream carried them away towards the bridge, which was nearly submerged in water, and against which their frail vessel was sure to be crushed. They uttered one cry of despair and anguish, which a roar was heard by Mathieu Boisdox, who was on the shore. He stood one moment irresolute. Should he fetch his boat?

"No," he exclaimed, "I should be too late. *Passez, j'ai, I will swim, and trust to Providence.*"

He plunged into the water, despite its raging force and the sharp cold, striking out for his boat, which he could scarcely see, being guided only by the cries of the unfortunate wretches about to perish. They were far ahead of him. But he made superhuman exertions, and presently the boat was all but within his reach. But what shall he do now? He takes council only of his intelligence and his indomitable courage. With one arm, thrust forth like a bar of iron, he checked the boat, and swung it round, thus catching the painter in his teeth; he then again began to swim, this time for the shore. The task was all but vain. The torrent sped on with terrible velocity, the bridge was within a hundred yards, and they were carried down upon it to encounter certain death if they reached it. They would be sucked under the arch. A crowd hurried down to the water's edge; some ventured on the bridge with poles, but no boat was at hand in the confusion. Suddenly a terrible sigh was heard from every bosom. Boisdox, despite his strength, courage, and agility, was evidently being carried away by the torrent. Some cried to him to save himself, for that his life could not be spared.

Still he plunged upwards.

His aim was to make for shore as much away from the bridge as possible. Men stood ready with ropes. They saw that the heroic boatman was almost fainting. The boat, flat-bottomed and heavy, was a perfect millstone to drag with his mouth. But presently a loud shout of joy and triumph proclaimed his victory, as he sank insensible in the arms of the maire of the town, who embraced him before the whole crowd, and proclaimed him once again the saviour of three men's lives.

The reputation of Mathieu Boisdox was great at its height. He had two medals and an annual pension from the municipality of his native city. And yet Mathieu Boisdox was not happy, so imperfect is human nature. For some time he was noticed to be sombre

and sad. His character and conduct easily denoted that his mind was elevated above his station. This poor boatman had a heart and a soul that would have done honor to any position in the social scale. One part of his duty was to take passengers from the shore to the old coche, or passage-boat of Auxerre. This aged vessel, the very conveyance that first took to Paris that student of Brienne, destined, as Napoleon, to have such influence on the fortunes of the world, still periodically performed the journey from Auxerre to Paris by the Yonne and Seine. It was a queer old boat, with a long cabin and little side windows, capable, at a pinch, of conveying some thirty passengers.

The coche was owned, and had been from time immemorial, by one Bertrand, a man of substance and property, who still, however, himself, directed the operations of the boat, and, in fact, almost lived on board. He was one of those individuals who work all their lives to leave a fortune to others.

Now M. Bertrand had a daughter, Euphrasie, who sat in a little bureau at the stern, and there took all monies for passengers and parcels. Mathieu, in the exercise of his business was much thrown in contact with Euphrasie. He often brought passengers, parcels, letters, and even once or twice went to Paris in the boat. Being on intimate terms with old Bertrand, he soon became intimate with the daughter, and then loved her. Nor did Euphrasie show any distaste for Mathieu. He was a fine handsome fellow, and then his decorations made him somebody. But then there was the father, who was rich, avaricious, and who judged a man only by what he had in his breeches pocket.

Still, Mathieu and Euphrasie avoided for a while all thought about difficulties. They felt the first influence of a passion which is second only to ambition, because that is generally more lasting. For the world they would not have troubled their first delicious dream. But they had continued opportunities of meeting, and at last, naturally enough, these opportunities ended in an explanation. Mathieu Boisdox declared himself the girl's suitor, and Euphrasie Bertrand agreed that if he could win her father's consent, she would be his.

It was on the 1st of November, 1840, and the coche from Auxerre was late. Night had come on, and still the boat had not arrived. Boisdox was on the water-stairs on the look out. He knew that the coche would put up for the night and not proceed, and had intimated as much to such passengers as were about to venture by this antique conveyance to Paris. Presently a dark mass was seen moving along the waters, and then the old boat came slowly up to the anchorage.

"Two hours behind time, Maitre Bertrand!" exclaimed Boisdox. "How is this?"

"Pardieu! my friend," said the old man; "the wind is contrary, and I never knew the old coche to hurry itself, even for his majesty the emperor, when I had the honor of bringing him upon his first voyage to Paris."

"The wind has been rough and cold indeed," replied Mathieu; "but still the old coche is not often so lazy."

"Lazy or not, I'm hungry," said the old man, and so let Euphrasie, so let's leave the coche in charge of Jerome, and come on shore."

"Bon soir, mam'selle," exclaimed Boisdox, heartily.

"Bon soir, Mathieu," cried the fresh voice of the young girl; and the next minute she had hold of his arm, and they were on their way to sup at the old house still known as the *Coche de Auxerre*.

Boisdox, as he was often wont, supped with them. Usually he was a merry and pleasant companion, but this night he was dull. Both noticed it, and Bertrand rallied him on his taciturnity. Mathieu, however, made no reply until Euphrasie had departed, and then he appeared to rouse himself up to an act of courage beyond any of those he had yet ventured on.

"So you wonder why I am dull?" he asked.

"Yes, *mon ami*, I do. What can make a youth like you dull? Are you not free from conscription? Have you not a respectable *etat*? Are you not decorated with two medals, and looked on with unusual respect? Would not any man be proud to call you a friend?"

"Monsieur Bertrand, would any man be proud to call me son?"

"Hem? That depends! You are but a workman, and perhaps a *bourgeois* might."

"Would you, Bertrand? I love your daughter; I have looked forward for six months with earnest hope for the hour when I might aspire to ask her hand."

"What is the world come to?" exclaimed the old man, sarcastically. "Why, Mathieu, you must be mad. I have six thousand francs a year to leave my daughter, and do you think I would let her marry a workman, however good, however respected?"

"I thought as much," said the young man, sadly; "and yet, having Euphrasie's love, I could not but try. I thought that as you yourself were a workman originally, you might hope that I"—

"Might save yourself fifty years of hard work and economy by marrying a girl with a good fortune. Mathieu Boisdox, you are a very clever fellow, but the old man is not to be caught. Let us be good friends as ever, but my daughter, *c'est trop fort*."

Boisdox made no reply. He was choking,

so he rose quietly and went away, and the old man never saw him again.

It was a week later, on the 7th November, 1840, and a dark, stormy and terrible night. Much rain had fallen, and the river was swollen; there was scarcely enough space left for any boat to go under the arches of the bridge of Montreau. It was a night for home, and home comforts; for a warm fire, and blazing lights, and a cozy supper, and a pleasant chat with pleasant people. In the streets there was no temptation. So the lights burned in vain, the shops lit up uselessly, not a soul was to be seen without. The rain fell heavily, and yet was driven through the streets in a slanting direction, falling on the rough, coarse pavement, and forming everywhere little puddles. The gutters were diminutive rivers, that rushed madly along to plunge in the great stream.

And yet the lights from river side windows flashed pleasantly, and fell here and there on the tossed waters, along which glided now and then a boat, that soon gained moorings. And then a rattle of chains, a bustle of oars, proclaimed the eagerness of those who had manned them to depart; and then all was silent. The crew rapidly disappeared into some of the streets of the town, again as deserted as ever.

There was one man, however, who braved the pitiless storm, at the northern extremity of the bridge. He wore a tarpaulin coat and cap, and stood leaning against an iron pillar. His attitude was one of deep attention. He was listening for the first cry of alarm, which should denote that on that night there was danger, and some fellow creature to be saved. One or two who peeped out at windows and doors, and saw his dark shadow by the light of the lamp above his head, would shudder and re-enter their houses, saying—

"It's Boisdox! God send his courage be not needed to-night."

It was indeed Boisdox, at his accustomed post. It was his habit to pass the night apart near the river on such nights, when his intrepid try and skill might suddenly be called for. Rarely had he been out in such a storm. The wind blew in fitful and terrible gusts, and Boisdox almost wondered that no waiting cry summoned him to his duty.

Suddenly he started. The coche was in sight. On it came at a rapid pace, evidently half-mastered by the storm. It was in the middle of the river, and Boisdox saw that it was about to turn for shore. But just as the bow began to swerve round, the old passage-boat quivered, and plunged headlong towards the bridge, against which it struck with terrific violence. A cry, the terror-struck, despairing cry of three-and-twenty perishing souls, rose wildly to the heavens. Boisdox saw that the coche was upset, and that its two ends were pressed by the force of the stream against the two sides of an arch. The man acted calmly. He flung off all his clothes, but his trousers and shirt,—for, as he said sadly in his subsequent examination, "I knew there would be work for me that night,"—and then vaulted over the bridge into the stream. A moment stunned by the fall, he next instant was clambering on to the coche. He found that the whole stern was under water, and the common room only above the surface. It was so dark, that Boisdox could scarcely tell how to act.

"We are all lost!" cried a wailing voice; "who will save us?"

"I, Boisdox," replied the heroic boatman. A faint cry of satisfaction came from a cabin window. He rushed to it. It was too narrow for him to pass. Still, breaking it with his hands, he tried to force himself in, for this way only could he hope to save any of the passengers. Using his great strength with all his wonted energy, he at last tore away a narrow strip of plank, and plunged into the cabin,—death in his heart, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, in the dark abyss, a woman. She breathed, and he at once forced her through the window, followed, laid her in a safe place, and re-entered the cabin. Another woman rewarded his efforts, and then a man. A fourth time he entered the close and now mephitic cabin, half full of water.

"Speak! Is there any one more here whom I can aid?" he said, in an agonized tone. He was thinking of Euphrasie.

No sound came.

"Speak, in the name of God!" he exclaimed, "for I am choking."

But no reply came. All was silent as death.

"Not one!" muttered Boisdox, feeling about and clasping a man in his arms. "Can I not save one more? Help!"

Boisdox made a desperate effort to reach the window, for he felt himself fainting from fatigue and the close vapors of the cabin. He saw by flashing lights that help had come. Next minute he was dragged forth by one of the police of the town, who, with hundreds of the inhabitants, were now on the scene of the terrible disaster. The first form that caught the eye of the young man was that of Euphrasie, whose life he had saved without knowing it.

Her father had perished.

The boat was dragged ashore after being righted, but too late to save any others. Of the passengers and crew, twenty had perished. Boisdox had saved three,—his beloved, and a brother and sister, who at the first knock had come together.

This time all France applauded the heroism

of the boatman of Montreau; the press gave columns to the narrative,—even the *edote Moniteur*; the king sent him the cross of the Legion of Honor, never more worthily earned; the Montyon prize was awarded him; men from all parts sent tokens of their admiration; and best of all, when two years had elapsed, Euphrasie gave him her hand. The boatman retired from his ordinary labors; but, with the consent of his wife, he still devotes his whole mind to the noble task he had allotted unto himself; and if ever she feels dread or alarm, she sends him forth eagerly when, in a low and hushed voice he breathes the name of the *Coche of Auxerre*.

The above narrative is familiar to all who dwell on the Seine and the Yonne. Perhaps the trumpet-tongued voice of history never recorded deeds of valor more worthy of record.

His undaunted courage, at all events, served a double and noble purpose.

THE STRAWBERRY BOY.

The following simple and unvarnished story is strictly true. It is given as a horticultural item, to illustrate the progress in early life, of a young horticulturist, in that branch of industry.

Fourteen years ago last May, on a Saturday at noon, a boy called at my dwelling-house, to sell strawberries. He was of slender form, apparently about fourteen years of age, with a bright and intelligent countenance. The fruit was beautiful and tempting, but I had bought enough at market in the morning for dinner and for tea, and refused to purchase more. He observed that his strawberries had just been picked from the vines, and would keep for the Sunday. My wife was much pleased with his gentle and pleasant manners, and decided at once to purchase and to engage a daily supply from him for the season. Upon inquiry we learned that, with his father and a young brother, he cultivated vegetables and fruit to sell in the Cincinnati market, on a small place near Newport, Kentucky; that he had a taste for horticulture and for books, and that no effort was spared to improve his knowledge in both. In the summer he cultivated the soil in winter the *mid*.

For three years we were regularly supplied by this boy, from the earliest to the latest period of the season, with strawberries freshly gathered, of fine quality, and at moderate prices; then with raspberries in succession. The fourth year we missed him on his accustomed round, and feared that we should see him no more. My wife felt disappointed, and grieved a good deal about it.

He was so intelligent and obliging, so gentle and engaging in his manners, that she had taken a great fancy to him. Besides all this, where could we supply our table with such fine strawberries brought daily to the house? Various inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. She only knew his christian name; the other, if she ever had heard it, had escaped her memory. She recollected to have observed an occasional hectic flush on his cheek, and feared that the fell destroyer, consumption, had marked him for its own. Poor boy, she said, we shall never see him again; he has run his race, and will soon be forgotten.

Years had passed away, and we had ceased to speak of him, when one day a young man of genteel appearance called at my store, and presented his hand, and asked if I remembered him. In the hurry and bustle of business life, one forms so many acquaintances that it is not easy to recollect every name or face at first sight. I therefore answered that I did not. He replied that when a boy he used to supply us with strawberries, and then he inquired kindly for my wife and children.

He stated, that by diligence in his horticultural pursuits, he had saved some money, and was then interested in a small store in a neighboring town.

I was delighted to see him, and to hear of his prosperity, and gave him a cordial invitation to my house, but he pleaded want of time and departed. On reaching home in the evening, my wife was much pleased to hear that her young friend, the "Strawberry Boy," was living and well, but felt rather slighted by his not calling to see her.

Two years ago when I saw him again, he was comparatively rich, worth some fifty thousand dollars—had married the daughter of a late distinguished lawyer—had purchased and was then residing in his fine mansion, in one of the cities immediately opposite our own. Occupied in business of public trust and responsibility, he lives respected and esteemed by all his neighbors. He is well known to many of our citizens of Cincinnati. With all this prosperity, he has the good sense to remember that he was once the "little Strawberry boy," and, no doubt, he feels prouder of being the architect of his own fortune, from that foundation, than if he had inherited ten times as much from his ancestors.

—Horticulturist.

SHARP SHOOTING.—A rifle shooting match came off near Troy last week, between a Mr. Williamson of New York, and N. Lewis of Troy. The match was \$100, offered by Williamson, the challenger, and won by Mr. Lewis. The distance 40 rods, each having 20 shots. Plain globe sights were used. Mr. Lewis's string, (reckoning the distance of each ball from the center), measured 36 inches, and

Mr. Williamson's 61. Mr. Lewis's shots averaged only 1 and 1/4 inches from the center point, and Mr. Williamson's 3 inches. Mr. Williamson was considered the best marksman in the state prior to shooting with Mr. Lewis. But few bets were made before the shooting commenced, but after Mr. Lewis's fourth shot, offers of five to one were made on him, but none taken. Mr. Lewis has won several matches within the last three years, amounting in all to over \$1,000. Mr. Williamson used a rifle made in New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Lewis one of his own manufacture. Altogether, the shooting was considered the best ever done in these parts. Six hundred and sixty feet is a long shot.—N. Y. Tribune, 29th.

In the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal is an interesting account of the manner in which a ring, which a young lady had pressed over her middle finger and was unable to remove was taken from the finger. It was a gold ring, which she had pressed over the joint of the middle finger, upon which the finger commenced swelling. It was impossible to remove the ring, and the family physician was summoned, who tried in vain. Recourse was then had to a goldsmith, who only made the matter worse. Dr. Castle of Boston on being called, began by the use of pulverized chalk to dry the flesh, and then he carefully polished the ring. This being done, he applied quick-silver to the whole surface of the ring. In less than three minutes, the ring was broken in four pieces by pressing together. The secret of his success lay in this—that quick-silver will permeate the metals, except iron, if a clean surface is presented, and make them brittle as glass, so that they may be easily broken. These facts are worth knowing.

MARSHFIELD.—The Boston correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says: "As we predicted, Marshfield has begun to be another Mount Vernon. We learn directly from Marshfield, that there have been crowds of visitors to the grounds and tomb of Webster all summer. One week there were 1000 visitors, and 100 a day has been a common number. There cannot have been less than 12,000 visitors there this season. The crowds there still continue, so that the family in their mansion can hardly find time to eat their meals. Many of their visitors do not forget to volunteer presents for the trouble they may make, and the aggregate of the money thus given to those who reside on the premises is quite large. The latter rains have made the farm look in its full beauty and glory."

THE JEWISH SABBATH.—It is unlawful to ride on horseback or in carriage—to walk more than a mile from their dwellings—to transact business of any kind—to meddle with any tool—to write—to play upon any musical instrument—to bathe—to comb the hair—and even to carry a pin in their clothes which is unnecessary. These, and a great many others, are complied with by the most rigid. There is one command in the law of Moses, to which all Jews scrupulously adhere: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day." (Ex. xxxv. 3.)

Consequently, they never light a fire, or a lamp, or a candle on the Sabbath day, nor eat food prepared on that day—all must be done on Friday. As it is impossible to spend the Sabbath in cold climates without fire or light, the Jewish families who keep servants, make it a point to have a Gentile in their service to do these things; and among the humbler classes a number of families generally unite in securing service of a Gentile neighbor for the day. Nothing could wound the conscience of a Jew more than to be under the necessity of putting fuel on the fire, or snuffing his candles on the Sabbath day.—The British Jew.

KATY-DID.—We first heard the noisy babble of this insect on Monday evening. It requires but little fancy to imagine that this little creature's notes resemble the articulate phrases, "katy-did she-did." This is the mode, which the male employs to awaken and enliven his silent mate, which has no tabernacle like her lord to return the salutation—it being a singular and most remarkable fact, that the females of the insect tribes are mute.

The Katy-did—*Platylabus concavum*, the broad-winged, orthoptera comes to perfection in September and October when the female deposits her eggs on the slender branches of the tree. The insects when mature, measure an inch and a half in length, from the head to the end of the wings, the body being only about an inch in length. We never heard this species of insect in Ware, nor Hardwick where the days of our boyhood were passed.—Amherst Express.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.—It is far beyond our power, and we believe much higher powers than ours, to penetrate the secret motives and latest causes that govern the different phases, aspects, and changes that influence the orbits of fashionable society. Why one star is to-day to be lord of the ascendant, and to-morrow struck from its course; why one dignitary is all powerful in one set, and totally powerless in another; what rivalries are occasioned by what causes;—wit, taste, politics, party warfare, birth, and precedence, court favor, say nothing of beauty and mental accomplishments—all these have their influence, and divide the world under different chiefs. One

WO BURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Johnson Hannah, d. of Joseph and Hannah, born May 5th.
Reed Jonathan, son of Joshua and Hannah, born Feb. 13th.
Lawrence Elizabeth, d. of Jonathan and Elizabeth, born April 26th.
Converse John, son of Josiah and Hepzibah, born March 3rd.
Wyman Susanna, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Jan. 23d.
Richardson Esther, d. of Zebediah and Esther, born Sept. 6th.
Richardson Matthew, s. of John and Hannah, born Sept. 28th.
Belknap Ruth, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Oct. 5th.
Brewster Mary Carter, d. of Seth and Hannah, born at Wrentham, March 25.
Richardson Juduthan, s. of Juduthan and Mary, born Oct. 13th.
Richardson Abijah, s. of Barnabas and Rebekah, b. Mar. 20th.
Peirce Ruth, d. of Josiah and Ruth, b. Dec. 31st.
Thompson Isaac Snow, s. of Daniel and Phebe, b. June 28th.
Peirce Phebe, d. of Joshua and Esther, born May 3d.
Crow Elizabeth, d. of John and Anna, b. Oct. 25th.
Walker Esther, d. of Josiah and Mary, born Jan. 17th.
Carter David, s. of William and Abigail, born May 20th.
Johnson William, s. of William and Sarah, b. Feb. 20th.
Fowler Mary, d. of Josiah and Margery, b. Oct. 9th.
Evans Andrew, s. of Andrew and Sarah, born Nov. 30th.
Sherman Elizabeth, d. of Rev. Josiah and Martha, b. March 26th.
Johnson Josiah, s. of Francis and Sarah, born April 25th.
Adams Mary, d. of Sampson and Mary, born Sept. 3d.
Simonds Lydia, d. of Caleb and Lydia, b. Jan. 28th.
Brooks Ruthannah, d. of Ebenezer and Jemima, b. March 4th.
Richardson Ruthannah, d. of James and Hannah, b. Dec. 15th.
Haywood Joshua, s. of Nathaniel and Sarah, b. Aug. 2d.
Bruce Lewis, s. of George and Mary, b. Oct. 27th.
Caldwell Sally, d. of Jacob and Sarah, b. Oct. 26th.
Munroe John, s. of John and Ann, b. Aug. 14th.
Flagg Hiram, s. of Benjamin and Hannah, b. Nov. 16th.
Poole Eleazer Flagg, s. of Eleazer F. and Mary, b. Jan. 19th.
Wyman Mary, d. of Paul and Lucy, b. Sept. 10th.
Winn Joseph, s. of Joseph and Betty, b. Sept. 29th.
Smith Mary, d. of Abijah and Mary, b. Jan. 5th.
Wood Seth, s. of Solomon and Martha, born March 23th.
Leath James, s. of Elijah and Mary, b. Aug. 10th.
Johnson Lucy, d. of Jonathan and Sarah, b. Nov. 4th.
Richardson Jesse, s. of Zachariah and Phebe, b. Aug. 20th.
1672.
Walker John, son of Joshua and Mary, born Feb. 7th.
Brooks Hepzibah, d. of Benjamin and Susanna, born March 8th.
Richardson Esther, d. of Bartholomew and Hannah, Feb. 16th.
Parker Edmund, son of Josiah and Mary, born March 17th.
Alexander Ruth, d. of Zachariah and Rebekah, born Jan. 23rd.
Richardson Phinehas, son of Phinehas and Hannah, born April 23rd.
Kendall Rhoda, d. of Joseph and Sarah, born Jan. 16th.
Wright Hannah, d. of John and Phebe, born April 1st.
Wyman Susanna, d. of James and Sarah, born August 20th.
Kendall Peter, son of John and Sarah, born May 1st.
Richardson Abel, son of Abel and Mary, born Aug. 25th.
Richardson Esther, d. of Silas and Mary, born Oct. 30th.
Abbott William, s. of William and Elizabeth, born Oct. 29th.
Thompson Phebe, d. of Daniel and Esther, b. Dec. 31st.
Cutter Joseph, son of John and Martha, born Oct. 25th.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WICK & C.
Winchester—Dr. David YOUNGMAN.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. DIER.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BONNIE LAMONT.—We thought you had received a decided answer to your request, however agreeable to you. Our readers would have not much interest in long pieces of personal poetry. The articles were very well written, and at the time we received them we were crowded for room. If we can find a particular one we will publish it. The manuscript is mislaid. Your suggestion, respecting a new form for the Journal, would not pay. We thank you for the interest you take for the success of the Journal.

HARRIS.—Your poem of the Reaper is very acceptable. Hope to hear from you again.

H. A. KIRBY.—We are pleased to note your improvement in poetry. The lines to "Mary" are very good.

HARRIS.—We hope our old friend will not leave us. We cannot part with him so long as he can use his pen.

COLEMAN.—A long letter from down east. The description of Prince Edward Island is a good one. We have no room this week.

J. S.—Can't answer your question, for the best reason to be given—we don't know.

ANONYMOUS.—Your valuable article on the Constitutional Propositions will receive attention next week.

EDITORIAL.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.

The present number of our paper, completes the second volume. Our subscribers will do us a great favor by paying up, for what has been received, and commence a new volume, and if they please each send us a new subscriber. We have no long story for the future; our friends must judge from the past, what the future may be, and encourage us as we deserve. We are sure, our best endeavors have been to promote the interests of Woburn, and to the best of our abilities, please and instruct our readers, and at the same time, not forgetting our own interests in the success of the Journal. As we have been, so we shall continue to advance the interests of Woburn, and the improvement of our readers.

Secretary Marcy's Letter.

We had opportunities, years ago, to know Wm. L. Marcy, and we consider him by far the most talented member of the President's Cabinet. He is gifted with a strong mind, well schooled in the intricate points and measures of our Government, and we cannot point to any man more capable of writing a diplomatic letter, always excepting Edward Everett, who is far ahead of any living man, as a practical and learned statesman.

Mr. Marcy's letter is well written, bearing evident marks of deep research into national laws, and expressed in strong and manly language—at the same time courteous and conciliatory. The question discussed, is a difficult one to settle, and we fear may yet lead us into difficulty with Austria, and perhaps other European nations, for they will never acknowledge our right to claim their native born citizens, when found on European soil, and this raises a grave question, and will come up, in the reception, by Spain, of Mr. Soule, our Minister at that Court, as we see indications of this, in the discussions of the Spanish Court, which has caused him to tarry in Paris, until he is satisfied as to his friendly reception.

The case of Koszta is more favorable for him, because he was banished from the Austrian dominions, as one of the Hungarian refugees, and Austria could not claim him after that. This makes a different version of the affair, and Com. Ingraham is entitled to all praise for his prompt movements. Mr. Marcy's letter is a long one. We make a few extracts, that our readers may see the position of the case. Alluding to the course of the agents of Austria, and the firm stand taken by the representative of the American Government in Smyrna, the Secretary says of the seizure of Koszta, and the subsequent proceedings of his captors, that—

"The act was, in all its stages, a continuous wrong, and the character of the actors, though there was a succession of persons, was the same, they were all wrong-doers; and if they had the possession of a national ship, and converted it into a prison for the purpose of consuming this wrong, that ship, thus 'desecrated,' was not entitled to the privileges of a sanctuary. Those who had the right to claim, and the power to release the prisoner illegally confined therein, might treat it as a prison; and while it was degraded to such an ignominious purpose, might forget, and be excused for forgetting, that it was a national ship. There is a consideration probably not brought to the notice of Austria, and not sufficiently regarded by others, which places the acts of Ingraham in a true light and repels the inference of intended hostile demonstrations toward Austria. It was the understanding of the parties that Koszta should be retained at Smyrna while the question of his nationality was pending. Capt. Ingraham received satisfactory evidence of a design on the part of the Austrian functionaries at Smyrna and Constantinople to disregard this arrangement and remove him clandestinely from the Hussar on board of the steamer for the purpose of taking him to Trieste. The information was such as did not permit Capt. Ingraham to doubt that the commander of the Hussar concurred in this design, and intended to aid in carrying it into effect. By this evidence of the want of good faith on the part of the Austrian functionaries, in which the Captain of the Hussar was implicated, the Captain of the St. Louis was placed in the perplexing alternative of sur-

rendering the captive without further efforts to save him from the sad fate which awaited him, or to demand his immediate release, and, in case of refusal, to enforce it.

The Government of the United States exceedingly regrets that he was reduced to this painful alternative; but it cannot find, after a full consideration of all the circumstances, any good reason for disapproving the course he pursued. It is not just to Captain Ingraham to look at the affair as it was at the precise point of time when the demand for the release of Koszta was made. The antecedent events qualify and legalize the act. The Austrian functionaries had obtained the possession of the person of Koszta not in fair or allowable ways, but by violating the civil law of Turkey, and the rights of humanity. Under these circumstances, their custody of him was entitled to no respect from the agent of the Government, who in virtue of his nationality had a right to protect him. Had all the circumstances been as they were except a change of place, instead of being taken from the territory of the Ottoman Porte, had he been taken from that of the United States, could a question have been raised as to Captain Ingraham's conduct? If the conclusions heretofore arrived at are correct, the Austrian agents had no more right to take Koszta from the soil of the Turkish dominions than from the Territory of the United States; and Captain Ingraham had the same right to demand and enforce his release as he would have had if Koszta had been taken from American soil, and incarcerated in a national vessel of the Austrian Emperor.

We copy the concluding paragraphs of the dispatch:

The right of Austria to call the United States to account for the acts of their agents affecting a sovereign territorial right of Turkey is not perceived; and they do not acknowledge her right to require any explanation. If anything was done in Smyrna in derogation of its sovereignty to Turkey this government will give satisfactory explanation to the Sultan when he shall demand it, and it has instructed its minister resident to make it known to him. He is the judge and the only rightful judge in this affair, and the injured party too. He has investigated its merits, pronounced judgment against Austria, and acquitted the United States. Yet strange as it is, Austria has called the United States to account for violating the sovereign territorial rights of the Emperor of Turkey. The conclusion at which the President has arrived, after a full examination of the transaction at Smyrna, and a respectful consideration of the views of Mr. Hulsemann's note, are, that Koszta, when seized and imprisoned, was invested with the nationality of the United States, and they had, therefore, the right, if they chose to exercise it, to extend their protection to him; that from International law, the only law which can be rightfully appealed to for rules of action in this case, Austria could derive no authority to obstruct, or interfere with the United States in the exercise of this right in effecting the liberation of Koszta, and that Capt. Ingraham's interposition for his release was, under the peculiar and extraordinary circumstances of the case, right and proper.

These conclusions indicate to Mr. Hulsemann the answer which the undersigned is instructed by the President to make to the Emperor of Austria, to the demand presented in Mr. Hulsemann's note. The President does not see sufficient cause for disavowing the acts of the American agents which are complained of by Austria. Her claim for satisfaction on that count has been carefully considered, and is respectfully declined.

Being convinced that the seizure and imprisonment of Koszta were illegal and unjustifiable, the President also declines to give his consent to his delivery to the Consul General of Austria at Smyrna, but after a full examination of the case as herein presented, he has instructed the undersigned to communicate to Mr. Hulsemann his confident expectation that the Emperor of Austria will take proper measures to cause Martin Koszta to be restored to the same condition he was in before he was seized in the streets of Smyrna on the 21st of June last.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Hulsemann the assurance of his high consideration.

W. L. MARCY.

The New Engines.

There will be a great day in Woburn on Friday next, the 14th inst., and we hope all our citizens will join in the celebration. The new Engines are finished, and will be presented to the Companies on Friday next. The Committee of three from each Company having the matter in charge, have engaged the "Boston Brigade Brass Band" to enliven the occasion with their superior music. A Dinner will be provided at the Town Hall by Mr. J. B. Smith, of Boston, caterer. After the dinner a trial of the Engines will take place at some appropriate spot. Every exertion will be put forth by the Committee to make the reception worthy of "Woburn" and the great importance this event will be to our noble Fire Department. The procession will be formed, and ready to march at 9 o'clock, A. M., precisely. All who desire are invited to join.

Delegates from other Fire Departments are expected to join in the proceedings, and we must have a merry time.

P. S. It is intimated among those who know that the Band will give a Grand Concert on Thursday evening, 13th inst., for the benefit of the Fire Department. We hope they will, for all our Town will be there, with the writer besides.

We are happy to state that Mr. Hayward, who was so badly injured on the Railroad at Winchester, is slowly recovering.

We gathered some valuable information from the Hon. Mr. Coles, about the commercial business of Prince Edward Island, showing what the increase has been since 1848, and clearly indicating what it would be, if the present restrictions were removed. Mr. Coles related to us, that Prince Edward Island exported in 1848 about £,000, and in 1852 about £18,000. Imported from the United States in 1848 only £800, and in 1852 over £20,000.

And we have no doubt, if the views of the present Government of that Island, as expressed by the Hon. Mr. Coles at the entertainment given to Commodore Shubrick when in Charlottetown are carried out, this fertile little island will be in reality the greatest fishing station in North America, as hundreds of our fishermen are seen in many of the harbors at a time, and in the season scarcely one of our fishermen but casts a longing look at the schools of mackerel tempting them to break the treaty of 1819, by sailing inside the three miles limit as the boundary.

The inhabitants of this Island, generally, are favorable to free trade with us, and we have no doubt but some measures will be taken on their own account, to ensure this trade.

The Mayor of Boston showed marked attention to Mr. Coles, and we have no doubt his reception at Washington would have been a cordial one. We found him one of the right sort of men, enlightened in his general views, and liberal in his principles, and calculated in an eminent degree to advance the solid interests of his native island, and the Government of Prince Edward Island are truly fortunate in selecting Mr. Coles as the second officer in its Government. We hope his visit amongst us, will result in accomplishing some good for both parties.

FLAG STAFF.

The Flag-Staff to be placed on the Common will be raised on Tuesday next. All subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions are requested to make payment to Mr. Edward E. Cooper, Treasurer, before that day. At a meeting of the subscribers, held on the 26th of September, a Committee, consisting of the following persons, were appointed to collect subscriptions for and have charge of the staff and flag:

A. Roundy, Edw. E. Cooper, G. W. Fowle, H. Whitford, and J. W. Fisk.

The Committee require \$70 more to complete their arrangements. All who feel interested are requested to call and subscribe to either of the Committee.

We have received from Mr. T. Dalton a large and beautiful "Orange" raised by him the last season. It is the largest we have ever seen raised in this climate.

Some very fine Hubbardston Apples from Mr. D. Childs—large and extra quality.

Mr. Putnam Emerson tells us he raised 23 squashes from one seed; the largest 19 inches round, 23 inches long, 100 pounds in all. The vine had six branches, 100 feet in length. This beats our squash vine, which run up a tree.

Some other fruit was received last week, but in our absence, our printers made love to it, and to prevent it from spoiling, as they said, they ate it.

The Mechanics' Fair held at Boston closed last Tuesday evening. It was a very successful affair, far better than any previous one. About 100,000 tickets were sold. It was about profitable and useful.

We intended to have noticed the most useful articles, but on inspection we found so many which deserved a particular notice, that we gave up the idea, as our paper is not of sufficient size for so large a notice. Amongst the large number of visitors, we do not think an individual has been found who was not highly pleased with the exhibition.

Our citizens will be much pleased at the great improvement in the granite crossing opposite the Post Office. Our Town Fathers are entitled to much credit for the act.

That new Reservoir will be a large and splendid one, well built, and when filled, a solid source to be relied on, in case of fire in its vicinity.

The Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, late pastor of the Baptist Church in this town, and recently of Providence, R. I., has accepted a call to preside over the Charles Street Baptist Church, in Boston, late Dr. Sharp's.

The Rev. gentleman has many friends in Woburn, who will be pleased at his removal so near his former church and people; his many good deeds amongst us, will not be forgotten.

LIBERALITY.—Seldom have we known such an instance of judicial liberality as we witness in our midst. We learn that Mr. John Cummings, well known as one of the proprietors of the extensive leather establishment in the west part of our town, is at his own expense maintaining an evening school for his apprentices, some twenty-five or thirty in number, in which the common English branches of education are studied. He has secured the services of an able and competent teacher, Mr. E. Cutter, a late graduate of Yale. He provides books also, and pays all incidental charges. Nothing is required of those who attend but their constant presence at each session.

We think there is not a man in a thousand who does so nobly by his apprentices.

Mr. Cummings shows that he, unlike most employers, cares for the minds of his dependents. He thinks it not enough to educate their hands only, he wants to make men of them.

He deserves praise and we give it unqualifiedly. We are proud of such a citizen.

The "Ancient and Honorable Artillery," Company of Boston, turned out in full ranks, last Monday, for an excursion to Bellows Falls. A section of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, by invitation, joined them; they all made a fine appearance in marching up State street, and had an excellent time in their excursion to Bellows Falls.

The Woburn Phalanx should get up an excursion with full ranks, and pay a marching visit to Boston, create a military sensation in State street; we mean one of the old fashioned displays; something besides a mere march up the street. We want to see the commander take his stand by the bugle, at the sound of which, the various evolutions of a company could be performed. This was the discipline in our young days. We have many a time gone through the manual exercise, and military maneuvers, by the sound of a bugle, and we would go some miles to see it done. The Phalanx can do it, and we hope they will; they command the fullest ranks, and we should like to chronicle a triumph in State street.

We were absent last week, and consequently many articles were omitted, with answers to correspondents, several communications have been mislaid, and which we are unable to answer.

We have a full supply of candidates for the office of Governor and Lieut. Governor of this Commonwealth. All parties can be suited, and we hope our readers will not accuse us of a breach of neutrality in political matters, if we mention a bright gem which sparkles around the fame of Gen. Wilson. He was, if we mistake not, the man who first offered the resolve in the late Convention, to "abolish imprisonment for debt," and that act will go with him to the polls. That last cold-hearted relic of a barbarous age is a disgrace to Massachusetts, and should no longer remain on her statute books.

The Great Pacific Railroad is gaining friends, and may become a bone of contention, as a national affair in the next Congress. Already we find indications of party mixed up with the subject, and as it is an important measure, party men will seek to ride into power on its back.

We find, by report, that forty-three millions of the stock has been subscribed in New York; ten millions of it taken by R. J. Walker, Esq., which is intimated to be of doubtful value. Perhaps this is the beginning of the game.

Among the new lecturers this season will be Timothy Bigelow, Esq., the last Fourth of July orator, in Boston, who has in preparation a lecture upon "The Ottoman Empire," which he will deliver before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston and elsewhere. Mr. Bigelow's orations have been distinguished for talent and eloquence, and there is no doubt that his lectures will fully sustain the reputation which he has acquired. Rev. C. C. Bonan, of North Scituate, R. I., last season, delivered a lecture upon "Cave Cods," which was very much commended; and he will repeat it this year with additions and alterations. We understand that Rev. T. S. King will not devote his attention to the giving of lectures this season, though he is engaged to lecture at a few places.

GREAT LAW CLAIM.—The Boston Evening Gazette says the descendants of Peter Oliver, Governor of Hutchinson, and one other ancient New England family, now residing in England, are making ample legal preparations, through counsel in New York, for claiming real estate in Boston to the amount of fifteen million of dollars. They embrace all the land from the corner of Milk street, across Fort Hill to Summer street, on the line of what was once known as Cow Lane to the water. They also claim the whole of Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge. More will be known of this extraordinary and truly gigantic heirship when the lawyers are ready for action.

GALE ON LAKE ERIE.—Buffalo, Oct. 4.—A terrible gale is blowing on the Lake, and the sea is running so high as to prevent vessels leaving the harbor. A wreck was seen last night, near the Canada shore, with three men clinging to the masts. She was afterwards seen with only one man.

The steamer Mayflower was fired up in order to go to his assistance, but feared to make the attempt. A life boat has been sent along the Canada shore, and several citizens are making efforts to save him.

LAUNCH OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—The Largest Merchant Ship in the World East Boston was visited on Tuesday by 2,000 people to witness the launch, from the yard of Donald McKay, Esq., of the largest merchant ship in the world, the "Great Republic."

This event has been looked forward to for the past six or eight weeks with the most intense interest, and as the work on the ship has progressed, she has been visited weekly by thousands of spectators from far and near.

The launch took place at precisely five minutes past twelve. The ship moved off majestically, amid the roar of artillery, the sound of martial music, and the cheers of the assembled multitude.

MR. FLUENT.—of Lancaster City, whose wife was killed on the New Haven Railroad, at Norwalk, last spring, and himself much injured, has been paid \$10,000 by the Company.

COMPLIMENTS TO HOSIERY.—A gold medal has just been awarded to Mr. Jonas Chickering of this city, by the Managers of the State Fair, recently held at Pittsburg, Pa., for the best silver medal the highest premium given, was also awarded to the same gentleman, for the best Piano Fortes, by the managers of the State Fair, at Columbus, Ohio.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The Directors of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., of Salem, have voted to introduce the eleven hour system at their mill, commencing on the first of October.

Gen. James Tallmadge, ex-senator and ex-minister to Russia, died very suddenly at the Metropolitan Hotel, at New York, on his return from a visit to the Crystal Palace.

Advice from St. George's, Bermuda, of the 18th, state that the yellow fever was still spreading there, and had become very fatal. The Governor of the Island had fallen a victim to the disease.

The Norwalk tragedy was rather a costly operation for the company. It has already paid over two hundred thousand dollars to those who were injured, and to the relatives of those who were killed.

The Treasurer's receipts at the New York State Fair, were this year only about \$5,000, being less than the expenses.

Four millions of dollars in silver have lately been shipped from New Mexico to England by the British steamer from Vera Cruz.

An intelligent and enterprising Chinese merchant in Sacramento, California, advertises, among other articles of traffic, dried worms for soup!

William Holborn, of Bloomfield, N. Y., has been committed to jail for the murder of his son, whom he shot in broad daylight.

The Albany County Agricultural Society offers four prizes for the best exhibitions of female equestrianism.

Hon. Abbott Lawrence has donated \$500 to aid in the construction of a monument to the Pilgrims, on Plymouth Rock.

At the Episcopal Convention in New York the colored church of St. Philip was admitted by an overwhelming majority of votes, both clerical and lay members voting in the affirmative.

GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.—Henry W. Bishop and Emory Washburn were classmates in Williams College, and graduated in 1817.

The governor of South Carolina has appointed Thursday, the 13th of October, as a day of fasting and humiliation throughout the State.

The license for retailing liquor has been raised to 1,500 in Marion, Ala., by the town council.

A letter dated Beaufort, S. C., 12th Sept., says the caterpillars are every where at work, and it is thought will greatly injure the cotton crop, which is about five weeks later than usual.

The nutmeg tree grows on the south side of the Coconino river, in California, and bears fruit superior, it is said, to that which grows in the Spice Islands.

A box of gold dust, valued at 24,000 consigned to Nelson Robinson was recently lost near the Costilla rapids, while in transit over the Isthmus of Nicaragua.

The directors of the Portsmouth Steam Factory have decided to adopt the eleven hour system.

On Friday morning 156 bags, each containing over five bushels of dead letters, were burnt at Monumental Place, Washington.

The deaths at Mobile from Aug. 1 to Sept. 23 numbered 972, of which 731 were from yellow fever.

D. E. McDougal, of Springfield, has invented a door lock, which combines a pistol that is fired in forcing open the door.

The Congressional meeting-house at Palmer, Me., has been attached for debt.

The sum contributed at the Crystal Palace, for the Washington Monument fund, on Saturday, amounted to \$4,635 69.

A party of six from Machias, recently visited Lake Umbagog on a cranberry excursion, and after three days' absence, returned with sixty-five bushels of clean cranberries.

When an Irish girl was asked, a few days ago, where her mistress was, who had gone to a water cure establishment, she replied that her ladyship had "gone to soak."

The Galveston *Civilian*, of Sept. 22d, says that the yellow fever continues its ravages there unabated. Upwards of 200 persons have already fallen victims, including Major Sanderson of the U. S. Army.

At Gorham, N. H., the ground was covered with snow on Wednesday last, and also at Shelburne.

A German writer says "the people of the United States can burst more steamboats and chew more tobacco than any other five nations of the globe."

The Catholic Brothers in New Orleans, numbering some twelve or fifteen teachers having in charge the four Catholic schools of that city, have all died of the terrible disease, the yellow fever.

By the returns of the Commissioners of Emigration at New York, it appears that the number of emigrants who landed in that city during the month of September was 35,245.

Ice.—The exports of ice from Boston, for the month of September last, were 2410 tons, of which about one thousand tons were to foreign ports, Australia, Havana, &c. The whole amount exported during the year thus far has been 65,342 tons, considerably less than last year, and the year before.

Jerome N. Bonaparte, Jr. has been promoted to be second lieutenant in the U. S. army. He is cousin to the emperor of France.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

THE HERMIT.

Autumn, with all its varied beauties, has again come. The wild flowers of the field and woods, are changing their summer fragrance. The stillness of the Indian summer, will soon reign in the woods and dense forests, and nature put on her robes of white, for the coming bleak winds of winter; but still, life in the forests has its charms and pleasures.

What think you of the old Hermit's task, daily allotted to him by the secluded life which he passes? Your young and restless spirits could not be confined within my small domain, neither could you be contented to take my old arm chair, and think away the evening time of summer twilight at my cottage door. The sweet songs of the tenants of my surrounding woods, would have no charms for you. The rippling of my mountain stream, or the romantic sound of my Aeolian harp, would not entice you from the active scenes of life; because the seductive sounds of the busy gatherings, in which you daily act a part, are more melodious to your ears, and more agreeable to your feelings. Then are the calm and silent breathings of the morning and evening air, which surrounds my secluded cottage.

I have passed the summer with my books and papers. I read in the former history of the age, which has passed, and while I am running over its pages, I meet with incidents, in which I was an actor. They remind me of those youthful days, when I was full of ardor and ambition—sought all the avenue to wealth and honor, mingled with the busy world, and went onward, in pleasing hope of future happiness, drank deep at the fountain of worldly wealth, and passed on, in the bright path of prosperity, without heeding the thorns which grow by the wayside. I culled the sweet flowers of life, and thought they might bloom forever, and in the meridian of manhood, I stood up like the proud oak of the forest, and as I vainly thought, held a position strong and immovable.

I have told you how the sad change came over the bright scene of life, how the dark waves of the troubled ocean of life, rose high and buried my fondest hopes, and left me almost a naked wanderer on the cold and friendless soil, which once beamed with the bright verdure of a prosperous life.

I have gleaned for your Journal, thoughts and feelings drawn from past experience, and endeavored to place before you, in simple and unadorned language, some of the rural beauties and enjoyments of a life in the forest; with the feeble sketch of my humble cottage, its little domain, the walks, and avenue in front, my flower garden, the rippling stream, the robin red breast with its daily song, the whippoorwill, the distant, evening, shrill voice of the whetstone, my look-out, echo and Aeolian harp, and then drawn your attention to the lone Hermit, as he reclines on his nightly pillow, with the sweet sleep of contentment, all these are yet seen and enjoyed by me. But age, age, is bringing its heavy weight, and my old limbs remind me that the bleak and cold blasts of winter, may destroy the small vital spark remaining of the Hermit's life, and the cold clouds of the valley will ere long cover his remains, then—

Bury me deep in a forest sheet,
'Neath the shade of the old oak tree,
Where the forest wind may sweetly weep,
O'er the grave of the Hermit, free.

HERMIT.

The New York Herald says it has private information from Mexico, that Santa Anna is not satisfied with his present position of uncontrolled Dictator of the republic, but aspires to the imperial purple, and everything is being put in train for the sure accomplishment of the undertaking.

Severe frost was observed at Detroit, Michigan, on Sunday week. In the vicinity the crops of potatoes, buckwheat and corn were badly nipped, while squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, sweet potatoes, and other tender plants were completely cut off, and looked as if a fire had swept over them.

A LARGE FISH.—A large horse mackerel was caught in Ogunquit river, Wells, Me., Sept. 14. He measured 8 feet 10 inches in length; girth 6½ feet. His tail was 3 feet wide, and he weighed 740 pounds. A storm drove him over the bar, and the tide going out, left him in shoal water. Two men saw, and captured him.

Accounts have been received from New foundland to Sept. 21, which state that the potato crops, on account of the rot, was almost an entire failure. The fishing catch was also very short, and the most serious apprehensions were felt of a famine on the Island the coming winter, as the stock of provisions now on hand would not last two months. It was feared that great suffering would be experienced by the poorer classes, and the papers were urging the Government to call an early session of the Legislature, to devise measures to meet the emergency.

Our readers will notice Mr. Hammond's advertisement of clothing and furnishing goods. Mr. H. has fitted up his store in first rate order, and offers a good assortment in his line; call and see him, for his price.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—The influence of climate on the hair is great, often causing it to fall off and turn gray. This can be entirely prevented by using S. J. Alding's Rosemary and Castor Oil Wash. Persons going to California or Australia should take a supply. Sold by G. W. Fowle, Woburn.

Be consistent, be prudent, and ease of half the hard labor of washing-day by using the Boston Chemical Washing Powder. Sold by grocers at 12½ cents per package.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MARR ALLEN,
Manufacturer of
Penholders.
Rooms at Woburn Machine Shop,
Woburn, Mass.
Orders for various styles of Penholders, respectively solicited.
July 30

AMOS BURGEE, JR.
(Successor to Amos Bugbee.)
—DEALER IN—
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Wade's Block, Woburn,
June 4

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods.
Nos. 208 & 208 1/2 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church.)
F. F. Libby. BOSTON. S. H. Libby

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
furnished to fit. declif
George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
—AND—
JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

N. WYMAN, JR.,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth Building,
WOBURN.
oct 18

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,
OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA
GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware,
Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Groceries, &c. &c.
oct 18

OTIS & BAILEY.
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.
GRANITE, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.
DEALERS IN
Baskets, Blinds, Paints, Oils and Glass.
Geo. H. Otis, WOBURN. JAMES B. BAILEY.

BENJ. P. WYER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps,
Gaiters, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.
Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit,
and Findings. —WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.
N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made
to order. Boots and Shoes neatly repaired.
oct 25

WILLIAM WINS, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to.
oct 18

THOMAS SLEATER & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOSTER'S BUILDING, BOSTON.
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Mechanisms purchased and
sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will
be attended to.
nov 15

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs.
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth Buildings,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh for-
eign Leeches constantly on hand.
mar 27

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fustians, Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.
(FOR CARBAGE TRIMMING.)
No. 43 Washington Street, Boston
Feb 21

ELYS & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parcels, &c.
oct 18

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Barns and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot.
Feb 14

J. H. EVANS,
NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,
Cambridgeport, Mass.
Orders left at Amos Walcott's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
or at Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.
Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.
oct 23

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Jan 31

MENZIES & WHITE,
—DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,
BOSTON.
Next Door to the "Adams House." BOSTON
Oct 18

PHILIP ALLEXANDER & SON,
BOSTON.
It is made of a superior article of wire, each link of
which is tested by a weight of 600 lbs. One sufficiently
long to let a man run the fifth story of a building will
weigh less than five pounds, and can be carried in a valise
with but little inconvenience, as it occupies a space of
an inch in thickness, 18 inches in length, 6 inches in
height, and 5 inches wide. Articles of clothing can be
packed within it, so that no room will be lost, and the
additional weight is of no moment. Samples of the
above can be seen at Philip Alexander's, Railroad street
corner, Woburn; also, testimonials from scientific Com-
missioners. Those interested are invited to call.
PHILIP ALLEXANDER & SON.
oct 20

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Oler & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and
Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or
made to order at short notice, and repair
all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MOREY. Dealers are invited to
call and examine.
oct 18

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
Herman Hunting, {
Marcus Eaton, }
Hot meals at all hours of the day. oct 18

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY GOODS.
OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England
that a single word in their favor seems needless. We
manufacture them in all varieties, and our stock of
Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Sil-
ver, is not equalled in New England.
We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh
assortment of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER
WATCHES, AND FANCY GOODS, of every description,
all of which we warrant and return at the most reasonable
terms. WILMARTH & BROTHER,
5 Court St., Boston—4 doors from Washington Street
P. S. Gold Pens, Watches, and Jewelry repaired, or
taken in exchange. oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to.
apr 30

DR. A. W. CLARK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAS located himself at North Woburn. All calls
promptly attended to, by day or by night. Price of
residence at the house of Mr. Henry Thompson, on Elm
Street. oct 20

REMOVAL.
DR. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms, and
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The principal adopted by Mr. Newell. oct 18

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Answers to State of Mass.
Boston, Aug. 30, 1852.

READ! READ! READ!!!
Clayton's Rheumatic
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WARRANTED A SURE CURE for the Rheumatic, and
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E. A. ALLEN, M. D.,
Randolph, July 13, 1852.
nov 16

PATENT METALLIC
LADDER AND CONDUCTOR.
THE subscribers having been appointed agents for the
sale of WASHINGTON, HOLLAND & CO'S Patent
Ladder and Conductor, would inform the inhabitants of
Woburn and vicinity, that they are now prepared to supply
all that wish, with this really useful invention. The fol-
lowing are a few of the many advantages which it pos-
sesses over Wooden Ladders, and the inferior articles
which have been heretofore used as ladders, rods, &c.
1st. They are permanent and in their place, neither to
be borrowed or lent.
2d. They will last much longer than the common rod,
being preserved by painting.
3d. They form a capacious conductor of electricity,
more so than any in use, because it has three times the
conducting surface and is thus effectively guarded against
this passage of the bolts.
4th. It is made of round iron, which is much superior
to the four cornered rods in use.
5th. Its cheapness, which places it within reach of all,
since it is furnished at less price than the inferior article
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ductor must be apparent to any discerning man at a glance,
and if he does not purchase at once, we feel assured that
the winter will afford a moment's reflection.
Also, a Valise Ladder,
INTENDED AS A LIFE PRESERVER!
It is made of a superior article of wire, each link of
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weigh less than five pounds, and can be carried in a valise
with but little inconvenience, as it occupies a space of
an inch in thickness, 18 inches in length, 6 inches in
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PHILIP ALLEXANDER & SON.
oct 20

Never Failing Remedy!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
A Simple Cure for all the Crutches after Ten
Years Suffering.
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist,
Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway.
I am enabled to furnish you with most ex-
traordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment
and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted
with the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W. Thompson,
of Salisbury Street, in this town, was thrown from his
horse, whereby he received serious injuries; he had the
best of medical advice at the time, and was after-
wards in a state of different limbs, yet he grew
worse, and at length a malignant tumor settled in his
hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could
not move without crutches for nearly 10 years. Recently
he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now
healed the wound, strengthened his limbs, and enabled
him to dispense with his crutches. He is so that he can walk
with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigor.
(Signed) J. THOMPSON.
A Most Extraordinary Cure of a Dreadful
Skin Disease, when all Medical
Aid had Failed.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hird, Draper,
Kewley, near Gainsboro', dated March 1st, 1852.
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with a dreadful eruption over the body and limbs, I con-
sulted the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians,
all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At
length I used your Ointment and Pills, and without ex-
aggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering
in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared, and
the child was restored to health.
I previously lost a child from a similar complaint, and I
firmly believe, had I not used your medicines, I should
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Furnishing Goods, &c.

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Extraordinary Cure of Loss of Health.
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 3.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

NO. 1.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

MARY.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Twilight had fallen around our happy earth,
And to the brilliant stars of night had given birth;
Which pressing onward towards another day,
Looked down where, 'neath the trees, a tomb all silent lay.

They looked in love, those eyes from other spheres,
Their starry brightness seemed bedimmed with tears:
Tears that were mirrored back from orbs below,
Brilliant in sadness—raised in deepest woe.
For woe was here, that moved with trembling tread,
That came with early morn, to weep beside the dead.
With precious spices laden, and with perfumes rare,
She sought the dearest spot, and laid them there.
Nestle the knees—bowed her young head in grief—
Her lips were seen to move, and prayer had brought relief.

A short relief—for tidings to the maid were given
That Him she sought, had gone indeed to heaven;
And back upon her heart these words were sent,
Like ocean-waves with direful tempests bent.
The soul is sad, she droops beneath the blow,
Her friend is gone, and what is left her now?
Dark grows the earth, no beauty can be seen
Where peace, and mirth, and gladness before had been.

But, hark! a voice is heard, in tones of music sweet,
And Mary quickly flies, and kneels at Jesus' feet,
Her Saviour is before her, and her grief
Dies like the storm, so dreadful, yet so brief;
Like her, whose name, dear friend, you bear,
Seek thy relief in earnest prayer,
Turn from the world, for this no loss,
Compared with treasures round the cross.
And thine shall be, like hers, the prayer,
To meet the Saviour's mild approving eye.
The world is full of sorrow, sin and guile,
At Jesus' feet there's many a smile;
Dear Mary, trust the promise given,
And thine, at last, shall be a home in heaven.

H. A. KING.

SELECTED.

THE VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Dear ladies, could I but look into your eyes, like a star-gazer, I might read secret intelligences. Will you read what I have written? You love music and the dance, and are passionate for flowers; you sometimes cherish singing-birds, and sometimes young kittens. You sigh by moonlight. Once or twice you have wept over a love story in the annals. Sleep falls upon you, like a lace veil, rich with gold-embroidered dreams, and is withdrawn as lightly, that you may see brighter dreams than them. Maiden pursuits, and gentle meditations, the sunshine of maiden glee, and the summer-cloud of maiden sadness—these make up the tale of your happy years. You are in your spring, fair reader—are you not? I am scarce in my summer time. Yet, I have wandered through the world, till its weary dust has settled on me; and when I meet a bright, young girl, a girl of sixteen, with her untouched heart, so sweetly proud, so softly glorious, so fresh among faded things, I fancy that the gate of Paradise has been left ajar, and she has stolen out. Then I give a sigh to the memory of Rachel.

Oh, Rachel! How pleasant is the sound to me! thy sweet old scriptural name. As I repeat it, thoughts and feelings grow vivid again, which I deemed long ago forgotten. There they are, yet in my heart, like the initials and devices engraved by virgin fingers in the wood of a young tree, remaining deep and permanent, though concealed by the furrowed bark of after years. The boy of fifteen was handsome; though you would shake your heads, could you glance at the altered features of the man. And the boy had lofty sweet, and tender thoughts, and dim, but glorious visions; he was a child of poetry.

Well; at fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from my home. The morning after my arrival—a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July—I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above our heads. The track which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a gold-fish in the water.

From my childhood, I had loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled a circular basin, small, but deep, and set round with stones, some of which was covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish white, and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lovely sunbeam, and seemed to illumine the spring with an unborrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature was about to emerge, the maid of the spring, perhaps in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rainbow drops, and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the stones, paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up water to sparkle in the sun! Wherever she laid her hands on grass and flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in drinking, till the bright sand, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. But, should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a

summer shower glistening about the spot where he had seen her.

Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They were the reflection of my own. I looked again, and lo! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own image, more distinct in all its features, yet faint as thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young girl, with locks of paly gold. A mirthful expression laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the would be, if, while dancing merrily into the sunshine, it should assume the shape of woman. Through the dim rosi-ness of the cheeks, I could see the brown leaves, the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling sand. The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and became a glory round that head so beautiful!

My description can give no idea how suddenly the fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left desolate. I breathed; and there was the face! I held my breath; and it was gone! Had it passed away, or faded into nothing? I doubted whether it had ever been.

My sweet readers, what a dreamy and delicious hour did I spend, where that vision found and left me! For a long time, I sat perfectly still, waiting till it should reappear, and fearful that the slightest motion, or even the flutter of my breath, might frighten it away. Thus have I often started from a pleasant dream, and then kept, in hopes to will it back. Deep were my musings, as to the race and attributes of that ethereal being. Had I created her? Was she the daughter of my fancy, akin to those strange shapes which peep under the lids of children's eyes? And did her beauty gladden me, for that one moment, and then die? Or was she a water nymph within the fountain, or fairy, or woodland goddess peeping over my shoulder, or the ghost of some forsaken maid, who had drowned herself for love? Or, in good truth, had a lovely girl, with a warm heart, and lips that would bear pressure softly behind me, and thrown her image in the spring?

I watched and waited, but no vision came again. I departed, but with a spell upon me which drew me back, that same afternoon, to the haunted spring. There was the water gushing, the sand sparkling, and the sunbeam glimmering. There the vision was not, but only a great girl, the hermit of that solitude, who immediately withdrew his speckled snout and made himself invisible, all except a pair of long legs, beneath a stone. Methought he had a devilish look! I could have slain him as an enchanter, who kept the mysterious beauty imprisoned in the fountain.

Sad and heavy, I was returning to the village. Between me and the church spire, rose a little hill, and on its summit a group of trees, insulated from all the rest of the wood, with their own share of radiance hovering on them from the west, and their own solitary shadow falling to the east. The afternoon being far declined, the sunshine was almost pensive, and the shade almost cheerful; glory and gloom were mingled in the placid light; as if the spirits of the day and evening had met in friendship under those trees, and found themselves akin. I was admiring the picture, when the shape of a young girl emerged from behind the clump of oaks. My heart knew her; it was the vision; but, so distant and ethereal did she seem, so unmingled with earth, so imbued with the pensive glory of the spot where she was standing, that my spirit sunk within me, sadder than before. How could I ever reach her.

While I gazed, a sudden shower came pattering down upon the leaves. In a moment the air was full of brightness, each rain drop catching a portion of sunlight as it fell, and the whole gentle shower appearing like a mist, just substantial enough to bear the burden of radiance. A rainbow, vivid as Niagara's, was painted in the air. Its southern limb came down before the group of trees, and enveloped the fair vision, as if the hues of heaven were the only garment for her beauty. When the rainbow vanished, she, who had seemed a part of it, was no longer there. Was her existence absorbed in nature's loveliest phenomenon, and did her pure frame dissolve away in the varied light? Yet, I would not despair of her return; for, robed in the rainbow, she was the emblem of Hope.

Thus did the vision leave me; and many a doleful day succeeded to the parting moment. By the spring and in the wood, and on the hill, and through the village; at dewy sunrise, burning noon, and at that magic hour of sunset, when she had vanished from my sight, I sought her, but in vain. Weeks came and went, months rolled away, and she appeared not in them. I imparted my mystery to none, but wandered to and fro, or sat in solitude, like one that had caught a glimpse of heaven, and could take no more joy on earth. I thought drew into an inner world, where my thoughts lived, breathed, and the vision in the midst of them. Without intending it, I became at once the author and hero of a romance, conjuring up rivals, imagining events, the actions of others and my own, and experiencing every change of passion, till jealousy and despair had their end in bliss. Oh, had I the burning fancy of my early youth, with manhood's colder gift, the power of expression, your hearts, sweet ladies, should flutter at my tale! In the middle of January, I was summoned home. The day before my departure, visiting

the spots which had been hallowed by the vision, I found that the spring had a frozen bosom, and nothing but the snow, and a glare of winter sunshine on the hill of the rainbow. "Let me hope," thought I, "or my heart will be as icy as the fountain, and the whole world as desolate as this snowy hill." Most of the day was spent in preparing for the journey, which was to commence at four o'clock the next morning. About an hour after supper, when all was in readiness, I descended from the parlor to the sitting-room, to take leave of the old clergyman and his family, with whom I had been an inmate. A gust of wind blew out my lamp as I passed through the entry.

According to their invariable custom, so pleasant a one when the fire blazes cheerfully, the family were sitting in the parlor, with no other light than what came from the hearth. As the good minister's stipend compelled him to use all sorts of economy, the foundation of his fires was a large heap of tan, or ground bark, which would smoulder away, from morning till night, with a dull warmth and no flame. This evening, the heap of tan was newly put on, and surmounted with three sticks of red oak, full of moisture, and a few pieces of dry pine, that had not yet kindled. There was no light, except the little that came suddenly from two half-burnt brands, without even glimmering on the andirons. But I knew the position of the old minister's arm chair, and also where his wife sat, with her two daughters, one a stout, country lass, and the other a consumptive girl. Groping through the gloom, I found my own place next to that of the son, a learned collegian, who had come home to keep school in the village, during the winter vacation. I noticed that there was less room than usual, to-night, between the collegian's chair and mine.

As people are always taciturn in the dark, not a word was said for some time after my entrance. Nothing broke the stillness, but the regular click of the matron's knitting needles. At times, the fire threw out a brief and dusky gleam, which twinkled on the old man's glasses, and hovered doubtfully around our circle, but was far too faint to portray the individuals who composed it. Were we not like ghosts? Dreamy as the scene was, might it not be a type of the mode in which departed people, who had known and loved each other here, would hold communion in eternity? We were aware of each other's presence, but by sight, nor touch, but by an inward consciousness. Would it not be so among the dead?

The silence was interrupted by the consumptive daughter, addressing a remark to some one in the circle, whom she called Rachel. Her tremulous and decayed accents were answered by a single word, but in a voice that made me start and bend toward the spot whence it had proceeded. Had I ever heard that sweet low tone? If not, why did it rouse up so many old recollections, or mockeries of such, the shadows of things familiar, yet unknown, and fill my mind with confused images of her features who had spoken, though buried in the gloom of the parlor? Whom had my heart recognized, that it throbbed so? I listened, to catch her gentle breathing, and strove, by the intensity of my gaze, to picture forth a shape where none was visible.

Suddenly, the dry pine caught; the fire blazed up with a ruddy glow; and where the darkness had been, there was she—the Vision of the Fountain! A spirit of radiance only, she had vanished with the rainbow and appeared again in the fire light, perhaps to flicker with the blaze, and begone. Yet, her cheek was rosy and life-like, and her features, in the bright warmth of the room, were even sweeter and tenderer than my recollection of them. She knew me! The mirthful expression that had laughed in her eyes and dimpled over her countenance, when I beheld her faint beauty in the fountain, was laughing and dimpling there now. One moment, our glance mingled—the next, down rolled the heap of tan upon the kindled wood—and darkness snatched away that daughter of the light, and gave her back to me no more!

That is all, fair ladies. There is nothing more to tell. For, why must the simple mystery be revealed, that Rachel was the daughter of the village squire, and had left home for a boarding-school, the morning after I arrived, and returned the day before my departure? If I transformed her to an angel, it is what every youthful lover does for his mistress. Therein consists the essence of my story. But, slight the change, sweet maids, to make angels of yourselves!

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—The following letter, lately written by an aged friend, who is now no more, you are at liberty to insert in your paper, if you deem it worthy.

Yours, ZENNA.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.
I write to you because you govern the greatest nation of the world, and have the most unlimited control, and therefore have the most power to do good. I write to you with the impression that much is needed to be done; that you can do perhaps much; and as Mordecai said to Esther, "who knows but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." When God would save the Israelites from destruction by famine, he caused the king to dream, because it wanted the wealth

of a monarch to purchase stores for a seven years supply. Joseph was a chosen instrument, but his wisdom and forethought would have been comparatively useless without a nation's treasures. Is there not much more now to be accomplished by a powerful prince who wishes to do good, than — I was going to say? It was a great work; the work of God to save many lives, and God always does good and delights in mercy, and man should copy his designs of mercy. This is an eventful period of the world. Improvements are making so that distant nations can be visited in a few days, and tidings sent with lightning speed. The productions of different places are exchanged for mutual advantage; and nations once strangers have become acquainted. With all the late improvements we see much of the surface of the earth which needs the diligent hand to cause it to blossom as the rose, and supply with nourishing food a more numerous race of men. Can such men be spared from any other pursuit? Can some be found to make the earth a garden and nothing thereby suffer loss? Were there no other means of support than hunting wild beasts, or a pastoral life like the wandering Arab, there might be expected discord and even war with the feeling that mankind had become too numerous. But when it is known that the earth produces in proportion to its culture, none need to fear that the human race will become too numerous for mutual felicity. If, on a careful inspection of the various pursuits and trades of the children of men, you find any class who are actually useless, nay absolutely injurious to society; and you by that power which is at present entrusted to you by that Being whom you worship, and whose known commands you will, as soon as convenient, endeavor that many of that class at present useless shall be instructed into other pursuits and mankind be made happier by the changes. You cannot be at a loss that I mean those persons who carry the weapons of human butchery. When I realize that thousands of soldiers, supported by the labors of the tillers of the soil, are employed by nations professing Christianity, and even esteemed a bulwark of defence; for all nations even when they seem to increase their own territory, justify their conduct by pretending that they are merely defending their own rights. How inconsistent it seems to see two Christians about to take each other's lives, hearken to the pious prayers of the chaplains, who, like the heathen of old times, fervently implore a blessing on their murders. Cannot a descendant of Peter the Great be greater than a Peter? While the most powerful of Rulers can he not say peace to the world, advocate a Congress of nations; settle bounds of empire; agree that armies and navies shall be disbanded, and thus himself, by doing the most good, become really the greatest man in the world? Cannot such a man enjoy more real felicity than the conqueror of nations?

To whom but to you belongs so good, so great, so novel a work? Not all the inventions of steam, caloric or telegraph wire can equal a work like this. Permit an old man of seventy to address one in the vigor of manhood, who may live to see so great a good accomplished. (Since died.) If nations can have a fair to compare their various productions; another step can settle the affairs of nations and dismiss all the evils of that art which has disturbed the world from Nimrod to the present time. Please to read and think of the humble wish of a retired individual of no office; in the town of E., State of Maine, the extreme north-east of the United States of America.

STUDENTS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?—The editor of the New York Express says: "Looking the other day upon a thousand students and graduates of New Haven, where as much attention is given to physical education as elsewhere, we suppose, we were struck with the apparent physical weakness of a vast majority of those who were visiting their Alma Mater. You can tell a clergyman not more easily by the shape of his neckcloth and cut of his coat, than by the tone of his complexion. Pale and wan, either with the burden of study or thought, they looked to us peculiarly American, and were physically very weak." Call the clergymen together and you would rather be reminded of the race of Pigmies than the Giants. It is, though in less degree, with gentlemen of the other learned professions; and a literary man, or professional man, who is strong and robust, with nature's vermillion in his cheeks, and elasticity in his step, is rather a rare bird to find, whether upon the wing as a traveller, or caged in his study.

Fast living, the free use of tobacco, and too little bodily exercise, are regarded as the principal cause of this general physical inferiority. Professor Stillman, aged 74, is pronounced the most athletic and healthy man seen at the great gathering of literary men.

GOLD AND LEAD IN THE ALLEGHANIES.—The Fairmount Virginian says that an old gentleman arrived in this town, a few days since, with some good specimens of lead ore, and some specimens of what he contends is gold quartz, which he obtained from the mountains, but resolutely declines to state where he obtained them or exhibits, and exultingly declares that if the ore is gold, he has already enough of it on hand to insure him a thousand dollars at the mint.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA AND THE PRETENDER.—The present Emperor of China, Hien Fong, which signifies complete abundance, is represented in a late article on the insurrection, published by two Frenchmen attached to the Embassy of that country in China, to be only 22 years of age. His accession to the throne, which occurred only a few years ago, was hailed with joy by both parties into which China is divided, and which is designated as exclusionists and progressive conservatives. The young men of education and the ignorant populace comprise the former, and the middle classes the latter. After a pause of considerable length, the new Emperor joined the exclusive party, and chose his Ministers from the bitterest enemies of the Europeans, and it is stated that very soon after this victory of the exclusive party, the first news came of the revolt.

The pretender to empire, Tien-te, is represented to be 23 years of age, but study and vigils have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the Southern Chinese, a saffron tint. His impassable gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. He has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one. In entering a town the Pretender is conveyed in a magnificent palanquin of yellow satin, carried by sixteen officers; after this comes the palanquin of the Pretender's Preceptor, borne upon the backs of eight Coolies; then comes his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs. The Preceptor of Tien-te is a mysterious individual. He is represented to be his intimate friend and privy councillor, who accompanies him everywhere, but no one knows who he really is.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.—Of what is poetical in ordinary life, hope and memory constitute the principal elements:

"Thy youth's delicious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope we look before,
The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind."

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood. "When I was a child," is the poetry of age. Man lives in the present time as a point between that which is gone by and that which is to come, and in the present scene as the centre of what is around him:

"Bliss in possession will not last,
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream and sea,
They were, they are, and yet shall be."

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.—After all, take some quiet sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a little speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul flees from his body like melody from a string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through the labyrinth of worlds, and all the systems and creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err. Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape a common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

I. H. S.—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches and in the prayer books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman Alphabet; then I was used when J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name John, spelled Iohn.

There is an old lady in Virginia who believes it to be a Bible doctrine that for seven years before the end of the world no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort, for at every fresh birth she hears of, she says to herself, well the seven years at least have not begun.

Dr. William Hunter, alias Nathaniel J. Bird, is an object of great attraction in Camden, N. J. jail, where he is confined for bigamy. Two of his wives have visited him; the residence of two others is known; and it is said he has married and abandoned twenty, though he is only 23 years old. A wild bird!

SUIT FOR SLANDER.—Archbishop Hughes has brought an action for slander against the proprietors of the Episcopal Recorder of Philadelphia.

Key West is said to be the healthiest city in the United States. Just the place for invalids.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Lovejoy Phineas, s. of Phineas and Susanna, born Sept. 16th.
Richardson Sarah, d. of Bartholomew and Sarah, born Aug. 27th.
Johnson Nathaniel, s. of William and Sarah, born Aug. 8th.
Cutter Benjamin, s. of Nathaniel and Sarah, born April 29th.
Johnson Axel, s. of Axel and Rebekah, born Nov. 27th.
Reed, Sarah, d. of Samuel and Eunice, born Dec. 31st.
Tyler Sarah, d. of Moses and Eleanor, born Aug. 3rd.
Simonds Mary, d. of Benjamin and Susanna, born Sept. 6th.
Reed Jotham, son of George and Mary, born Nov. 8th.
Reed Ward, son of Eliphas and Sarah, born Sept. 17th.
Reed Nathaniel, s. of Ezekiel and Mary, born Dec. 9th.
Wright Eleanor, d. of Thomas and Elizabeth, born Aug. 30th.
Tay Edes, daughter of Isaiah and Abigail, b. Sept. 6th.
Wymen Rebekah, d. of Nathan and Rebekah, born Aug. 7th.
Fox Susanna, d. of Jonathan and Ruth, born July 31st.
Johnson Shubael, son of Shubael and Mary, born March 31st.
Eaton Ruth, daughter of Noah and Deborah, born Aug. 12th.
Kendall Jacob, son of Jacob and Kesiah, b. June 30th.
Alexander John, s. of John and Abigail, born Oct. 25th.
Carter Ephraim, son of Adino and Abigail, b. March 1st.
Reed Joshua, son of Joshua and Rachel, born Sept. 6th.
Johnson Sarah, d. of Josiah and Sarah, born March 6th.
Belknap Gershom and ——— twins, s. and d. of William and Hannah, b. April 26th.
Snow Jonathan, s. of James and Parris, born Aug. 3d.
Pierce Elizabeth, p. of Jacob and Abigail, b. Jan. 9th.
Flagg Hiram, s. of Benjamin and Hannah, b. Nov. 26th.
Wymen Mary, d. of Jonathan and Abigail, b. April 5th.
Welch Ezra, s. of Elkanah and Mary, b. May 10th.
Johnson Amy, d. of Abel and Rebekah, born Nov. 10th.
Johnson Olive, d. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 18th.
Tidd Martha, d. of Jonathan and Surriah, b. Jan. 17th.
Tay Hannah, d. of John and Susanna, b. Sept. 19th.
Watts Elizabeth, d. of Samuel and Susanna, b. Oct. 9th.
Wilson Rebekah, d. of Timothy and Rebekah, b. March 2d.
1763.
Marion Joseph, s. of Ignatius and Mary, born Feb. 3d.
Hay Sarah, d. of John and Sarah, born March 26th.
Thompson Arphoad, s. of Samuel and Abigail, b. March 7th.
Simonds Ruth, d. of Caleb and Susanna, born April 13th.
Eaton Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Lucy, b. June 18th.
Kendall Rebekah, d. of Joshua and Susanna, b. Feb. 5th.
Wymen Joseph, s. of Samuel and Abigail, b. July 5th.
Richardson Jacob, s. of Jacob and Judith, b. July 23d.
Convers Samuel, s. of Samuel and Mary, born Sept. 2d.
Fowle William, s. of Josiah and Margery, b. April 25th.
Carter Lydia, d. of Jabez and Lydia, b. April 23d.
Reed Mary, d. of Joshua and Hannah, b. May 24th.
Bruce James, s. of James and Mary, b. Oct. 18th.
Richardson Zebediah, s. of Zebediah and Esther, b. Aug. 21st.
Richardson Bethiah, d. of Amos and Bethiah, b. Sept. 5th.
Johnson Elizabeth, d. of Joseph and Hannah, b. Jan. 5th.
Thompson Rhoda, d. of Abijah and Abigail, b. Nov. 5th.
Evans Sarah, d. of Andrew and Sarah, born Dec. 6th.
Russell William, s. of Jesse and Elizabeth, b. May 4th.
Alexander William, s. of Abraham and Jerusha, b. May 4th.
Sherman Mary, d. of Rev. Josiah and Martha, b. Feb. 3d.
Carter Jonathan, s. of William and Abigail, b. Nov. 2d.
Johnson Noah, s. of Francis and Sarah, born June 3d.
Adams Ephraim, s. of Sampson and Mary, b. July 31st.
Penhallow Hannah, d. of Richard and Melicent, b. Oct. 24th.
Johnson Martha, d. of Josiah and Sarah, born Dec. 20th.
Homer Rebekah, d. of Robert and Rebekah, b. March 5th.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN.
Stonham—Mr. G. W. DIXE.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—The letter to the Emperor of Russia will not probably make much impression, as he has other employments, strongly claiming his attention. The letter, however, is a good one, bearing marks of a christian mind.

M. W. WELLMAN.—We do not doubt your good motives in noticing the deaths of worthy individuals, but you must remember that these long obituary notices cost the printer labor and trouble. We have been willing to gratify our friends, but we cannot consistently continue to insert these personal notices. Our limits will not allow us to do it. We will insert the one now received, when we have room, and you must excuse us for the future. These gratuitous notices would stop our paper.

H. A. W.—We like your article on the word *Lady*, and will give it an early insertion. Hope to hear from you again.

J. E. B.—The occurrence, which has drawn from you the friendly remarks, and rather caustic conclusions, in your communication, is one deeply to be lamented. The palliating circumstances in such cases are not duly considered by parties interested, in magnifying the case. The tongue is a wicked member, at times, and it is to be regretted that in this case it has been very unkind. We have no doubt but your statement is true, and trust it will be conclusive as to the fair character of the one injured by erroneous impressions. You must excuse us for dropping a few words. We marked it for this week, but have no room. It will appear in our next paper.

COLLIER.—Your letter from Picton was on file for this day's paper, but crowded out.

EDITORIAL.

THE FIREMEN'S CELEBRATION.

Yesterday was a proud day for Woburn; it was one of our most delightful Indian summer days, when nature puts on her autumn dress with all its varied beauties.

At 9 o'clock, Sturgis Co. No. 1, paraded, and marched with the Boston Brigade Brass Band, through Main street, to Central Square, where they met Washington Co. No. 3, of Central Square, and Jacob Webster Co. No. 2, of North Woburn, all in full firemen's dresses, whom they escorted to the common, to receive their new engines. We have never seen a finer display of firemen. Their ranks were full; the different uniforms of the companies all clean and well arranged, added much to the interesting march to the common. The Band made the welkin ring with their martial music. Arriving on the common, they paraded in front of their engines, at the command of the Chief Engineer. The band played our national air of "Hail Columbia," they then came to order, after which they were addressed in an eloquent manner by J. P. Converse, Esq., who presented the engines in behalf of the town, and spoke as follows:

MR. ENGINEER.—The citizens of Woburn have become convinced that the interests of this large, growing, and flourishing town, with its increasingly dense population, require the existence of a well organized Fire Department. They are convinced that in a department where all are commanders, none obey well as private; and where all are private, there is neither regularity nor system, and consequently there is no real efficiency. They are also convinced that, although there may be a complete organization, and the possession of system, and regularity, and promptness, yet, without the aid of proper appliances, the department must, in a great degree fail of that efficiency which is both desirable and important.

Entertaining these views, the citizens of this town have made an appropriation which is creditable to them, and, I trust, encouraging to you and your department.

In their name and behalf, and at the request of their authorized agents, I commit to you, and the department under your command, these new, beautiful, and substantial engines, to encourage your zeal, to add to your efficiency, and to enable you to cope successfully with the devouring element. May the harmony and good feeling which now prevail among the members of your department, and the regularity and promptness which they have this day displayed, long continue. May the competition and rivalry between the different companies, be a competition and rivalry in faithfulness, regularity, and promptness. May they be eminently successful in arresting the ravages of the devouring element, but may the fire of zeal for the prompt performance of duty never be extinguished.

Mr. Jacob Webster, the chief engineer, then made a short and spirited address, when each captain as he received his engine, made his address, all of which was listened to by the numerous spectators with much satisfaction. After receiving their engines, the band played that stirring air, "Hail to the Chief." The fire of ambition was kindled at this stirring scene, which the streams of water from the engines will not easily extinguish.

The Companies formed a line, each in possession of their engine, and marched through the streets of our town, visiting its extreme points. At North Woburn they partook of a collation given them by the citizens of that enterprising part of our town. At Central square, the ladies presented each company with wreaths, which was a very happy scene. During all these proceedings, the star spangled banner spread its ample folds and long pennant to the gentle breeze, from the newly erected flag-staff, which bears on its front the fireman's motto, "Liberty Now and Forever," to gain which, many a brave soldier from old Woburn, fought on Bunker Hill.

At 2 o'clock P. M., accompanied by the

Eureka Engine Co., of West Cambridge, who came without their tub, to join in the celebration; a fine looking body of men, they returned to the common, where leaving their engines, the members, with invited guests, marched to the Town Hall, to partake of the good dinner provided by Mr. J. B. Smith, in his best style. The tables presented a beautiful sight, ornamented with some choice and tasteful bouquets of flowers. Much credit is due Mr. Smith, for his skill displayed in getting up the firemen's dinner.

Some good sentiments followed after satisfying the appetite. The first was offered by Chief Engineer, Jacob Webster. *Woburn Fire Department*—A galaxy of might, mind, and strength; may it ever be so.

By J. S. Alley. *The Town of Woburn*—It has done much for us in presenting us with three first class engines. When duty calls, we are ready.

Mr. Carter, one of the Selectmen, responded, saying that the fathers of the town had divided their patrimony, and sent out their children with a blessing—if they proved prodigal and returned, he hoped to have a fatted calf for them to come to.

By Capt. Perham—*Union*—May the Fire Department of Woburn ever have it for their motto—*Union, Yankee Doodle*.

By Bowen Buckman. Three new engines, under the management of such men, they will be good interest on the coast.

By Dea. Tidd. *Fire Department of Woburn*—May they ever receive the approbation of the community, as long as they perform the duty of true firemen.

By No. 3. With these new machines we can cut off the flame, and with a few more hoses (hoes) we can hoe them out.

By the three companies. May the friendship between them never lose a feather.

The Boston Herald—The firemen's friend—it knows their rights and dares defend them.

By Mr. Fowle, Editor of the *Woburn Journal*—*The Fire Engine and the Engine of the Press*—One worked by our noble firemen, sends forth its powerful streams of water, arresting the raging element, and protecting our happy homes—the other, directed by the genius of a Franklin, sends forth its mighty streams of intelligence, which, acting on the human mind, brings out the germ which is destined to spread its Saxon influence over the earth. May each pour out its columns to the end of time.

Capt. Reed of No. 2, gave—*The Woburn Firemen*—May they always so conduct themselves as never to cause the town to regret the purchase of the new machines.

Capt. Richardson of No. 3, expressed the gratitude he felt for the new presents, and a hope that they would be effectually used.

By Capt. Vann of Eagle Co. No. 4, of Reading—*Your Machines*—May you stand by their honor as you would your own honor.

By Chas. S. Converse—*The Woburn Fire Department*—May each individual member not only use his best endeavors to do his duty as fireman, but also to extinguish the fires of contending discord that may hereafter be kindled in the Department.

By Capt. Grammar—*The Firemen and Military organizations of Woburn*—May there always exist between them a friendly rivalry, striving to see which shall best merit the approbation of their fellow townsmen.

Capt. Warland, of Excelsior No. 1, of Winchester, toasted the fire department of Woburn, as second to none in the State.

By the toast master: Mr. Smith, the caterer—If this is a sample of his tables, he need have no fear of having his tent pulled down.

By Augustus Roundy—*The Fire Department of Woburn*—With union of effort, they will be able to combat successfully with the fiery element.

By Mr. Thompson—*Brigade Band*—Second to none other in Christendom.

By Bowen Buckman—*The Sturgis Engine*—May it ever be as successful in extinguishing fires, as its distinguished namesake in accumulating wealth.

By Mr. Ladd—*The Firemen of Woburn*—Although they have hoses (hoses) among them we are happy to know there are no rakes!—And may they, like their beautiful engines, never suck anything stronger than cold water.

By Chief Engineer—*Fire Department of Woburn*—Union now and forever, one and inseparable.

Other sentiments were given, and every thing passed off in a pleasant and happy manner.

The trial of the engines took place at the beautiful pond at the residence of Mr. Gage, on Park Street, and was witnessed by a large concourse of spectators, who viewed it from the rising grounds and dwellings in the vicinity, and presented one of the most exciting scenes of the kind we ever saw. No better spot could have been selected, there being plenty of water, and space for all to view it. There were three trials of strength, in all of which water was thrown to a great height. The engines are powerful ones, and have proved creditable to the builders. After the trial they marched back to the common, when each company retired with their engine to their quarters, well pleased and satisfied with the events of the day. We have not heard of any accident during the day, nor any disturbance of any kind. Our police were efficient, courteous, and well performed their duty.

The engines are from the manufactory of Messrs. Howard & Davis, of Boston, and of superior make, fully fitted with all the apparatus sufficient for first class machines. They will throw a stream of water over 100 feet, and for power, and beauty of finish, are not surpassed in the state.

Our Fire Department is now organized on a firm foundation, composed of our known citizens, on whom dependance can be firmly placed, on all occasions calling for their services, and with these new engines, we claim for Woburn a model Fire Department; and no man who witnessed the parade of yesterday can doubt it.

The novel celebration brought together a large number of strangers, which with our own citizens made a display unequalled in our town, and we wished while viewing the trial from the rising ground by Mr. Gage's house, that we possessed the art of drawing. What a beautiful panoramic view we could have made, taking in a circuit of the pond, with the streams from the engines, the old burial ground, the Baptist Church, the ravine, the old powder house, the hundreds of spectators scattered around, and in the background, the tall flag-staff, with the pride and glory of our country, that "star-spangled banner," floating in the breeze, all these decked with the beauty of the autumn season, the rays of the setting sun as they formed the splendid rainbow from the drops of the crystal water as they beautifully descended from the great height to which they were thrown by the engines, was indeed to the eye, a scene not often viewed.

The Hon. Wm. Sturgis was invited to the dinner, but declined on account of ill health, and sent a present to the Sturgis Co., No. 1, of fifty dollars, to repair their hall. The Sturgis Co. No. 1, gave a collation in the evening to Eureka Co., of West Cambridge, which passed off very agreeably to both parties. The celebration was in every respect, well conducted and highly creditable to all concerned.

The fire at the Grammar School House last Sunday, came near being a disastrous one. The smoke was seen issuing from the cellar, on entering which, a pile of wood was discovered to be on fire, but was soon extinguished. We understand other attempts have been made in the same place to fire the school house. Measures have been taken to detect the incendiary, and the Selectmen have promptly offered one hundred dollars reward, for conviction. The person who would set fire to a school house, must have some other motive than one of robbery.

The improvement at the Railroad Depot is one of those kind which pleases every body; and, when finished, it will be one of the best depots to be found in any town of equal size with Woburn. One other improvement, the omnibuses and teams should be kept at a respectful distance from the front passage. It is quite annoying at times for passengers to have the passage out, obstructed by teams.

We have noticed many strangers visiting Woburn the past season, with a view, as we have understood, of locating amongst us. The extension of the Lowell Railroad to Haymarket Square, in Boston, will bring our many beautiful building spots into notice. There is no other town in the vicinity of Boston so easily approached by Railroad, which can offer greater inducements for pleasant residences than Woburn. We have good schools, churches, and stores, with scenery unsurpassed, and every facility which is required to make a country residence desirable.

The old canal bridge on Main street, is an unsightly and dangerous spot, and should be filled up. We have heard that the County Commissioners have promised to attend to it, but it is very evident that they have not. If it is their duty, why don't they perform it?

The letting of the pews in the First Baptist Church, by auction, takes place on Thursday next, at 6 o'clock P. M. according to the notice in another column.

At a meeting of the selectmen, Oct. 10 John R. Cudworth and Josiah Linscott were drawn as jurors to the Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Lowell the 3d Monday in October.

The flag-staff which was raised on the common last Wednesday, is 125 feet high, and was made by Mr. John Ash, of Woburn. It is very handsomely proportioned, has a full gilt ball on top, with the words "Liberty now and forever," painted in front. The flag is a good one, the pennant full length, and the whole quite an ornament to the town and a great credit to the builder.

The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, at their meeting last Monday, passed an order, that from and after the 1st of January next, no locomotive shall be allowed to cross Causeway and Traverse street, upon the tract of the Boston & Maine extension Railroad; that all cars shall be drawn by horse power, and at a rate of speed not exceeding four miles an hour, and that the gates at the crossings on Causeway and Traverse streets be removed from and after that date. This will apply to the Lowell and Eastern Railroads, and prevent the Woburn Branch from entering their new depot with steam.

The new constitution is creating quite a stir amongst the people. The basis of representation seems to be so unequal, that it is raising a strong opposition against the whole. From what we daily learn, we have no doubts as to its acceptance by the people next November.

The governor of Terni, in Italy, having said that when there was no more flour the people might eat straw, the people threw him out of a window, and stuffed him with straw till he died.

The Holyoke Cotton Mill, at Holyoke, Mass., made a clear profit last year of over \$80,000, or over 15 per cent, on the capital invested. It manufactures coarse cottons.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

New counterfeit 5's of the Fall River Bank, were passed off in Portland during the past week. The bills are not described in the Detectors for October. Vignette, a blacksmith working at his anvil. Engraving coarse.

The application of one James Thomas, for an innkeeper's license, at Liverpool, was urged on the ground that he had thirty-four children, five of which were born in two years.

A gentleman near Cincinnati, it is said, has a six acre lot, the yield of which, in grape juice, will be one thousand gallons to the acre! This proves rather profitable, at one dollar a gallon for the juice.

There is now residing in Bowling Green a woman of color, who is the mother of 19 children, the youngest of whom is now in his 68th year.

Snow, accompanied by hail, fell at Syracuse on Monday.

A child died in New York city from eating the seeds of a poisonous weed that grows in the streets there.

Cotton umbrellas are worth \$10 50 a piece at Panama.

A young Irishman eloped with a colored lady from Elmira, the other day, and married her on their arrival at Rochester. It is said the lady has an Irish husband.

Government it is said, contemplates purchasing Mr. Vanderbilt's Steam Yacht, North Star to send to China with the new Minister.

Rev. A. R. Pope, of Somerville, has nearly lost his voice from bronchitis. He has relinquished preaching, much to the regret of his parishioners.

The Canada Railroad will be ready for use from Niagara to Detroit, on the 1st of January. It is 280 miles in length, and is nearly an air line.

In the office of the Green Castle Banner, published at Gosport, is a blind printer who sets from 5000 to 7000 ems a day.

A cotton mill at Willimantic, Conn., was set on fire by lightning on Monday, but not much damage resulted.

Gen. Scott has been warned to appear at a militia training in New York, "armed and equipped as the law directs."

The recent sale of cattle in Paris, Kentucky, in one day amounted to \$150,000.

At West Cambridge, on Sunday morning, about two o'clock Griffith's saw factory was damaged by fire to the amount of several hundred dollars. It was probably set on fire.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of a Jewish Educational Institute, intended as the beginning of a Hebrew College, took place in New York on Friday last.

A convention of the Connecticut editors will be held in Hartford, on the 9th of November.

At Camden, on the 8th inst., Nathaniel J. Bird, alias "Dr. Hunter," the bigamist, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment with hard labor, in the Trenton penitentiary.

John Mitchell and John Martin, the Irish patriots escaped from the British penal colonies, are on their way to the United States.

A New Brunswick paper of Oct. 6, complains that after all the fuss by British and U. S. men of war, and all the negotiations, there were only two codfish in that market; price 4s. each.

The Directors of the Portsmouth Steam Factory have adopted the eleven hour system in that corporation—commencing work last Monday morning at 7 o'clock.

The Portsmouth Chronicle states that in a garden in that city is a St. Andrew's pear tree, which has borne three crops of pears the present season, and is now in bud for the fourth crop.

The exporting of bees to the Sandwich Islands is very near a failure. The Matanzas, from Boston, had only part of a hive living when she arrived out, the rest of two swarms having been destroyed by the moth.

A discovery has been made in State street that a large amount of paper that has been circulating for the last two or three years, is forged. It is said to be on Baban S. Beecher, of Roxbury, and Grant, Daniel & Co., of Boston. The name of the "operator" is not known.

The New Orleans papers of Sunday are received. Many vessels long due at New Orleans had not arrived in consequence of the unfavorable weather. Business was commencing briskly. The whole number of immigrants for 19 weeks was 10,969, of which 8143 were fever.

It is stated that the Queen of Sardinia, who recently paid a visit to the United States frigate Cumberland at Nice, was so pleased with what she saw that she gave an order to distribute 4000 livres among the crew.

The venerable Simon Greenleaf, long at the head of the law department of Harvard University, died very suddenly at his residence in Cambridge, on Thursday night, of an apoplectic fit. As a jurist, Mr. Greenleaf ranked high, and his name will long be held in great respect, both in this country and in Europe.

A distinguished gentleman from New Grenada informs the New York Courier and Enquirer that filling the crown of the hat with cotton is a sure preventive of strokes by the sun, and is a very common custom in his country. With this protection, men labor in the fields in the hottest of weather.

CALIFORNIA.

We have received by the last arrivals from the golden land, files of the Shipping List and Sun, published at San Francisco, from which we make some extracts of interest. The Shipping List presents a large list of arrivals and clearances of vessels and cargoes. There remained in port on the 31st of August last, 33 ships, 48 barques, 16 brigs, beside a large number of small vessels; a fair list for a new country.

The china trade employs many vessels which are daily arriving and departing. Two new steam flour mills have been erected in San Francisco, one turning out 60 barrels, and the other 150 barrels of flour per day. Another about to be built by a company, with stock amounting to \$100,000. With a five story mill, having a capacity for grinding 250 barrels per day to begin with, and to be enlarged, with power for 500 barrels per day. We cannot keep pace with California.

THE FRUIT SEASON.—Few communities say the California papers, are so abundantly and richly supplied with fruit, melting and luscious, as their own. Commencing with apricots in May, it ends with oranges in January or February. They say they have pears equal to any in the world; apples and peaches in great quantity and good quality; and the juicy tunas, unlike anything else, and in their season of unequalled flavor. These fruits they have now in great perfection and abundance. Great things are predicted for grapes in California, which are said to be raised with great facility.

DIVORCES.—We regret to see by looking over the California papers that applications for divorce are crowding upon the courts. The matrimonial law is very easy in that new land, and the legal scissors are invoked to sunder the bond, which is but a mere pack-thread, so to speak, in substance.

The Isthmus of Panama represented as quite healthy.

The passengers per El Dorado reached New Orleans in 20 days and 16 hours, from San Francisco.

The elections took place on the 7th of September, and resulted in a democratic triumph. John Bigler was re-elected governor, and Samuel Purdy was chosen lieutenant governor. The vote everywhere was large, and the contest close. In San Francisco the democrats had a very small majority.

Lieutenant Beale and party had arrived in safety at Los Angeles.

Intelligence from Rogue River, Oregon, announces the cessation of Indian hostilities, in consequence of a treaty having been effected by Gov. Lane with several Indian tribes.

The anniversary of the annexation of California was celebrated on the 9th of Sept. by a military demonstration.

Kit Carson had arrived at Meras Plains.

Lieut. Col. Mason died on the 7th ult.

Fresh discoveries of gold are being made almost daily. The miners were doing well.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—We learn from a gentleman just from Ione Valley, that a watermelon has been raised on the farm of Judge Carter, weighing sixty-four pounds.

A drove of 600 head of cattle arrived yesterday from Randolph County, Mo., across the plains.

The works of the Bear River and Auburn Canal Co., have cost \$60,000. The main trunk and lateral branches exceed in the aggregate over one hundred miles in length.

MINING INTELLIGENCE.—A correspondent of the Stockton Journal writing from Mariposa, under date of the 22d inst., claims that the mines in Mariposa are equal in riches to those of any mining district in the state, he says:

"On a flat a few hundred yards above town, worked this summer for the first time, Messrs. Boling & Dunton washed out on Friday last, \$412 of fine gold, and on Saturday they took out above \$100. Other claims on the same flat are paying handsomely. Prospectors had completely perforated this same flat, but they had all abandoned it as worthless. There are unquestionably, many such places yet remaining to be developed. Bugnival & Zane, the other day, exhibited a lump of pure gold worth \$800. Nearly all the mines in this section, where they work faithfully and perseveringly, make from \$5 to \$12 per day."

SONORA.—The Sonora Herald of Saturday contains accounts of three several attempts to set fire to that town. Such a state of affairs had created a great deal of excitement and patrols of citizens had been established nightly, for protection. It will not be well for any one to be caught in the act. The Herald says the weather has been exceedingly oppressive during the past week.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The Columbian, published at Olympia, in this territory speaks in the most cheering terms of the "present and future" of Washington. Large trains of emigrants have arrived in the territory this season from across the plains, and have settled down and gone to work in down right earnest to carve out of nature's fastnesses, homes for themselves and children.

A public school has been established at Oregon city by the council, and is now in successful operation.

The intelligence from the Sandwich Island is of an important character, and gives indications of an early change of sovereignty. A number of American and other foreign residents are striving, ostensibly, to procure the dismissal of two members of the King's cabinet, but their real object is the subversion of the government, and the transfer of the Islands to the United States. These movements however, are injurious to the cause of annexation, which in the mean time, is progressing under different and higher auspices.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROPOSITIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—The time is near at hand, when the voters of this Commonwealth, will be called upon to decide matters of the greatest importance to a free state.

The late convention have submitted to the people for their consideration, certain alterations in the constitution, on the merits of which they are to decide for themselves at the coming election. It is unquestionably of the highest importance, both to ourselves and to our posterity, or successors, that the principles and provisions of said alterations, should be carefully and thoroughly examined; and that we should come to this examination, free from party shackles, party dogmas, and party interests.

Hoping hereby to induce others to give us their views in relation to some, or all of said "propositions," I proceed to make a few remarks on the basis of Representation. The convention in their "constitutional propositions," chap. 3d, art. 1st, says:

"There shall be, in the Legislature of this Commonwealth, a representation of the people, annually elected, and founded upon the principle of equality."

An equal representation of the people, then, is the principle, and what can be more republican, or more just? How is it possible, better to express a fundamental principle of republicanism, than it is done in the above quotation?

Being satisfied with the principle of the basis, let us proceed to inquire how it is supported (or destroyed) by the provisions, which are as follows, viz:

1st. "Every corporate town, containing less than 1000 inhabitants, may elect one representative in the year when the valuation of estates shall be settled, and, in addition thereto, one representative five years in every ten years."

There are 66 towns of this class in the Commonwealth, and they will average 39 representatives every year, being one for every 1189 inhabitants.

2d. "Every town containing 1000 inhabitants, and less than 4000, may elect one representative."

Of this class there are 212 towns, which may elect 212 representatives every year, or one to every 1975 inhabitants.

3d. "Every town containing 4000 inhabitants, and less than 8000, may elect two representatives."

Of this class there are 30 towns, which may elect 60 representatives; or one to every 2647 inhabitants.

4th. "Every town containing 8000 inhabitants and less than 12000, may elect three representatives."

Of this class there are six towns which may elect 18 representatives, or one to every 3293 inhabitants.

5th. "Every city or town containing over 12000 inhabitants, may elect four representatives."

Of this class there are five cities or towns which may elect 20 representatives or one to every 3772 inhabitants.

6th. "Every city or town containing over 12000 inhabitants, and is allowed only three representatives, or one to 2926 inhabitants. How came there to be such a difference between the people of these counties, and by what rule of equality were they estimated?"

But we need not go so far from home for comparisons. Take our own town and our next neighbor for an example. Woburn, by the scheme of the convention, will have one representative to 3788 inhabitants, while Burlington, our neighbor, will have at the rate of one for 848 inhabitants! Can any one tell by what rule of equality every person, in the latter town counts as much as every four and a half in the former.

Again, if the inhabitants of the city of Boston, had been put on a par by the convention, with this neighboring town of ours, they would have been allowed 163 representatives every year, but the convention gives them only thirty-five! Many other comparisons might be made, which would show an equally strange result. The most urgent reason (according to my recollection,) for calling a convention, was, to reduce the members of the House of Representatives, and at the same time to equalize the representation; but the reduction has not been made, and the representation has been made much more unequal than the old system.

What great obstruction could possibly have been in the way of carrying out the great, honest, just principle laid down in chapter 3d, article 1st? The convention had no difficulty in agreeing upon forty equal senatorial districts; what more easy than just to say that each of those forty districts might elect four representatives? Their principle would then have been carried out in practice; their work would have been honestly done, and we should have been relieved from an overgrown, unwieldy, and worse than useless expensive House of Representatives. Voters of Massachusetts, will you on the 14th of November next, endorse the principle of equality in words, and deny it in acts? We shall see.

ARISTIDES.
Woburn, October 5, 1853.

The use of wood and coal is to be done away with, a method having been discovered of warming houses by burning gas, the same now used for light. Col. Fuller, of the N. Y. Mirror, has entire confidence in the discovery, and is making arrangements to try it in his office.

There are now built and in process of building no less than seven Roman Catholic edifices in Chicago. One of these, now building, will be worth \$100,000, and two others already erected, are estimated to be worth \$500,000 each.

At Salem, Mr. A. Kenney, a workman in the planing mill of Mr. David Buffum, got his arm caught in the cylinder, to which are affixed several knives, revolving with frightful rapidity. Before he could be rescued, his arm nearly to the shoulder was cut into inch pieces.

Publications Received.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE presents us with a beautiful scene in the "Opera Box," and Gen. Putnam's feat at the Horse Neck, when he escaped from the British. The fashions for October, and the city of Nazareth, with full pages of choice reading, are ample value for the price of \$2.00 per year.

PALOR MAGAZINE, published in Cincinnati. The October number is embellished with two rich views of "Mont St. Michael" and the cities of Buda and Pesth, in Hungary. This monthly is rapidly advancing in popular favor. It sustains the literary character of the West and the West should patronize it liberally. It is deserving of support. Its reading matter is excellent.

HORTICULTURIST, for October, is on our table. It is, as usual, full of valuable matter for the farmer. It is a highly valuable publication, and every farmer and those engaged in gardening, should subscribe for it. It can be had at Fowle's depot.

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE, published at New York. The last two numbers of this magazine has some finely executed views of Union Park, in New York, and Yale College in New Haven, with select and valuable reading for the family circle. We commend this magazine to our lady readers.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL is never behind, and always richly filled.

Special Notices.

Notice is hereby given, that the Peas in the First Baptist Meeting house in Woburn, will be let on Thursday next, Oct. 20th, at 10 o'clock P. M., on the floor of the church. The choice of peas will be by Auction. The appraised price will be marked on each peck, early in the morning of the day of letting, for the convenience of persons who wish to examine the peas previous to the sale. Per order of the committee.

A CARD.

Sturgis Engine Co. No. 1 return their thanks to the citizens of North Woburn, for their kind reception and good things furnished on Oct. 15th.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1853.
140 Cows came over the Fitchburg Railroad; 200 Cows came over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, bringing 2875 heaves, oxen, cows and calves.
6087 Sheep and Lambs at market.
Best, extra—\$8 to \$8.50.
First quality—\$7.50 to \$7.75.
Second quality—\$7 to \$7.25.
Third quality—\$6.50 to \$6.75.
Ordinary—\$5 to \$6.
Veal Calves—\$7 to \$12.00.
Working Oxen—\$102 to \$175.00.
Cows and Calves—\$32 to \$50.00.
Yearlings—\$9 to \$12.00.
Two Years Old—\$15 to \$28.00.
Three Years Old—\$24 to \$50.00.
Sheep and Lambs—\$5.00 to \$10.00.
" " by lot—\$2.50 to \$4.50.
Swine, wholesale, still soft—\$5.00.
Herd Corn fed—6 cts. per lb.

The market opened well, as soon as the first cattle arrived, and continued so through the day. Good heavy oxen are scarce, and in consequence holders are firm with such quality as they have, and we give an advance in consequence. Sheep and lambs sell well.

Money Market.

The calls for money continue to exceed the supply. The market is still stringent. The late news from Europe causes many to hesitate in investing any surplus funds, which remain locked up. No safe calculation is made for the end of this pressure.

Boston Grain Market.

The last advices from Europe are favorable for the recent rise in breadstuffs. Flour is firm. Other grains are in favor of sellers.

Dry Goods Market.

The New York Market, for domestic goods, continues active; a good demand for new and seasonable fabrics of approved styles, and at steady prices. Printing cloths are a shade in advance. The Boston market is not materially changed, and is well supplied. Several fabrics are recorded in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, amongst the jobbers of dry goods and brokers. The money pressure is the cause.

Best and Shoe Market.

We have no change from last week. The trade is healthy, and all descriptions are ready sale, and at fair and firm prices. The boot and shoe trade of New England is immense, and daily increasing.

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats love, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a purer clime."

In Winchester, Oct. 8th, by the Rev. N. A. Reed, Mr. Just C. Ferguson, to Miss Margaret Douce, all of Winchester.

DEATHS.

"And what a life! the flourishing army Of the grand summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plaid, and is tomorrow hay."

In this town, Oct. 3d, Mrs. Elizabeth Burbank, aged 61.
October 10th, Mrs. Hannah Bean, aged 64.
In Winchester, Oct. 10th, of typhoid fever, Elizabeth D., wife of James Bridge, aged 41.

A COMPOSITOR

I am wanted immediately at this Office. Oct. 15

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Winchester, Sept. 30th, 1853.

Alexander, Amos
Adams, Charles H.
Andrews, Alonzo
Bourque, Mons. Xirte
Brown, William
Buffum, Mr. S. W. 2
Buice, Winslow
Isaacson, Mr. A. J.
Brown, Messrs. G. & K.
Bullock, W. H.
Butters, Warren
Condon, Michael
Cuts, Joseph
Connor, Betsy
Cudagan, Patrick
Coburn, Mrs. Maria
Copenhaven, Mrs. M.
Coburn, Wm. H.
Cays, Mr. Sophia
Chute, Benjamin
Dougherty, Miss Mary
Dawes, Miss Lucy
Davis, Mr. D. W.
Downs, Mr. Ivory
Ellis, Mrs. M. A.
Earl & Drew,
Eureka W. Club,
Edwards, Mr. J. S.
Forbush, Mrs. S.
Forbush & Pierce,
Fitzgerald, Patrick
Gilbert, Messrs. W. L. & Co.
Gross, Herman
Greenleaf, Thomas
Green, Moses E.
Green, Mr. J. W. 2
Hall, Miss Mary 2
Howe, Purban & Co. 2

Persons calling for letters on this list will please say they are advertised.

THOMAS HOLT, Post Master.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Mrs. Sarah F. Foss, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to JOSUAH P. CONVERSE, Adm., Woburn, October 11th, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor to the last will and testament of laying W. Symmes, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to LEONARD THOMPSON, Exr., Winchester, October 11th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of E. K. Foss, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to JOSUAH P. CONVERSE, Adm., Woburn, Sept. 20th, 1853.

DANCING SCHOOL.

M. B. WHITE takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public, that he will commence an Evening School, for instruction in Dancing, at the Central House Hall, on Monday Evening, Oct. 21st, 1853. Mr. W. would also give notice that he will commence a course of Assemblies at the above named Hall, on Friday Evening, Oct. 21st. Tickets will be 6 cts. he had at the Central House Hall, Music, 5 pieces.

Woburn, Oct. 15th, 1853.

Farmers' Boilers.

FARMERS' BOILERS, for steaming or boiling vegetables, scalding, &c., all sizes, for sale by L. THOMPSON, Oct. 8.

COAL! COAL!!

THE Subscriber having purchased the Coal Yard and fixtures of Wm. E. Young & Co., begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he is prepared to supply them with Coal of the best quality, as cheap as can be afforded, and by strict attention to business hopes to meet their patronage. Also constantly on hand for sale Lime and Cement of the best quality.

Orders let at the Yard, or with C. S. Converse, Expressman, will be promptly attended to. Woburn, Oct. 8, 1853.

VOCAL MUSIC.

M. R. CUTLER will commence a union adult class in VOCAL MUSIC, in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church, on next Tuesday evening, Oct. 4, at 7 o'clock. Same book as used last winter. Tickets, payable in advance—for Ladies \$1.00; for Gentlemen \$1.50—may be had at G. B. Gage's or of the instructor. Woburn, Sept. 28th, 1853.

Wool, Cotton and Wool, Cotton, Hemp, Straw and Painted Carpets, Bookbinding, for sale

W. WOODBURY'S.

SHIRTS and Drawers, Hosiery and Gloves in great variety at

W. WOODBURY'S.

Wool, Cotton and Wool, Cotton, Hemp, Straw and Painted Carpets, Bookbinding, for sale

W. WOODBURY'S.

J. W. HAMMOND,

GRATEFUL for the liberal patronage of his friends and the public the past season, will endeavor to keep the largest and best selected stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Ever offered to the citizens of Woburn, which will be sold

Cheap for Cash.

His stock of OVERCOATS consists of every style and fabric, from an elegant BROADCLOTH, to the heavy HAYDEN, or PLANT CLOTH, which are made in a superior manner, to his own order. A large assortment of

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Carpet-Bags, &c.

FOWLE'S BLOCK.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1853.

CLAPBOARDS.

A LOT of CLAPBOARDS for sale. Apply at this Office.

VERY choice Dairy Butter, in small tubs, just received by

THOMPSON & TIDD.

WHITE, Red, Mixed, Green, and Yellow Flannels; Yarns, Hosiery, (all sizes), Gloves, (all sizes), Wooden and Merino Shirts and Drawers; Frocks, Ties, Shirts, Stripes, Plain, Twilled, and Double Wasp Collars, at

THOMPSON & TIDD'S.

ALL Woolen Thread, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S.

A LARGE assortment of Wollen Yarns, for sale at

WM. WOODBERRY'S.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would inform the citizens of Woburn, Winchester and vicinity, that he has enlarged and settled his Store, and is now ready to supply them with Groceries and Dry Goods, in all the varieties, at low prices. Grateful for the very liberal patronage bestowed, he would solicit a continuance of their favors. AUGUSTUS ROUNDEY, Sept. 24, 1853.

NEW Patterns Paper Hangings, Borders and Curtains, September 24.

Notice to Road Builders.

THE Subscribers will receive proposals until the 25th day of October next, for making about 11 of a mile of Highway, in the town of Burlington. For further particulars, enquire of either of the subscribers.

WM. WINN, JR., } Selection of Burlington.
DAVID JILL, }
Burlington, Sept. 19th, 1853.

METROPOLITAN

FIRE & MARINE INS. CO.,

(Incorporated, Feb. 19, 1853, by the Legislature of Massachusetts)

IN THE CITY OF BOSTON,

Capital, \$200,000.

OFFICE, NO. 14 STATE STREET.

INSURES

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port, and their Cargoes, &c.,

against Loss or Damage by Fire, and Maritime Losses.

DIRECTORS.

Samuel S. Lawrence,.....Liaman C. Thayer,
Lewis Rice,.....J. F. Conkey,
Ralph W. Holman,.....Z. M. Crane,
Gilbert A. Smith,.....Luther Monson,
A. J. Mitchell,.....Thomas Cone,
Samuel S. Perkins,.....Giles Wheeler,
Eben Cutler,.....E. R. Isham.

LUTHER MONSON, President.

E. W. THAYER, Secretary.

The Subscriber has been appointed Agent for the above Co., for Woburn and vicinity, and will promptly attend to all calls for Insurance, at the office of the Journal.

Woburn, September 17, 1853. G. M. FOWLE.

BOSTON EXHIBITION

SHAWLS, SILKS, CLOAKS

—AND—

OTHER DRY GOODS,

—AT THE—

LADIES' EXCHANGE.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.

INVITE the special attention of ALL, to their magnificent assortment of

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,

—OF—

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS VALUE.

Nearly every article of our large stock has been made to our own order, and is of a character to give satisfaction to those who buy; making such those who buy to sell again, and bringing back with a smile, those who buy for their own consumption.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

122 Washington Street,

September 24, 1853.—Swiss.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of ASA SEAB, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to SAMUEL S. RICHARDSON, Adm'r, Winchester, Sept. 18, 1853.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscribers have removed to the Store, corner of Main Street and Oakley Court, and are prepared to execute all orders in the best manner.

Painting, Glazing & Paper Hanging Line.

Their work shall not be excused by any.

Woburn, August 20th, 1853.

NICHOLS' REED ORGANS.

AGAIN we call the attention of the Musical portion of the community to the REED ORGAN. It has lost nothing by the improvements which we have made during the past year, and we feel confident that our efforts to meet the approbation of our patrons and musicians generally, are not lost. We are about introducing a new and popular instrument, called the

FLUTE MELODEON.

It will be what its name indicates. PRICE, \$75 to \$100. Terms liberal. 81 O. NICHOLS, 106 Washington St., and 94 Tremont street, Boston.

IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.

GENTLEMEN of Woburn and vicinity, who are in want of Clothing, (a good article made to order), are invited to call and examine my goods. They will always find a large assortment to select from. The plan which has been adopted at this establishment works well, and is not to charge each customer 25 per cent. to offset bad debts, but those who pay cash, have the benefit of cash.

I had many who like the plan. In a word you will be dealt with as if I expect to see you again. Try me once and see if these things be true.

ROOMS, 96 Washington St., Boston.

GEO. N. NICHOLS.

Issue Babbitt's Celebrated

TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS

BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS

General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASHING POWDER, Manufacturers and Dealers in choice Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9

Hair Dye Applied Satisfactorily,

OR NO CHARGE. The best Dye in the market, for sale by the subscriber, and applied on his premises, to ladies and gentlemen, so as to give perfect satisfaction, or no charge will be made. Call at the Comb and Perfumery Store of A. S. JORDAN, 191 Washington St., six doors North of Bromfield street.

aug 20—17

Daguerreotype of the

EMPEROR and EMPRESS of France.

M. R. WHIPPLE has just received from Paris a daguerreotype of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, which can be seen at his room, No. 96 Washington St. July 23—4w

FOWLER & WELLS & CO'S.

PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS,

142 Washington St., Boston.

PROFESSIONAL

Examinations with character written description of character, are furnished at all hours, including directions as to suitable occupations, the selection of partners in business, and congenial companions for life, the correction of faults, &c., &c.

A. S. JORDAN, all books on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Hygiene, Psychology and kindred subjects, for the wholesale and retail.

REAL ESTATE.

Thirty Elegant HOUSE LOTS

FOR sale, on Main street, in the centre of Woburn, within five minutes' walk of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and about ten to the Boston and Maine Depot, and only 20 or 30 minutes' ride to Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence. No place can be found where land is bought so cheap with so many inducements for business men to centre. It would not be sold at such a sacrifice at this time, when the Lowell Road is soon to be extended to Casewash street, were it not that the proprietor is desirous of raising money.

A map can be seen and information will be given at the following places in Boston:—Mr. Lyman Farwell, or Dexter Fay & Sons, corner of Pearl and Broad sts.; at C. H. Saunders, No. 24 Union street; Blanchard, Wright & Co., 170 Commercial street; John S. Edgely & Co., Nos. 3 and 4 Commercial wharf, or to the proprietor, J. B. WHITE, 151 State Street, Wilmington, Mass.

For Sale on Canal Street.

A two story house, with about 11,000 feet of land, five minutes walk from the Centre Depot. Terms easy. B. T. H. PORTER, Woburn, July 25th, 1853.

TREES FOR SALE.

2399 Baldwins, 500 Dan Apples, 230 Trunkell, 230 Early Harvest, 230 Danvers Winter Sweet, 230 Minister, 500 Porter, 230 Red Astrocar, 230 Hubbardston Non-such, 230 Rose in Wind, 230 Belle Plume, 230 Plums on the Canada stock, 100 do, Natural, 500 Cherrys best varieties. The above trees warranted true to their names, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. Any person who will buy the whole lot, can have them at a great bargain. Stock on hand, 230. ALPHIA RICHARDSON, Stockton, April 2, 1853.

WE ASSESS WITH CONFIDENCE AND KNOW THAT

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S

ROSE MARY

AND CASTOR OIL

IS decidedly the nicest and best toilet article in the world for the hair. The ablest chemists who have examined this oil, testify that as an agent for preserving the hair and promoting its growth, it surpasses any other article. When combined with Castor Oil, the latter having been freed from all grossness and its peculiar odor, it exerts a specific effect on the capillary growth. Mr. Spaulding, after a long series of experiments, has succeeded in so blending these articles as to form a hair oil, for which all who desire to preserve a good head of hair will find it to be a good thing.

THEREFORE, USE THEM IF YOU WISH,

1st—To beautify the hair.

2d—To cure the hair elegantly.

3d—To remove the dandruff effectually.

4th—To restore the hair to its natural color.

5th—To give to whiskers a beautiful appearance.

6th—To prevent the hair from falling off.

7th—To cure all diseases of the scalp.

8th—To dress fine hair elegantly.

9th—To cure the headache.

10th—To kill headlice.

11th—To dress children's hair elegantly.

All genuine will have the signature of the Manufacturer and proprietor, J. RUSSELL SPALDING, 23 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Trial bottles, 25 cents only; very large bottles, 75 cents.

Sold by Agents everywhere; remarkable terms given to dealers. Orders by mail, express, or otherwise, will receive prompt and satisfactory attention—for this or any articles in the medicine line, such as—

HAIR OIL, for giving a beautiful Brown, Auburn, or Black to the hair, whiskers, and false hair, to the perfect satisfaction of all.

Gray, Twigs, Celebrated Restorer of Gray hair to its natural color, without discoloring or itching the skin in the least—made from the only true, original recipe obtained of the General himself.

Black, Teeth, Hair, Nail and Flesh Brushes, of the best quality. French Cologne, Perfumery, Soaps, Toilet Powder, &c. All of the nicest description, with other articles usually found in the first class apothecary stores.

N. B. Particular attention given to putting up physicians' prescriptions, and family medicine, night and day.

WO BURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 3.

WO BURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

NO. 2.

POETRY.

THE CAPTAIN'S DEATH.

(There is, in the Province Longfellow's "Ode to Mer," an affecting incident, beautifully told, of the death of a young Irishman, who had come to Italy to study at the Capuchin friar. While dying, he knew of his situation, but would not give up the hope of reaching his own home before his death. "He spoke of his return to his native land, with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that the consolation would be denied him—that death would thrust even these last anticipations. 'I shall soon be well enough,' said he.")

"Oh, I shall soon be well! I shall not die beneath the gloom of this melting sky—
These soft, rich hues, that bathe the classic land
Of Italy—these gales, that are so bland,
So balmy and so cool, upon my grave
Shall not, at vespers' coming, fret and wave.
Till I am lying—
Now pulses throbs, now life blood calmly steal.
Now gentle slumbers press these eyes,
And soon in strength thou wilt behold me rise:
But a few days will pass, and I shall be
Upon my home-return, dear friend, with thee;
With thee I'll leave each happy Appennine,
Cross the high Alps and sail down the Rhine,
Pass England's vales, where joy and plenty smile,
And greet thy shores, my own bright Emerald Isle!
Then, mother! sisters! your soft hands shall stray
O'er my flushed cheeks, and cool the heat away;
And when she dearest stamps this marble brow,
Mark with what truth I kept my holy vow—
My now in heaven, to live untouched by love,
Save that of earthly saints for saints above—
The love our Saviour knew! Could he have died,
Nor, in his anguish, on his mother cried?"

He ceased, and leaned his forehead to the air,
That came from flowery beds to visit there
The sick man's couch; the twilight shadows fell
In deeper lines; I breathed my hushed farewell—
Yes, going, turned once more that face to view,
Once more to see that cheek's carnation hue.
His eyes were closed; a smile of beauty slept
On his thin lips; I knelt me down and wept.
When silent, I arose; he had not stirred,
But quiet lay, until an evening died,
Hidden among the leaves of some near tree,
Faded sudden forth a flood of melody.

"I know that strain," he cried—"I know that strain—
Sings to sleep, sweet sleep, sing again!"
He sank to sleep—to sleep—to dream that he
Had crossed the billows of the far, wide sea—
That by his mother's cottage-door he stood,
And gazed on each familiar stream and wood.
Alas! "twas all in dreams—a few evenings passed,
Ere the self-satisfied stranger breathed his last;
And that young heart was free as air to roam,
Not to its earthly, but its heavenly home!

SELECTED.

QUEEN HORTENSE'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

One morning in the month of June, 1806, the Empress Josephine's jeweller was shown into a little apartment in the Tuilleries, in which Napoleon was seated alone at breakfast.

"The necklace must be of a very superior kind," said Napoleon, addressing the jeweller. "I do not care about the price. Nevertheless I shall have the jewels valued by a competent judge. Not that I doubt your honesty, M. Foucher, but because—... in short, because I am not myself a very perfect connoisseur. As soon as the necklace is finished bring it to me; and be sure you show it to nobody. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sire. But I should be very glad if your majesty would grant me a little more time, so that I may be enabled to match the stones perfectly, one with another. Choice diamonds are very rare at present—... and they have greatly risen in price."

At these words the emperor looked the jeweller full in the face, and rising from the chair, said:

"What do you mean, Foucher? You know that since the campaign of Germany, you and your brethren are absolutely overstocked with jewels. I know it to be a fact, that the French jewellers have purchased all the diamonds for sale by the petty princes of the confederation, who have been ruined by rebelling against me. Go to Bapstiste or Mellerio. They have literally heaps of diamonds."

"Sire, I shall not be under the necessity of applying to any one. The fact is, that I have now at home a superb assortment of diamonds, which I purchased for my majesty the king of Prussia, who has commissioned me to—"

"That is your business, sir, and not mine," hastily interrupted the emperor. "But recollect Foucher," added he, darting a sardonic glance at the jeweller, "that when you work for me, you are not serving the king of Prussia. Well, well, I suppose I may depend on you. Do your best, and prove to your brethren beyond the Rhine that we can surpass them in your calling as well as in other things."

As a sign given by Napoleon, the jeweller bowed for the last time, and left the apartment, which stood at the entrance of the Tuilleries.

In about a week after, Foucher presented to the emperor the most magnificent diamond necklace imaginable. Napoleon had it valued, and it was declared to be worth eight hundred thousand francs. This was not more than the price demanded by Foucher, and accordingly the emperor was perfectly satisfied.

About that time, June, 1806, the Dutch people had seized on the throne of Holland Prince Louis Bonaparte, one of Napoleon's younger brothers.

On the day when the Dutch ambassador presented the crown of Holland to Napoleon, with the request that he would place it on his brother's head, all the French court was assembled at St. Cloud. Louis and Hortense had arrived that morning from the Hague.

Napoleon gave orders that the ceremony should take place in the *Salle de trône*; and it was performed with extraordinary pomp and splendor. The emperor who was in charming spirits, announced to the Dutch envoys that on the following day their king and queen would depart for Holland. In the evening Hortense was informed that the emperor wished to speak with her in his cabinet; and the usher, when he threw open the folding-doors, announced, for the first time, "Her majesty the queen of Holland."

"Hortense," said the emperor, "you are called to rule over a brave and good people. If you and your husband conduct yourselves wisely, the Orange family, with their old pretensions, will never again return to Holland. The Dutch people have but one fault, which is, that they conceal, under an outward aspect of simplicity, an inordinate love of wealth and luxury. The vanity of being rich is their ruling passion. Now, when you go to reside in your new court, I should be sorry to hear that you were eclipsed by the vulgar wife of some burghmaster, whose pride has no foundation but her husband's bags of gold. I have purchased a little present for you, which I beg you will accept. It is this necklace. Wear it sometimes for my sake."

So saying, Napoleon clasped on the brilliant necklace round the swan-like throat of Queen Hortense. He then embraced her affectionately, and bade her farewell.

When once installed at the court of Amsterdam, Hortense did ample honor to her stepfather's present; and on all state occasions at the *Maison de Bois* the splendid diamond necklace attracted general admiration.

But adverse fate approached. Napoleon's sun was beginning to set; and the radiance which it shed on the thrones of Spain, Westphalia, Holland, and Naples was growing dim. Hortense descended from the throne, as she had mounted it, in smiling obedience. When her Dutch subjects first beheld her, on her arrival, they greeted her with cries of "long live our lovely queen!" On her departure they cried—"Farewell to our good queen!" To a heart like that of Hortense's this testimony of a nation's regard afforded no small compensation even for the loss of a crown. From that moment she devoted herself to the education of her children, and to the consolation of her beloved mother, who, like herself, had retired into the privacy of domestic life, after having adorned a court. Still fondly attached to France and devoted to the emperor, Hortense eagerly looked for an opportunity when she might efface from Napoleon's mind the unjust prejudices which, during his exile to Elba, had been raised against her. That opportunity soon presented itself.

The cannon of Waterloo had ceased to roar, and the emperor had been forced to quit the Elisee and to take refuge at the Malmaison, the last abode of poor Josephine. Napoleon was there, not like Charles the Twelfth at Bender, surrounded by faithful officers and servants, but forsaken and lonely, like Belshazzar in the Hippodrome, with no companion but his faithful sword. He was sitting in mournful contemplation beside a table, on which lay a copy of his second abdication, when he was surprised by the entrance of a lady. He raised his eyes toward her, and recognized Hortense.

"Sire," said she, in a voice faltering with emotion, "perhaps your majesty may recollect a gift which you presented me at St. Cloud. It is nine years ago this very day."

Napoleon took her hand, and gazing affectionately on the daughter of Josephine, he said—"Well, Hortense, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire," she replied, "when you conferred upon me the title of queen, you presented me with this necklace. The diamonds are of great value. I am no longer a queen, and you are in adversity. I therefore entreat, sire, that you will permit me to restore the gift."

"Keep your jewels, Hortense," said Napoleon, coolly. "Alas! they are now, perhaps, the only property that you and your children possess."

"They are indeed, sire. But what of that? My children will never reproach their mother for having shared with her benefactor the riches which he was pleased to confer on her."

As Hortense uttered the words she melted into tears. Napoleon, too, was deeply moved. "No," said he, turning aside, and gently repelling the hand which Hortense held out to him. "No, it must not be."

"Take it, sire, I conjure you. There is no time to lose. Moments are precious! They are coming, sire. Take it, I beg of you!"

By the urgent entreaties of Hortense the emperor was at length prevailed on to accept the necklace, and in a few hours after it was sewed tightly within a silken girdle which he wore under his waistcoat.

About six weeks after this time Napoleon left the Bellerophon to go on board the *Northumberland*. The persons who accompanied the ex-emperor, and who had obtained permission to share his exile, were requested to deliver up their arms. Orders were given for searching the baggage, and their money and jewels were seized. The baggage of the illustrious prisoner was likewise searched, and from one of his trunks, a packet, containing four thousand gold Napoleons, was taken. This sum was his whole fortune, with the exception of a deposit which had been placed in the hands of Lafitte, before the emperor's departure from Paris.

While the search of the baggage was going on, Napoleon was walking with Count de Las Cases on the poop of the *Bellerophon*. After looking around him cautiously, and still continuing to converse on subjects quite foreign from the one he was thinking of, he drew from beneath his waistcoat the girdle in which the necklace was concealed. Placing it in the hands of his interlocutor, he said, with a melancholy smile, "My dear Las Cases, a certain Greek philosopher, whose name, I think, was Bias, used to say that he carried all his fortune about his person, though he had not a shirt to his back. I don't know how he managed, but I know that since my departure from Paris, I have been carrying the bulk of my fortune under my waistcoat—I find it troublesome—I wish you would keep it for me."

Without making any reply, M. de Las Cases took the girdle, fastened it round his waist, and buttoned his coat over it.

It was not until Napoleon's arrival at St. Helena that he informed M. de Las Cases of the value of the deposit which he had confided to his care six months previously. He then told him that it was a diamond necklace, worth eight hundred thousand francs. On several subsequent occasions, Las Cases proposed to restore it; but the emperor declined receiving it.

"Does it incommode you, Las Cases," said he.

"No, sire," replied Las Cases, "but—"

"Nonsense, keep it," said the emperor. "Cannot you fancy it to be an amulet or a charm, and then you will find it no annoyance."

About fifteen months afterwards, (in November, 1816,) M. de Las Cases was removed from St. Helena. One day when he was at Longwood, engaged in conversation with the emperor, a messenger entered and informed him that the English colonel was waiting to communicate to him something from Sir Hudson Lowe. Las Cases replied that he was engaged with his majesty, and could not attend the colonel at that moment.

"Go, count, go," said Napoleon. "See what they want, but be sure that you return and dine with me."

Count de Las Cases never beheld the emperor again. A party of dragons were already stationed round the house. M. de Las Cases and his son (who was then very ill) were conducted from Longwood to Plantation House, where they were closely guarded until they embarked for the Cape of Good Hope.

Meanwhile Las Cases still retained the diamond necklace in his possession; and this circumstance gave him not a little uneasiness. Time was hurrying on, and he learned that he had only a few days to remain at St. Helena. He was tormented by the fear of being compelled to depart without having an opportunity of restoring the treasure to its illustrious owner. What was to be done? All communication with Longwood was strictly prohibited. An idea struck him, and he resolved at all risks to carry it into effect. There was an English officer who had recently arrived at St. Helena, and with whom Count Las Cases had formed some slight acquaintance. He had been pleased with the gentlemanly manners of this Englishman, and the liberal and generous feeling indicated in the little conversation he had had with him. This officer happened to come to Plantation House, and Count Las Cases, being left alone with him for a few moments, made him his confidant.

"Sir," said Las Cases to the officer, who spoke French tolerably well, "I believe you to be a man of honor and feeling, and I have resolved to ask you to render me a service, which will put those qualities to the test. In the first place, let me assure you that the favor I am about to request will involve no violation of your duty; but it deeply concerns my honor, and that of my family. To come at once to the point, I wish to restore to the emperor a valuable deposit which he placed in my hands. Will you take charge of it, and contrive some means of returning it to him? If you will, my son shall seize an opportunity of slipping it unperceived into your pocket."

At this moment some one approached, and the officer could only reply by a look and a gesture expressive of his assent. He then retired to a little distance. Young Las Cases, who was with his father, had received his instructions, and Queen Hortense's necklace was soon placed in the officer's pocket, unperceived by any one, though all the governor's staff was within sight.

But the most difficult part of the undertaking was yet to be performed—namely, to return the necklace to its destination. An interval of two years elapsed ere this could be accomplished.

After the departure of Count Las Cases, the emperor fancied he could perceive that the surveillance exercised over him was even more rigid than before. He could not stir out of the house at Longwood without seeing an English officer, who, from a little distance, closely watched all his movements. In the morning, in the evening, or at whatever time he went out, this same officer was always hovering about him like his shadow. This sort of inquisition was the more annoying, inasmuch as the officer had several times manifested the intention of speaking to him. The consequence was, that as soon as the emperor saw him approach, he made it a rule to cut short his promenade and go indoors.

One day Napoleon thought he was much more closely watched than usual, and turning

round angrily, he exclaimed, "What means this annoyance? Can I not come out to inhale a little fresh air without having a spy on all my footsteps?"—The emperor walked toward the house, and the officer, who had heard the words which fell from him, quickened his pace, followed and overtook him. In a few moments he stood before Napoleon. "Sire!" said he, in a tone of profound respect.

"Begone, sir! begone!" interrupted Napoleon, with a gesture of contempt; "there can be no communication between me and your employers! I desire you to begone!"

"Sire!" resumed the officer, with perfect composure, and without moving a step, "your majesty is mistaken." He then hastily uttered the words, "Count de Las Cases—Queen Hortense's necklace."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the emperor, stopping short, and looking at the officer—"what have you to say, sir?"

"Will your majesty," continued the officer, "be pleased to continue your walk without appearing to notice me. I have the necklace here. For the space of two years I have constantly carried it about my person, and have been seeking to restore it to you. Give me now an opportunity of throwing it into your hat; for even now I cannot venture to give it you, lest I should be observed."

The emperor took off his hat, and passed his hand over his forehead, as he was in the habit of doing when he was absorbed in thought. At that instant the officer threw the necklace into the emperor's hat, and said, in a low tone of voice, "now I hope your majesty will forgive my importunity. I have fulfilled my mission, sire, and I will trouble you no more. May heaven bless and preserve your majesty!" He then retired, and Napoleon saw no more of him.

At the end of April, 1821, some days before his death, Napoleon summoned General Montholon to his bedside. "My dear friend," said he, in a feeble tone of voice, and turning his languid eyes toward the general, "I have under my pillow a diamond necklace of considerable value belonging to Hortense. I have had my reasons for not letting any one here know that I possessed this treasure. It is my desire that as soon as I shall breathe my last you take charge of it, and on your return to France (should you ever be fortunate enough to see your native land again) restore it to Hortense. If, as is not improbable, she should die of grief before your return, give the necklace to her children, my nephews."

"Sire," replied the general, overpowered by grief, "I swear to fulfil your commands."

"I feel assured that you will, Montholon," said Napoleon, cordially pressing his hand: "I now die satisfied."

The emperor's disorder was making rapid progress. As soon as General Montholon was informed that he could not survive more than a few hours, he hastened to his bedside. There, like a watchful sentinel, he stood silently and mournfully awaiting the moment when the august sufferer should draw his last breath. When that moment arrived, Dr. Antomarchi announced it by the awful words—"All is over!" Montholon then recollecting his oath, slipped his hand under the pillow which supported the hero's head, and secretly removed the treasure which had been bequeathed to his charge.

After a long and perilous wandering in America and in different parts of Europe, Gen. Montholon was at length permitted to return to France. After paying a visit to his aged mother, he set off for Antwerp, to present to the ex-queen of Holland the necklace, which in her eyes was now doubly consecrated by recollections of happiness and misfortune. Hortense indeed regarded it as an object almost sacred; and she suffered a more painful struggle with her feelings, when, in a moment of distress, imperious necessity compelled her to part with it. The king of Bavaria offered to purchase it by the payment of a life annuity of twenty-three thousand francs, settled on Hortense. The agreement was ratified, and, two years afterward, Hortense had ceased to live. The king of Bavaria has consequently paid only forty-six thousand francs for an object worth eight hundred thousand. Kings, it must be confessed, sometimes make fortunate bargains. The circumstance serves to explain why the necklace, the adventures of which are above related, was not mentioned in the will of the ex-queen of Holland.

INCIDENT IN MARRIED LIFE.—Some 15 years since, a couple of loving ones were married a short distance from this city, and soon after the husband went to sea. A few months passed, and the young wife received news that the ship in which her husband had sailed was lost at sea, and all hands had perished. This report was subsequently corroborated. Time rolled on, and after the lapse of some 7 years, the widow married an industrious and hard working mechanic, who for a long time past and still is employed by a firm in Cornwall. This last marriage proved a happy one to both parties, and matters passed between them as pleasantly as could be desired, until some 10 days since, when, to their utter surprise, the first husband of the lady made his appearance and claimed his wife. Legal counsel was consulted by both parties, and the result was, that the lady felt herself compelled to return to her first husband, much to the regret of the second, whose home is now desolate.—Boston Journal.

TACTICS FOR STYLISH CHURCH-GOERS.

The following on "Church Etiquette," is not much of an exaggeration of what sometimes happens, after services have begun, to the edification of the curious in the congregation, and for the comfort of the nerves of the pulpit:

Let the lady advance, on one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by a flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously, when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest passing to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right counter-march, and forming again in a line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when she sees the coast is clear, completes her salute, and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by angles from the rear, and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle, when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed.

SCENE AT A DEPOT.—"When will these cars leave?" inquired an anxious individual of John Smith.

"I presume," replied the wag, "as soon as the last seat is taken, as that will be sure to make the car go."

Mr. Anxious immediately took his umbrella and got aboard.

A marriage present made by the emperor of Austria to the duchess de Brabant, was a diadem of large diamonds, the centre one being an exceedingly fine rose diamond. The archduchess gave the young bride a broad belt for the waist, made of diamonds and pearls, and the archduke a toilette service of silver. Other members of the imperial family presented her with jewels, and dresses of various kinds.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch they compare him to a "rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call a "hunchback making a bow."

A lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said—"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him.

Mr Williams, who is on a visit from Iowa to Washington to purchase U. S. land, eats nothing that is cooked, nor drinks anything but water. His meat, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, &c., are all eaten raw. He has not eaten any cooked food for several years, and any deviation from his present mode of living would most probably cause his death.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.—The Providence Journal recommends, as a means of avoiding the confusion and inconvenience attendant upon a crowded state of the sidewalks, that passengers should abolish the absurd practice of giving the inside to the ladies, and keep every one to the right. This is good advice, and ought to be adopted.

Drinking too much cold water tends to dilute the blood, and produces lassitude and weakness. Moreover, since the system must be relieved from this superfluous monstrosity by increased perspiration, the opening of the pores exposes to taking cold.

Charles Lamb says:—"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles in a western paper, has the following note bene—"N. B. Ladies wishing cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life, than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going steadily to work turning up something.

A SHARP HIT.—The water from Congress Spring, at Saratoga, has been imported into France. The question has been raised why it was called Congress water? The obvious answer, of course, did not escape wit: "Because it contained so much gas."

The New York Express, in an article relating to the chiffoniers of New York, says: "We have seen able bodied persons here gathering up the bits of cigars thrown into the gutters by the smokers, to be made, we suppose, into chewing tobacco by those who revel in the use of tobacco." Think of that, ye who are wedded to the weed!

A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture states that he has for more than fifteen years used sulphur as a cure for mildew on grapes and greenhouse plants, and he has never known it to fail.

WO BURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Haywood William, s. of Nathaniel and Sarah, born July 5.
Bruce Mary, d. of George and Mary, born Dec. 13.
Baldwell Rhoda, d. of Jacob and Sarah, born June 6.
Wyman Lucy, d. of Paul and Lucy, b. Nov. 23.
Winn Timothy, s. of Joseph and Betty, born Aug. 12.
Wyman Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Abigail, born Oct. 6.
Richardson Lucy, d. of Jonas and Martha, b. June 1.
Wyman Elisabeth, d. of Ezra and Esther, b. June 24.
Brooks Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel and Esther, born March 8.
Center Colton, s. of Colton and Aline, born March 5.
Cummings Abigail, d. of David and Joanna, born April 26.
1764.
Fowle Braham, d. of Jonathan and Melisab, born Apr. 8.
Wyman Ruth, d. of Silas and Susanna, b. May 22.
Lawrence Benjamin, s. of Jonathan and Elisabeth, born May 28.
Richardson John, s. of Barnabas and Rebecca, born March 10.
Kendall Joseph, s. of Joseph and Sarah, born June 25.
Richardson Amos, s. of Amos and Bethiah, b. Aug. 18.
Richardson Nathan, s. of John and Hannah, born June 12.
Wright Phebe, d. of John and Phebe, born July 20.
Simonds Martha, d. of Benjamin and Susanna, born Aug. 5.
Wyman Jesse, s. of Jesse and Esther, born June 23.
Richardson Mary, d. of Jeduthan and Mary, born Aug. 17.
Peirce John, s. of Josiah and Ruth, born May 26.
Tyler Eleanor, d. of Moses and Eleanor, born Aug. 7.
Alexander Abigail, d. of Thomas and Abigail, born Oct. 15.
Richardson Bartholomew, s. of Bartholomew and Sarah, born Aug. 66.
Blanchard Hannah, d. of David and Abigail, born March 18.
Kendall Samuel, s. of Obidiah and Elizabeth, born Dec. 8.
Richardson Mary, d. of Abel and Mary, born Aug. 18.
Thompson Leonard, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born Dec. 1.
Wright Beulah, d. of Thomas and Elizabeth, born Oct. 7.
Mason Mary, d. of Aaron and Abigail, born Sept. 30.
Smith Mary, d. of John and Mary, born July 1.
Johnson Mary, d. of Shubal and Mary, born Sept. 1.
Reed Martha, d. of Joshua and Rachel, born March 25.
Wyman Isaac, s. of Eliphaz and Mary, born Feb. 23.
Johnson Sarah, d. of Joseph and Hannah, b. Oct. 15.
Belknap Cyrus, s. of William and Mary, born Sept. 5.
Richardson Judith, d. of Benjamin and Rebecca, born Feb. 17.
Johnson Sarah, d. of William and Sarah, born Feb. 8.
Richardson Zadock, s. of Zadock and Sally, b. Sept. 7.
Belknap Raphael, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born Aug. 25.
Caldwell Lydia, d. of Jacob and Sarah, born Dec. 27th.
Peirce Samuel, s. of Jacob and Abigail, born Aug. 7.
Parker Martha, d. of Josiah and Mary, born July 29.
Richardson Bridget, d. of Edward and Sarah, born Feb. 11.
Flagg Gershom, s. of Benjamin and Hannah, born March 27.
Smith Isaac, s. of Abijah and Mary, born Aug. 25.
Brooks Mary, d. of Jonathan and Ruth, born Sept. 30.
Lawrence Nathaniel, s. of Jonathan and Rachel, born July 2.
Wood Seth, s. of Solomon and Martha, born Aug. 24.
Walker Timothy, s. of Joshua and Mary, born May 8.
Johnson John, s. of Samuel and Elisabeth, b. May 20.
Leath Rhoda, d. of Elijah and Mary, b. May 14.
Tidd Ebenezer, s. of Jonathan and Surviah, b. Jan. 17.
Johnson Rufus, s. of Ebenezer and Deborah, born May 17.
Wood John, s. of Capt. John and Dorcas, b. Dec. 25.
Johnson Tabitha, s. of Jonathan and Sarah, b. Sept. 6.
Richardson Phebe, d. of Zachariah and Phebe, born April 12.
1765.
Convers Jesse, s. of Josiah and Hephzibah, b. Feb. 9.
Wyman Samuel James, s. of Elijah and Melisab, born April 19.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WYNN & Co.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. DICE.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRAINSTEIN.—We have received the communication from our old and worthy friend. It calls up memories of other days. We shall publish it next week, and hope it may turn many a voice for the good cause of temperance. We shall expect many such letters. No one living is better able to give a history of "men and times" for the past seventy years. The last half century has passed with public men and measures, and his memory is stored with golden items of the past, which our readers would be pleased to read.

GRASS.—This letter has been on hand for some time. The sketches are drawn to life. We have passed over the same ground. We have another letter, which will receive early attention.

JONES.—We can only acknowledge your letter, and will give it early attention.

J. L.—We noticed the errors in the Boston Herald report of the Firemen's celebration, and also the sentiment commending the Herald as the firemen's friend. We did not feel for a sentiment for the Journal, or perhaps we might have got a nibble. Your remarks are fair, but rather too much in the praise for the public eye. Thank you for your good opinions.

SUBSCRIBER.—Just such kind of communications as we like to receive. They contain the solid arguments. We have room for more.

BRUTUS.—We take all your remarks in good nature, and are pleased to receive your communication. It is evidence, however, of a rank disposition to control the freedom of the press, and we much regret to see it manifested towards the Journal. We assure Brutus that his clanging remarks are freely returned to him, as when we act for the public good, we are in no fear of the result. The communication of Ari-ides was a candid written article, and such an one as no professed neutral paper in party politics could reasonably refuse to publish. We did not consider it a party communication. We made no comments on either side, nor did we endorse the conclusions or intrude our own opinions, but left it for our readers to answer; and we will as freely admit yours—as it is written in a courteous manner—except what is directed against us, which is unkind and unfair; and the second sober thought of Brutus must convince him of his error, as to our breach of neutrality. Has Brutus no political "beams in his own eye?"

EDITORIAL.

PROFANE SWEARING.

We heard a remark, a few days since, which if true, is a blot on the character of the community, and should make every parent watch the conduct of children. A stranger observed to us that he was highly pleased with Woburn, and intended to find a building spot to erect him a dwelling; "but," said he, "you have a bad set of boys, if I may judge from the profane swearing which they use, for I was shocked at hearing such profane expressions from some who had collected together the other evening, as I passed by them; it gives a bad character to your beautiful village." We could not deny it, for we have been told of it before, and urged to notice this vile practice, and to warn parents that the morals of children were corrupted by these nightly assemblies in our streets.

There is no worse feature in society than that which follows profane swearing. It is truly degrading in men, and still more disgusting and horrid when practiced by boys. These boys, we are told, nightly assemble, and endeavor to outdo each other in swearing. If this is true, it is time some remedy should be found to stop it.

The law points out a course, which, if put in force, will break up these meetings; and it is for the interests of society, and for the character of our town, that prompt measures should be taken to arrest this vile practice. It is truly lamentable that parents should be so reckless of the morals and welfare of children, and if the vice is not restrained we shall regret it.

We learn that the old bell on the Rev. Mr. Edwards' church, will be taken down next week, and a much larger one put up, when old time will give us a louder call, as he notes his passing hours. A new bell is also to be placed on the Baptist Church.

The new church at Winchester is nearly enclosed. The church is situated on a fine elevated spot, and will be quite an ornament to the town. We notice some fine dwellings on the rising grounds around Winchester. Our neighbors are full of enterprise.

KOSKIS. who figured so largely at Smyrna, and was arrested by the Austrian officers, and received the protection of Capt. Ingraham, has been released, and taken passage in the barque Mimosa, for Boston. When he arrives he will be the lion of the day, and we should not be surprised to see Capt. Ingraham a candidate for the White House, at Washington. Stranger things than this have happened; many a man's popularity has risen and fell on the result of a prominent national event. Waterloo made a Wellington, and exiled Napoleon; New Orleans made Andrew Jackson, and the item at Smyrna, may bring round a wonder. Young America and progress are in the front rank of the age.

We like the following extract of a new circular from the Secretary of State, at Washington. It is a good beginning, to arrest the dissipation which ruins young men who go to Washington for office:

"Absence from the office during business hours is not to be permitted, except from sickness, in which case notice must be given to the head of the office; neither will indulgence in ardent spirits during these hours be tolerated. The first offence of this kind will, in every instance, be visited by removal from office."

The workingmen of this place, and vicinity, having held several meetings for the special purpose of taking into consideration, the importance of forming a mutual association for the more general diffusion of moral, physical, and intellectual knowledge, met according to adjournment, Oct. 18th, at 7 o'clock P. M., at the Town Hall, and the following business was transacted.

The meeting being called to order, the committee previously appointed to draft a constitution and by laws, made their report. The report was acted upon, and after some amendments, was accepted; after which the following resolutions were read from the chair.

1. *Resolved*, that we fully believe that some social and literary association is imperiously demanded by the young men of this village, to give exercise and development to the mental faculties, and would greatly improve the social relations, among persons of the same, and of different trades, producing harmony of feeling, and sympathy of interests, and would the better prepare all, so participating, to discharge satisfactorily and efficiently, all the duties incident to the varied pursuits in life.

2. *Resolved*, that in view of the large and centralized population of this village, and the latent talent that might be educated and made eminently valuable to mankind, we owe it to ourselves and to society, and we can, and will rally, organize, foster and perpetuate an association, the object of which is, the exercise and development of the intellectual and social faculties, and the moral sentiments of the young men of this place.

3. *Resolved*, that we will use our utmost endeavors to solicit, and interest all within our reach, to join us in this useful and mutual enterprise, and will cheerfully render mutual aid and comfort, and our hearty cooperation in its advancement and ultimate success.

After some appropriate and spirited remarks from several gentlemen, recommending the resolutions, each one was acted upon separately and adopted.

Voted.—That a committee of three be chosen, to select a list of officers. Charles F. Reed, Benj. H. Kimball, B. H. Porter, constitute the committee.

Harrison Bates and B. H. Kimball were appointed a committee to procure a room suitable for the meeting of the association.

Voted.—That the proceedings of the meeting be published in the Woburn Journal.

Voted.—To adjourn till Friday, Oct. 28th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, at which time, all, feeling an interest in the object, are respectfully invited to be present.

The Grammar School House was again set on fire last Tuesday morning. This is a mysterious business, and one which should be promptly attended to. It seems almost impossible that three attempts should be made to fire the school house without the incendiary being detected. The affair demands a strict watch.

The Phalanx, under the command of Capt. Winn, accompanied by Smith's Salem Band, will parade on Tuesday next, in full uniform, and will visit No. 10 Woburn for target practice. There will be three prizes; two for the active and one for the honorary members, which will be awarded for the best shots.

The honorary members will be received by the company at the Town Hall at one o'clock and join in the excursion.

We understand that extensive arrangements are being made by the company for a levee in the evening, at the Town Hall, which will be handsomely trimmed for the occasion, to which their ladies, with the fine members, and their ladies and distinguished military guests, will be invited.

WOBURN BANK.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Woburn Bank held at their banking room, on Monday, the 17th inst., the following gentlemen were chosen Directors: Abijah Thompson, John Wade, Chas. Choate, Bowen Buckman, J. B. Winn, B. F. Thompson, of Winchester, Stephen Dow, John Cummings, Jr., John Flinders, M. F. Winn, and Charles Bond. Subsequently the board was organized by the choice of Abijah Thompson President, and E. J. Jenks, Cashier.

The workingmen's association about to be formed in our village, is every way worthy of notice, and we hope every encouragement will be given to forward the plans as expressed in the resolutions passed at the meeting to which we refer our readers.

The letting of the pews in the First Baptist Church, in this town, was attended to on Thursday evening, according to notice. Seventy pews were let; and about \$200 was obtained as premium for choice, which amount by vote of the society then present, was appropriated towards the purchase of a bell for said church. The bidding was quite animated. The house has been enlarged with the addition of about 40 pews. The old steeple was all removed, and circular ones substituted, so that every seat on the floor of the house faces the pulpit, which is a great improvement both of comfort and appearance. The pews are handsomely grained, done by Messrs. Otis & Bailey and Mr. George Chapman, so perfectly imitating natural wood, as to almost deceive the nicest eye. The aisles have been newly carpeted, and the whole interior of the house has a very chaste appearance. The house will be open for public worship to-morrow.

We have seldom seen a more beautiful and perfect rainbow than the one which appeared early this morning; the early riser will remember it; those who hugged their pillow, lost one of nature's wonderful displays of brilliant colors.

The late news from Europe, advises that Turkey has declared war against Russia, and great excitement exists amongst the other great powers of Europe, who are taking measures to prevent it. If war does actually commence, there will be hard fighting. The Turks are a desperate race, and when fighting for their Kovan, will never surrender. The end cannot be seen. We cannot yet believe, that war will actually ensue. The danger from a general war in Europe as the result, will urge the other powers to step in and calm the turbulent waters. They won't hazard their crowns to gratify Turkey or Russia. The news however has caused a rise in the articles most needed by the working classes, and flour may yet go up to \$10 per barrel. While the West is overflowing with abundant crops, speculators are at work.

If there should be a general war in Europe, and we could get the carrying trade, how our clipper ships would mount the ocean waves, and their canvases whiten every sea. The star spangled banner would spread its folds in hostile ports, and the Western granaries of our country would supply the millions of the Old World, who would struggle hard in a great contest for liberty, and silently sing our national song, as they sustain starving nature on the produce of our free soil.

How natural it is for us to be pleased when we are suited. We stepped in to our neighbor Hammond's furnishing store, and procured a desirable article at less than we could have purchased it in Boston. Mr. Hammond has a large stock of goods and those wanting a fit out, from top to bottom can be suited at his store, as good and cheap as in Boston. If our readers don't believe us call and see for yourselves.

CHOLERA AT SEA.—The packet ship Havre, Mulford, arrived at New York yesterday, reports that on the 9th instant, lat. 41 42, lon. 58 30, was boarded by a boat from ship S. g. hoc (of Bath), Capt. Leister, from Gottenburg bound to Boston, had lost during the passage 58 passengers by cholera. The captain's wife was very sick and 14 passengers in a low state from sickness. Supplied her with small stores.

LATEST.—DECLARATION OF WAR CONTINUED.—Paris Correspondent of the London Times of Friday evening, says the confirmation of the Declaration of War by Turkey has reached Paris.

The Paris Correspondent of the London Post, on the same evening, says that the Porte has fixed four weeks as the furthest time in which the evacuation of the Principalities must take place.

There was a celebration at Clinton, Mass., on Wednesday of the anniversary of the capture of Cornwallis. About 800 troops were on the ground, representing American and British soldiery as in the revolutionary affair.

Gov. Seymour of New York, has taken measures to bring all parties and accessories in the late brutal prize-fight at Boston Four Corners to justice.

Mr. Cox, the American secretary of legation at Rio, has arrived in Washington, bringing with him the treaty recently concluded by Mr. Schenck, the U. S. minister, for opening the river La Plata to the navigation of the United States.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Mrs. McClenathan, wife of Col. McClenathan, of New Orleans, with her children, nurse, and servants, has been residing with her brother, Francis Sheldon, in Phipps Place, Boston, at the north end, during the summer. Recently it has come to the knowledge of some persons, that the nurse, a black woman, was a slave. On learning the facts, a writ of habeas corpus was obtained from the supreme court, on the ground that the woman was restrained of her liberty. This writ was placed in the hands of Wm. P. Baker, deputy sheriff, who yesterday, accompanied by Capt. Allen, of the centre watch, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Sheldon, and after some delay, the woman was taken before Judge Metcalf, sitting in chambers. Col. McClenathan, who has been in the city but a few days, made a statement of the facts in the case, and the woman, on being questioned, stated that she was not restrained of her liberty, and knew that she was free to go where she pleased, but preferred to remain with her master, and return with him to his residence. After hearing these statements, the case was dismissed.

INCENDIARY FIRES.—Milwaukee, Oct. 18.—Several fires occurred in this city yesterday. The last was Kigley's pie establishment, filled with flour, beef, &c; almost all of which was burnt—loss \$50,000. Among the property destroyed were 4000 barrels of flour, large quantities of beef, butter, pork, apples, &c. Supposed to have originated from incendiarism. The Mayor has offered a reward of \$1000 for the discovery of the offenders.

MAIL DESTROYED. The cars containing the Eastern mail, and Livingston & Fargo's express packages, between Cleveland and Columbus, took fire Monday night by sparks from the locomotive. The mail was entirely lost, but part of the express packages were saved.

THE POPULATION OF TURKEY.—The population of Turkey in Asia is 13,700,000, and that of Turkey in Europe 15,500,000 making a total of nearly 29,000,000; nearly equal to the population in France, although the country is not so thickly settled. The population of Russia nearly doubles that of Turkey.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The Methodists of Maine are taking measures to raise \$25,000 for the establishment of a Female Collegiate Institute.

Early on Sunday morning a barn and carriage house on the late Paul Gore's estate, Jamaica Plain, were destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss \$600.

Joseph Newitzky, a Pole, 18 years old, blew out his brains at New York, on Sunday, at the residence of his brother, for whose wife he had manifested an improper attachment, and was therefore ordered away from the house.

The Indiana State Journal mentions a mulatto man, 78 years of age, whose skin for the past ten years has been turning white, until now, with the exception of his face and hands, he is of as fair a complexion as most white people.

The Hamburg bark George Nichols, on Navy Day for Centenages, was recently picked up at sea with captain and all hands dead, except the mate, and he was sick. The vessel was carried into New Orleans.

Awful Gardner has been holden in \$1000 bail for biting off William Hastings' alias "Dublin Trick's" ear at New York.

The President has appointed Fisher Ames Hildreth, Postmaster at Lowell, Mass, vice Thomas P. Goodhue, deceased.

France will shortly possess a more formidable navy than at any other period of her history. She will have afloat before a year 50 ships of the line and as many frigates, of which 15 are of the first class, and most of them fitted with screws.

Plaindealer says that Mrs. Emma R. Coe has been pursuing a course of legal studies, for the purpose of qualifying herself for the practice of that profession. What jury could withstand the eloquence of such a special pleader?

The lakes and the Mississippi are now united by the Chicago and Rock Island, Illinois Central and the Chicago and Mississippi Railroads, enabling the traveller to pass from Chicago to St. Louis in twenty hours!

The people of Delaware have condemned the amended constitution just submitted to them by the very decisive majority of 1954 votes.

Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, late of Providence, successor of Dr. Sharp, commenced his duties at the Charles Street Baptist church, Boston, on Sunday.

A letter in the New York Times states that John Mitchell escaped from Australia on board an American ship. His wife and children had sailed from Hobart Town for New York. Arrangements are being made to give Mitchell a military reception on his arrival.

While the family were at supper, some thief entered a chamber in the house of Mrs. Penniman, on the turnpike, above the reservoir, and stole a gold watch and 40 odd dollars in money.

The annual catalogue of Amherst College has just been issued, and affords evidence of the highly prosperous condition of the college. There are Seniors 33, juniors 54, Sophomores 58, Freshmen 56, scientific students 10; whole number 211.

Thirty thousand dollars have been contributed in Kentucky towards the erection of a monument over the remains of Henry Clay. The amount to be raised is \$1000,000.

A million copies of the New Testament are to be sent out to China by the British Foreign Bible Society, at a cost of £20,000.

By a collision on the 5th between the mail trains on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, near Alliance, eight or ten passengers were injured; J. B. Garvey had his leg torn off, and will not recover.

A shrewd gentleman once said to his daughter—Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

The license for retailing liquor has been raised to \$1500 in Marion, Ala, by the town council.

It is stated that Col. Schouler, late of the Boston Atlas, has become the editor of the Chicago Tribune.

The cash sales of butter in Wayne county, Ohio, for the last year, are estimated at \$15,000. For Stark county, at \$40,000, and for the State, at over \$1,000,000.

On the 5th of August there was a snow storm at Buenos Ayres, a sight not seen there for twenty years.

Thanksgiving in New Hampshire Thursday, Nov. 24. Also in Pennsylvania.

ROCKLAND BANK.—The Rockland Bank, Roxbury, commenced operations this morning, the specie being counted by the Commissioners yesterday afternoon. The capital is \$100,000.

A girl named Elias Reed was lately arrested at Hoboken for horse stealing.

A block for the Washington Monument has arrived in the country from Egypt. It was taken from the ruins of the library building in Alexandria, it being under twenty feet of rubbish; it is of red scynite granite, and is quite a curiosity.

New York, Oct. 20.—The stock taken in the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad now amounts to about \$63,000,000. Mr. Gray, the engineer, is organizing his surveying party and will set out for the Rio Grande on the 26th inst.

SUICIDE.—Thomas Remington, yesterday, committed suicide in Phoenix, R. I., by hanging himself to the limb of a tree.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

Pictou, N. B., Sept., 1853.

My last letter was dated from St. John, N. B., after which I left in steamer for Windsor. The passage through the Bay of Fundy offered me no chance for views, as it was a night passage. We arrived at Windsor the next morning to breakfast.

Windsor is noted for its plaster quarries, large quantities of which is shipped to Boston by British vessels, who bring back return cargoes of Yankee notions. I cannot speak in very glowing terms of this town; it looks old and somewhat rusty. The land in the vicinity is good, and has the appearance of fertility. There is a College about one mile from the village, situated on a romantic and beautiful spot of land. I have not seen a fairer view of hills and valleys in New Brunswick. Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," lives here, and has a beautiful residence, with a plaster quarry on it. The Judge sustains a good reputation, and his neighbors speak in the highest terms of him.

We took staging to Halifax; the road is a good one. Our post-coach was full, and we had quite a novel ride. We passed through a section of the great fire here, some years since. It looks black and gloomy yet. The fire raged to that degree which prevented the passage of the mail for many days, when a man was hired to pass through on horseback; he and his horse were covered with wet blankets, by which he succeeded in taking the mail through.

We arrived at Halifax about 3 P. M. We passed some romantic spots just before entering the city, one noted place fast going to decay, once the residence of Queen Victoria's family. It is now in ruins, but looks romantic. The entrance by stage to Halifax is pleasant. The streets are much like Boston streets—crooked.

We had some trouble in finding a hotel in Halifax, and it is strange they do not have a good one in the city where the Cunard steamers stop. But many say they have tried it, and cannot make it pay. The harbor is one of the finest I have ever seen. The city is built on the side of the hill, on which is erected the fort and citadel. The red coats and Scottish regiments looked singular to me, but I had no time to examine, as we left in the morning for stage for Pictou.

A part of our route was through a beautiful section of this Province. Truro is a township of as fine land as ever I wish to see, and will equal any in old Massachusetts. The scenery around Pictou is very fine, the harbor good, the town small, and principally depending on the Pictou Coal Mines for business. We called on our old friend, Major Norton, U. S. Consul, and found him enjoying, not so much the receipts of income from his office, as the respect and confidence of the people. We left in the steamer "Fairy Queen," for Charlottetown, P. E. Island, and crossed the Straits of Northumberland sixty miles, and arrived in the afternoon. While passing a small fort at the entrance to the harbor, a man posted himself on the bank, and with a large speaking trumpet hailed, "What steamer is that, and where bound?" Our Captain says, "Fairy Queen," from Pictou, to Charlottetown, with passengers." The man and his trumpet retired in dignified triumph, fully satisfied that Queen Victoria's province was safe. He performed this manoeuvre daily. This empty show is the price of monarchy.

The entrance to Charlottetown presents a splendid scene. The harbor is a grand one, and would hold the British navy. Charlottetown is the capital of the island, and carries on an extensive business in ship building and importing of merchandise from England and the United States. There are many good stores, and the people look industrious. The Victoria Hotel is better kept than most of those we stopped at in the provinces; and we were glad to get a good bed and well cooked meals.

This Island seems like a paradise. We took carriage, and visited Georgetown, East Point and the north part of the Island, where the poor fishermen were wrecked, in 1851, and after a fine ride, returned to the Victoria Hotel. I have been charmed with this spot. The fields of oats and barley are a sight to look at, and in fact this Island is one complete garden. The inhabitants are not sensible of what they possess, in the soil and fertility of this Island; but, as the facilities for travel open, this Island will become more known, and, of course, make its products more valuable.

I was surprised at the freedom of the press, as it is exercised here. The present government is a liberal one, and tends to benefitting the working classes, and opposes the old Tory plans of the former government. The present is what they call a Responsible Government, and well calculated to carry out liberal principles. It is opposed by a party hostile to all these views, and who wish to restore the old Tory party, and hence the paper war mixed with much personal abuse, which gives a stranger unfavorable opinions of the morality and standing of the people. The present governor is a man of talents and is popular with his party. The Hon. George Coles, the premier of the Island, was absent to Boston, and I regret not seeing him, as you had frequently mentioned him to me as a man who would do much to make our visit agreeable. In the late election for members of Parliament, Mr. Coles lost many votes by misrepresentation, which was the cause of his defeat by his opponent, a man said to be in no manner capable of filling the office; but as near as I can make out this matter, Mr. Coles stands the best chance at the meeting of the Parliament, which is to decide on the case.

I shall ever remember my visit to this beautiful Island, and left it with regret. On our return to Pictou, we called on Major Norton, and agreed to take a trip to the Albion Coal Mines. And here I must leave you for the present.

COLLINS.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—As the Woburn Journal has heretofore taken a neutral position on the political questions of the day, I was surprised to see an article so manifestly partisan in its tone and statements admitted to its columns, as the one published by you on the new constitution. It may be said by you and your correspondent that constitutional questions are of that grave and general character which do not partake of a political bias. This may be true at times, and perhaps generally ought to be true; but it is notorious that at the present time the Whigs have in a body opposed the late Constitutional Convention, and the propositions which have emanated from it. On the other hand the Democratic and Free Soil parties have unanimously favored the convention, and the new constitution. The adoption of the constitution has then become a party question. Of course the article signed "Aristides," in your paper must necessarily be partisan in its character, even if it treated the question discussed in a manly and deliberate manner. But as it took up the most mooted point of the new constitution, and indulged in the same course of remarks as may be found daily in the columns of the *Atlas*, *Courier*, and prints of their stamp, it was hardly to be expected that it should have found a place in the Woburn Journal. If "Aristides" is what he would have us believe free from "party shackles," and "party trammels," why did he not compare the proposed constitution with the present one, with respect to its inequalities. Why did he not take an enlarged view of the whole subject, giving credit for the equal representation introduced in the election of senators, and the increased equality of representation in the House, afforded by the section requiring the districting of cities. Why select a few towns to show the inequality of the proposed system, when an equal or greater number of inequalities may be figured out in the present system. Above all, why, if "Aristides" is the candid man rather than the zealous partisan, should he not state that the new constitution provides for an equal districting of the entire state in 1856 for the election of representatives, thus remedying all the defects of the present constitution, which would otherwise be growing more onerous for many years to come? It is very evident that it did not suit the writer's purpose to look at the constitution as a whole nor even candidly to examine the portion upon which he chose to comment. It was doubtless intended as a stab under the fifth rib, made under the shield of candor and neutrality. I have no doubt the constitution will survive all such covert or open attacks, but whether a paper that pretends to be neutral in political matters will long exist in a community like this, when it lends itself to one party or another, is a question that does not admit of much doubt.

BRUTUS.

A BOON FOR THE CHILDREN.—SPALDING'S OIL.—Mothers may well rejoice in Mr. Spalding's great discovery of the virtues of Castor Oil and Rosemary; for besides beautifying and strengthening children's hair, it cures and prevents all diseases of the scalp. It should be in every nursery, and their it would prove a rich "blessing to mothers."

Sold by G. W. Fowle, Woburn.

All dealers in family groceries should keep a supply of the Boston Chemical washing Powder on hand for the demand of their customers.

New Fall Goods.—Messrs. Chandler have received a very choice selection of Goods for the Fall Trade, which are enumerated at length in our columns to-day, and will certainly receive from the lady readers that attention which their own convenience and the popularity of the firm entitle them to. Of the manner in which this firm transact business, we can truly say, that it is creditable to them and to the city, for that integrity which has rendered the partners so highly esteemed, is characteristic of their establishment where courtesy and honorable dealing are the leading features. The facilities of Messrs. Chandler & Co., for procuring Goods in this country and abroad, are unsurpassed, and we are happy to know that their efforts meet with the warmest appreciation.—*Evening Gazette.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. R. H. Spalding, in this day's paper. We speak from experience, when we say to all who are in want of his articles, that his stock is complete, and of the most fashionable descriptions, and his prices uniform and fair. All who visit his store will receive polite attention, and freely shown his extensive stock.

Publications Received.

Old Robert B. Thomas's Almanac, has been received from the Publishers, Jenks, Hickling & Swan, Boston. It bears the same monthly pictures which used to please us when a boy. No farmer, forty years ago, could live without this almanac. It is just as valuable now. Fowle has it.

GODEY FOR NOVEMBER has 65 engravings and 100 pages of excellent reading matter. The front plate engraving of "Castle Building," is very rich. The escape of the pet bird, natural as life. The colored plates of fashions are the best we have ever seen. Our fair readers must not fail to get this number at Fowle's.

GRAHAM FOR NOVEMBER is a superior number. The embellishment of the "Woodland Spring," is one of the most attractive and superior engravings ever placed in a monthly. The scenery in Wales are very interesting. We like Graham's talk with his readers, correspondents, &c; there is always something original and pleasing. Fowle has it.

GLEANER'S PICTORIAL for this week, is a rich number; every one should get it; the price is a trifle to the value of it.

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NO. 3.

POETRY.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

The following extract is taken from an old *Mirror*, and is from the pen of N. P. Willis. A haughty nobleman, "Count Talcott," has been compelled, by his necessities, to betroth his daughter to the Signor Tortosa, a rich, but low born citizen of Florence. After paying for the contract, hear what he says:—

Oh, omnipotence of money! What a power! Why, there's the haughtiest nobleman That walks in Florence. He—whom I have heard— Checked—made conditions to—about his daughter— And all with money! They should pull down churches And worship it! Had I been poor, that man Would see me not give his hand to me. Least I stand here—dread'd—these looking—these— The same in all—save money in my purse— He would have scorn'd to let me come so near That I could breathe on him! Yet, that were little— For pride sometimes outdoes humility. And your great man will please to be familiar, To show how he can stoop. But what you there! He has a jewel that you may not name! His wife's above you! You're no company For his most noble daughter! You are brave— 'Tis nothing! Come!—nothing! Honorable— You are a phoenix of all human virtues— But, while your blood's mean, there's a frozen bar Betwixt you and a lady, that will melt— Not with religion—scarcely with the grave— But, like a mist, with money!

THE DARK CLOSET.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

It is terrible to strive with an accusing conscience! I have tried to overcome my remorse by reflecting that what I had done was done, and could not be altered. I have tried to stifle my anguish by prayers, to atone for my crimes by tears. All has been vain, because all has been selfish.

I will make one more effort: I will try confession. Yes, I will confess not to Heaven only, but to earth. This humiliation may be blessed. Perhaps it may save some mother from errors like mine; from sorrows like mine; I shall not then have suffered in vain! I must give a sketch of my own history, in order to make my confession fully understood. I do this, not with a view to point my faults while acknowledging them. No; my sins are great, and not easily excused; but I know what none besides can, the causes which have made me thus capricious and erring. And, while I confess my errors, shall I not expose their causes? It is the only way in which I can hope my story may be of an advantage to others. It would otherwise be like a warning of danger, without showing any way of escape—it might terrify, it would not enlighten or improve.

I trace all my errors of feeling and conduct to the errors of my early education. I was an only child. My father was devoted to his business and paid little attention to my training. He only called me to him to give me some pretty plaything, or dainty, and I liked him because of these pretty and nice things he brought me. When my humors and appetites were gratified, I was fond of him and glad to see him; at other times, I felt no more affection for him than for the cook; for she, too, pampered my appetite with all sweet and savory articles of food. My father never taught me; and I cannot now recall any early association or ideas which rested on him for their origin. He had no moral power over my heart and mind.

My mother was a good manager; her house and table were always well arranged. She was fond of dress, but fonder of me; and had she known how to train me judiciously, she would have done so. But she thought that the chief end of life was to live well, and that I needed a little of every good thing she herself indulged in. So that, from my cradle, I was pampered with every luxury, and thus taught to associate my happiness with my own gratifications of sense. I never loved any person because they loved me; but only because they gave me things I loved.

How much is depending on early impressions. How great the responsibility of those who have the privilege of training children rationally! There is not an absurdity in habit, a prejudice in judgment, an error in principle, but we Americans are at liberty to correct it. And yet, in one respect, there is not a people on the face of the earth who are so woefully in the management of their children. We kill them body or soul, and often both, by early indulgences of the appetite. They literally eat themselves to death. Hundreds of children perish every year of diseases caused by indigestion. And many who, by the strength of their constitutions survive this pampering, are rendered sluggish in mind, and feeble in body, selfish, irritable, and miserable for life. I speak now particularly of the children of the rich. To the poor in this respect, poverty is a blessing. Oh, I have felt what I would describe! I first remember as a puny, sickly creature, exasperated by the load of indigestible substances I was tempted to swallow. I have no doubt—indeed, I know that my temper was irritated by the stimulating effects of the rich and fatty condiments I was permitted to gorge myself with. I was restless, and almost always cross; but it was caused either by the cravings of a diseased stomach, or the pain of a burdened one. Thus passed my infancy, when impressions, never to be effaced in this world, were made on my mind.

I was not sent to school till I was about seven years old, as my mother thought I was too feeble to bear the fatigue and confinement.

She went with me the first day, when we only staid half an hour, to see how I liked it. I recollect my first impressions of that school. They were pleasurable, very. The children were so busy, and so happy, that I thought I should like to be a scholar. But, alas! my habits were totally averse to steady application. I had only considered books as playthings, which were pretty enough when new and full of pictures; but to pore over them day after day, to learn a lesson, was hateful. I had always been bribed to learn by the promise of something good to eat; I had no idea of any pleasure from the exercise of my rational or moral faculties. I was wholly a creature of sense and passion. I sucked my thumb when I should have studied my lesson; and when the teacher took away my basket of confectionary, I was so angry I threw away my book. The teacher punished me, and my mother took me from the school.

"Poor child!" said my mother; "all her fault was eating a sugar plum!" This first scene of my life was a type of the whole course till I was nearly fourteen. During these seven years, my mother had changed my school at least twenty times, besides keeping me a considerable part of each year at home. I think the teachers should bear some of the blame of this fickleness. I was, to be sure, a fretful, indolent, spoiled child; but I had capacity to learn, and, if my teachers attended school taught by men as well as ladies—had studied my disposition, and adapted their instructions accordingly, I do believe I might have been won to love books, and the discipline necessary to give me industrious habits and self control would then have been comparatively easy. I believe this, because it was afterwards effected in part; and, had the same management, commenced earlier, it might have been entirely successful.

When I was fourteen, a lady, a friend of my mother, and the confidant of all her troubles with respect to my education, strongly advised that I should be placed at a seminary in the country. She said it would improve my health, and the preceptress was a lady of such excellent judgment and principles that, if anything could be done to improve me, she would be sure to spare no pains to effect it. My parents had begun to despair of my capacity. I had been pronounced incorrigibly dull by every teacher. My father was mortified, and my mother grieved by my conduct; and so, as a last resource, they sent me to the country.

Mrs. L., the preceptress, made many minute inquiries of my mother. I recollect them well; and the expression of her countenance, too, when she looked over my trunk, and found one nearly filled with rich cakes, and confectionary, and essences, and rare jewels. She said nothing at that time, but she appeared afterwards to understand my disposition perfectly. She took me into her own room, had a bed fitted up for me besides hers, and every night after I retired, she sat down besides me and conversed. At first, she said only a few words, perhaps some inquiries about my lesson or my thoughts, and a little explanation of what would be done the next day. By degrees, she introduced stories of the scholars she had had, and then she repeated short poems, and pointed out their beauties, and endeavored to make me comprehend and feel them. She recited poetry in a most impressive manner; and I remember the effect which some of those poems wrought on me. I think I may say, the first time my heart was ever melted by the pathos of sentiment was hearing her recite Wordsworth's ballad, "We are Seven." I wept; sweet tears they were; for they had been called forth by sympathy with innocence. Mrs. L., bent over me and kissed my cheek. The tears were in her eyes, as she said—

"My child Louisa, you will yet be all I can wish."

In this manner, without any appearance of undue solicitude on her part, she was winning my confidence. I thought it was not strange she should talk thus with me, because I had always been used to so many attentions from my mother; but had she not taken me to her own room, her solicitude would have been remarked by the other scholars. But how different were my mother's nightly salutations from those of Mrs. L.

"Louisa, dear, how do you feel? Shall I get you anything to take before you go to sleep?" my kind, but mistaken mother would say.

Mrs. L. never inquired about the state of my stomach; she gave me cordials for the heart and mind, and, by her skill awakened such new and pleasant ideas, that I would lie quietly musing till I fell asleep. And this sleep was to me a great blessing, for I had been from an infant, troubled with restlessness through the night.

For the first three months, I recited to Mrs. L., my lessons were very imperfectly studied, but she bore with me; for she said that my moral affections were strengthening, and that I was acquiring a taste for mental beauties. The process was slow, for I had been as it were indurated in my selfish appetites till I hardly felt a wish for social enjoyments. This was, in some measure, caused by my being an only child, and for that misfortune I was to be pitied. But at last I became fond of my schoolmates, and interested in my studies. I learned well, and my parents were astonished and delighted at my progress. The last year I spent with Mrs. L. was the happiest of my life, and it was the most useful. The truths

which then dawned on my mind have been darkened by many shadows, but still they have never been totally obscured. Oh, why did I not remain longer in their light, till my vision had been strengthened to discern their fairest beauties! I should not then have followed the delusions of sense and sin.

I was about sixteen when my father died, and my mother sent for me home immediately and never afterwards permitted me to attend school. I cannot blame her; for she was solitary, indeed, and only seemed to live for my sake; but the circumstance was a fatal one to my improvement. I was not sufficiently strong in self control to practice the lessons of industry and perseverance my own self; as my mother taught me; and my mother's whole soul was absorbed in my happiness, which she thought could only be ensured by indulgences. I became again the petted darling, and every luxury was sought for me. And this indulgence seemed charming, and I thought it folly for those who were rich to trouble themselves about learning.

My father had left us rich.

For some years, I led a life of complete idleness. My mother took care of my wardrobe; and this, with managing the house, gave her full employment. I had little to do when at home and I was not very fond of society, so that I was obliged to have recourse to the complaints of ill health to diversify my life. I had the dyspepsia one year, and was nervous the next, successively. And this might have continued to the end of my days, had not an incident, which occurred while I was on a tour to Canada, roused me once more to exertion. That incident introduced me to a Mr. C.

I was pleased with him from the first, and I wished to make a favorably impression on him. I was tolerably handsome, I believe; my maid always told me I was beautiful; but Mrs. L. had warned me against being flattered by those I thought my inferiors—so, no person but my maid had ever assured me I was beautiful. I did not quite think myself so. But I was rich. There was no doubt of that; and I found means to let Mr. C. know I was rich. I had better not have boasted. He was a man of fine mind and highly cultivated taste; and, after he found I had the means so abundantly of education, he was less inclined to pardon the ignorance he could not but discover in me. He seemed to fear, too, that addressing me would make him appear mercenary, as no one could think there was a fitness in our character and taste. Oh, how I did regret my wasted time! I would have given half my fortune for the benefit of one year's improvement at Mrs. L.'s school. It could not be bought, however!

Mr. C. did not propose for me, but said he thought he should visit Boston the next summer. I came home and set resolutely to my studies, resolving I would redeem the time. But habit was too strong for my resolution. I had been indolent so long that employment distressed me; and then I was ashamed to allow my ignorance to appear to those who intended to give me lessons, and I became more peevish and discontented every day. I was dissatisfied with myself, and had no kind Mrs. L. at hand to soothe my spirit by the pity which encourages. It was better for me, though, that I made the exertion, for I have never since had the dyspepsia, and I should never have been nervous if my poor heart! when will it be stilled forever.

Mr. C. never came to Boston. He married a few months after I parted from him, and I heard of him at Washington, with a fair and intelligent wife, to whom he seemed devoted. The disappointment was, for a time, very vexatious to me, because I had allowed him to know my partiality; and, to escape from my own thoughts I went into company.

My mother had one excellence. She was sincere in her character. She never managed to get me a husband; in truth, I do not think she wished to have me married, because she feared I would never find a husband sufficiently kind. But she was growing into years, and she was troubled at leaving me alone in the world. And she began to hint to me that it was time I made a selection. A number of single gentlemen visited at our house, for our establishment was elegant, and table such as a gourmand would worship. The character of our male visitors may be easily understood. They came to be feasted without any metaphor. There was little said or thought of "reason," or the "soul," at our table. But we had delicious soups, and rich wines.

I married Mr. M. He offered himself to me because I was rich; I accepted because I was nearly thirty and feared I should do no better. There was no love on either side; but we lived together tolerably well till after mother's death, which happened about a year after my marriage. I mourned her loss; but it was a selfish feeling entirely, because she had saved me from all domestic cares, and I did not see how I could live without her. Soon my troubles began, I could not manage the household as my mother had done, tho' I harassed myself with constant cares; and my husband found fault continually. An epicure is always selfish. Never, never let any woman, who wishes for domestic happiness, marry a man whose soul is in his palate. A gourmand will be a tyrant—a capricious, unreasonable tyrant. My husband was a tyrant, and, in witnessing the paroxysms of insanity into which he would be thrown, when disappointed of any good thing on which he

had set his appetite, gave me more impressive lessons than sermons could have done. I am persuaded that those who would be happy must be temperate in all things; and that excess in eating is as wicked as excess in drinking.

But I linger on circumstances that may seem trifling. They are trifling with what I must tell. The confession must be made. It shall be, though my heart break in the effort.

The second year after my mother's decease, I became a mother myself. My daughter, my sweet, lovely child! still thy image lives in my heart. When thinking of thy first smile, of the pressure of thy soft cheek to mine, I can yet feel the thrill of pleasure that agitates my bosom. It is a blessed thing to have the affections called forth. I had never loved till I loved my child. The affection I bore my own mother was a selfish feeling, and always had regard to what she did for me. This was the fault partly of my education, and partly of circumstances. But when I looked on my little delicate babe, my own, a being dependent on my care, and one that I could make happy, oh! my heart was drawn towards it with a yearning of fondness, hope, and delight that was perfectly new and almost overpowering! I could have laid down my life for her—and yet I murdered her!

Righteous heaven! was this the punishment of my early self-indulgence?

Though I loved my child, and earnestly wished to train her rightly, I was not fitted for the task. Now it was that I felt the deficiencies of my own education. The lessons of Mrs. L. had impressed on my mind with a sense of my infirmities of temper and inconsistencies of conduct, but I did not stay long enough with her to learn how to correct them. I knew I had been wrongly managed, but I had not discriminated the manner or degree. Like many other superficial reasoners, I thought the reverse of wrong must be right. My mother, I knew, had indulged me too much; and so I determined not to indulge my child at all.

I made no difference between those indulgences that excite the passions or gratify the appetite, and those which call forth and foster the kind affections and moral feelings. My whole system was one of rigid self-denial. The consequence was, my child feared me, and she never was happy with me. She loved the nursery girl much better than me, and that was a source of constant grief and vexation. I used frequently to send away the girl and let Caroline cry as long as I dared, to punish her for not choosing to have me feed her, and dress her, &c. I fear it was to gratify my own temper as much as to govern hers, that I exerted my authority. None but those who have subdued their own passions are fit to be trusted with children. They may otherwise love their children, but they will not be just towards them.

It was in the month of June—a bright, balmy day—such an one as seemed designed for human enjoyment, when, to be happy, we have only to open the heart to the sweet sunny influences around us; and yet, if the heart is not right, how wretched we may be. I was unhappy that day. Some difference with my husband had occurred at the breakfast table. Since the birth of my daughter, we had lived in much better harmony; he had been more reasonable, as he knew I must attend to the child, when anything had gone wrong in our household affairs. And I believe he loved me more as the mother of his child than as his wife; for he was doubtfully fond of Caroline, and our chief difficulties now arose respecting her. He insisted that I was harsh with her, and that it made her obstinate; and then he told a long story about his own mother, and how she used to persuade her children—not hire or drive them—but reason with them.

We had differed that morning in our opinions respecting the time when Caroline should be obliged to learn her lesson steadily. I wanted her to commence then, for she was three years old; my husband thought it was well enough, if she chose to learn, but insisted that no compulsion should be used. But, notwithstanding what he said, I went out and purchased books, and determined to commence that very day, that she should take her lesson at regular hours every day, whether she were or were not pleased. I came home in no pleasant humor; for I had bowed to a lady who did not return my salute, and I felt enraged at her insolence. With these feelings of anger uppermost in my mind, I entered the nursery. Never shall I forget the sweet looks of my child at that moment. She was sitting on the cushion, with her face towards the door, the sunlight streamed through the window curtain, its beams fell on her pale yellow hair, and the ringlets seemed clusters of pure gold. The nursery-maid had been twisting roses among her curls, and the little creature was passionately fond of flowers; so, when I entered, she looked up to me with a laugh of such heartfelt joy that I had come to see her pretty roses, and her blue eyes sparkled with the light of a happy and innocent heart.

"I have bought a new book for you, Caroline," said I.

"My roses, mother; see my pretty roses!" said the child.

I returned to the maid, and bade her take off the roses; for Caroline should say her lesson. I spoke sternly, and Caroline began to weep; I minded nothing of her tears, but took her on my knee and gave her the book.

She threw it on the floor, and cried for her roses. I ordered the maid to go down with the roses; and, when she was gone, I told Caroline that she should pick up her book and read to me. She refused to pick up her book; she was obstinate; but then I had provoked it by my own imprudence in teasing her to read when her mind was engrossed with another object. I should then only have told her of the rose, how it was sown, and shown her the picture of it, and told her stories about it, that would have made her interested to learn more. What tyrants we are with our children, when, instead of aiding their ideas, we would force them to understand ours!

I had not succeeded to make Caroline pick up her book, when the maid entered to say Mrs. F. was in the parlor. Mrs. F. was a very proud and fashionable lady, and I was glad to receive a call from her; but, in my struggles with Caroline, I had quite discomposed my dress, and this made me excessively angry with the child. Never before had I felt so towards her. I wanted to punish her severely. The maid offered to take her, but I bade her go down and say I would come soon; and then I told Caroline I should shut her in my dark closet while I was gone. She had always been afraid to be alone in the dark, and one of the very few things in which I had uniformly indulged her was to have a light burning through the night. If she ever awoke, and found herself in the dark, she had always been frightened.

When I told her I should put her in the dark closet, she screamed as loudly as possible, and I hurried her in quick, before she had time to yield, because I feared Mrs. F. would hear the shrieks. I locked the door and took the key, to prevent the maid from letting the child out, as I thought that would destroy all the salutary effects of the punishment. I told all these minute particulars that I may be judged truly. Are there not others who have deceived themselves, and been cruel when they only meant to correct!

Caroline had given one long shriek as I shut the door. "Mother! mother! it is dark; all dark!" was the last I heard her say.

Mrs. F. was extremely polite, and she stayed a long time; I cannot tell how long. My heart misgave me every moment; I wished she would go, for I thought of my poor babe. But she had to tell me of her new bonnet, and ask my opinion of the trimming, and advise me to employ her milliner—such was our discourse while my child was dying!

The moment she was gone I rushed up stairs, and called "Caroline! Caroline!" as I unlocked the door. She did not answer. She lay extended on the floor of the closet—her eyes rolled up till only the white glared in their sockets—her features convulsed—and purple as with suffocation. Why dwell on this scene? Horror! horror! it is all the word that can express my feelings.

The physician reported she died by fits. The world believed it; her father never knew otherwise; but on my conscience the burden of her death has lain like a mountain of fire, burning while it bowed me to the earth.

"It is dark! all dark!" sounds constantly in my ears. "It is dark! all dark!" to me, indeed! Would that I could place my trust in the God of light!—*Godley's Magazine*.

An eminent physician has recently discovered that the nightmare in nine cases out of ten, is produced from owing a bill to a newspaper man.

The St. Louis Republican is said to be the largest newspaper; it is four feet ten inches by two feet eight, and holds forty-four columns.

Mrs. Nattie C. Tarbox was thrown from a wagon while riding in Bethel village, Vt., the 12th inst., and killed instantly. Mrs. Tarbox was the widow of the late James Tarbox, of Randolph.

Charles Andrews, who was arrested in July last for placing obstructions on the Harlem railroad for the purpose of throwing the Albany express train from the track, has recently had his trial in Westchester county, and has been sentenced to five years imprisonment.

The oldest inhabitant.—A correspondent of the *Commonwealth* says that a colored woman named Boston, resides in South-east street who is one hundred and nine years old. She was born a slave in Reading, in this state, and became free when slavery was abolished in Massachusetts.

Milk.—Dr. Prout has shown that all our principal alimentary matters may be reduced to three classes: the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous, represented by butter, sugar, and white of egg. Now, milk consists of all three—the curd, which is chiefly albumen; the butter, chiefly oil; and a portion of sugar. Milk is the only substance prepared by nature so completely perfect as to be a compound of these three principles, and therefore its perfection, mixed with bread, as a food for children.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL.

1763.—For Baldwin read Caldwell.

Center—For Colton read Cotton; for Alins read Alice.

1764.—Fowler—For Buhamah read Buhamah.

Richardson Bartholomew—For Aug. 60 read Aug. 24.

Kendall Samuel—For Dec. 8 read Dec. 3.

Wright—For Beauloh read Beulah; for Elizabeth read Elizabeth.

Johnson—For Shubial read Shubael.

Belknap—For Sept. 6, read Sept. 6.

DEATHS IN 1764.

Richardson Bnoch, s. of Silas and Mary, born Aug. 11.

Richardson Jotham, s. of Jotham and Phebe, b. Oct. 13.

1765.

Reed Kezia, d. of George and Mary, born Apr. 22.

Brooks Zachariah, s. of Zachariah and Hannah, b. Apr. 19.

Sherman Susanna, d. of Rev. Josiah and Martha, b. Apr. 7.

Carter Mary, d. of Jabez and Lydia, born Apr. 26.

Eaton Joseph, s. of Jonathan and Lucy, born May 30.

Thompson Daniel, s. of Daniel and Phebe, b. Aug. 13.

Brooks Mary, d. of Isaac and Joanna, born Sept. 11.

Wyman David, s. of Eliphaz and Mary, born Aug. 23.

Convers Jeremiah, s. of Samuel and Mary, b. Aug. 12.

Simonds Sal, d. of Anna and —, born Apr. 19.

Bruce Samuel, s. of James and Mary, born Sept. 2.

Tay Jesse, s. of Isaiah and Abigail, born May 27.

Tidd Samuel, s. of Samuel and Phebe, born Nov. 13.

Bruce David, s. of John and Mary, born Nov. 1.

Snow Persis, d. of James and Persis, born Mar. 28.

Walker Lois, d. of Josiah and Mary, born Jan. 29.

Burton Rebekah, d. of Isaac and Rebekah, b. Sept. 6.

Johnson Martha, d. of William and Sarah, b. Sept. 23.

Carter Joshua, s. of William and Abigail, b. Sept. 22.

Center Bill, s. of Bill and Hannah, born Jan. 23.

Hay Jonathan, Pierpont, s. of John and Sarah, Mar. 22.

Wyman Rosanna, d. of Zebadiah and Elizabeth, Oct. 4.

Wade Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Phebe, b. Feb. 12.

Belknap Samuel, s. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Dec. 10.

Carter Jasper, s. of Simon and Susanna, born Apr. 8.

Wyman Ruth, d. of James and Sarah, born Oct. 25.

Monroe Sarah, d. of John and Ann, born Feb. 8.

Wyman Phebe, d. of Paul and Lucy, born Nov. 20.

Winn John, s. of Joseph and Betty, born Dec. 20.

Reed Hannah, d. of Thomas and Hannah, b. Dec. 20.

Carter Isaac, s. of Adino and Abigail, born Aug. 25.

Brooks Benjamin, s. of Nathaniel and Esther, b. May 18.

Tay John, s. of John and Susanna, born May 14.

Watts Mary, d. of Samuel and Susanna, born Nov. 12.

Wyman John, s. of Nathan and Rebekah, b. Feb. 26.

1766.

Evans John, s. of Andrew and Sarah, born Jan. 10.

Alexander Olive, d. of Zachariah and Rebekah, b. Feb. 6.

Richardson Aaron, s. of Amos and Bethiah, b. Mar. 8.

Tyler Hannah, d. of Moses and Eleanor, born Jan. 18.

Betty Brooks, d. of Ebenezer and Jemima, b. Mar. 8.

Wright Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Ruth, b. Mar. 5.

Richardson Noah, s. of Bartholomew and Abigail, b. July 7.

Richardson Rhoda, d. of Zebadiah and Esther, b. July 17.

Wyman Esther, d. of Jesse and Esther, born Aug. 24.

Simonds Abigail, d. of Nathan and Abigail, b. July 15.

Wyman William, s. of William and Abigail, b. Oct. 12.

Simonds Lucy, d. of Benjamin and Susanna, b. Apr. 6.

Hay Charithoth, d. of John and Sarah, born Oct. 31.

Richardson Josiah, s. of John and Hannah, born Dec. 24.

Richardson Daniel, s. of Jotham and Phebe, b. Sept. 27.

Richardson Asa, s. of Zadok and Sally, born Dec. 20.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wier & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. Dier.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Editors.—We are not disposed to find fault with your remarks. Although in addressing you, you use the very means to get your opinions before the public, which you denoted to "Aristides." We are willing you should be heard, as the Constitutional question is of great importance, far above party, and every voter should understand the principle before he casts his ballot. "The freedom of the press" is the medium through which intelligence is spread, which enlightens the understanding and makes clear the path of duty. Shake it, and men go blindfold, and are led by reckless partisans to the polls.

Editors.—Is no mean antagonist. His remarks may be read with interest. The classic name of "timber" which he uses, grows spontaneously in all men's eyes, but the trouble is we don't discern it in our own until we attempt to take the mote out of a brother's eye. We should all study well our own mission before we attempt to find wrinkles in our brother's face. Brutus will please accept our thanks for his generous remarks on our humble efforts.

Editors.—Your article is well written. The importance of the subject claims its admission.

H. A. Kiro.—Your musings and lines are as usual, good, and will receive early attention.

Editors.—This communication is without a signature, but is dated at Bedford. It is well written and acceptable. The death is inserted as requested; the other will be soon.

Editors.—We wish our correspondents would remember our request; not to write on both sides of a paper. We have mentioned it very often and yet they will do it.

EDITORIAL.

Parade of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

Last Tuesday was another gay day for Woburn. After the Firemen's Celebration, people thought it would be difficult to have such another good time; but we thought that too many good things are just enough, and so it proved on Tuesday; and it is our opinion, as well as others, that the parade and levee last Tuesday has never been exceeded in our town.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the Phalanx, with full ranks, accompanied by Smith's Salem Brass Band, enlivened our citizens by a march through the principal streets, the band filling the air with their martial music; and after receiving, in a handsome and military manner, in front of their armory, the fine members and invited guests, took up their line of march for North Woburn, to try their skill at the target. We marched as an invited guest in the rear.

There is always something exciting in a military march in the country. The music of a military band has full scope, and the martial sounds spread over the distant fields and strike the hills, bringing back its echo, which to a military ear, adds firmness to the step, and ambition to the heart, and then comes the soldier's pride, as he views the gatherings and greetings from the fair inmates of the "homes," with the cheerful faces of the old, and these were numerous as we marched through Central Square, one of the thriving spots in our good town.

As we arrived in front of the venerable old mansion, the birth place and home of the late "Count Rumford," we remembered the early history of that remarkable man, and wished we could note down all the thoughts and aspirations of these men of the revolution, who had crossed the threshold of that ancient home; and on the opposite side, we passed the "Baldwin Farm" with its ancient buildings, celebrated as the spot where the Baldwin apple originated; the lands and rural scenery around these ancient relics are pleasant to the eye, and instructive to the mind.

North Woburn is a flourishing part of our town. We passed through it to a pine grove surrounded by rising grounds, in the centre of which was a pond, across which, at shooting distance, were the targets. The shooting was, as a whole, excellent and very creditable, as the targets fully proved; and the old merry head, painted by our neighbors Otis & Bailey, would not have laughed quite so broadly, if it had been flesh and blood.

The prizes were elegant silver medals, bearing appropriate inscriptions, and were awarded to those making the three best average shots, one prize being contended for by the fine members, and two by the active members of the corps.

By the fine members, the prize was won by their commander, Col. Moses P. Winn, and by the active members, the first prize was won by private Thos. Glynn, and the second by private John I. Richardson.

While the active members were practicing at target, and after the fine members had finished, the latter, together with the officers of the active members, by invitation of Col. M. P. Winn, proceeded to his residence and partook of a collation furnished in ample and very neat style.

The target practice being ended, and the prizes awarded, the retrograde march to the Town Hall commenced. On the march Capt. Winn exercised his company in their correct performances, which need no praise from us, as they all well know, and if any company in the Massachusetts line of volunteer militia think they are superior, they can no doubt be satisfied of their error.

About 8 o'clock the company came through Main street and took our citizens by surprise. Two persons marching in front, were constantly letting off fire-works, which, through the dense darkness, presented one of the most beautiful sights we ever saw of the kind. It was a capital manoeuvre, and in military phrase, presented a brilliant front. We liked this, and so did every one who saw it.

The company formed a line in front of the

Town Hall, when we of the rear passed to the front, and entered the hall. The tables were set out in very handsome style by J. B. Smith, of Boston, who always does up these matters as they should be done. After the company had marched in, and the ladies on the floor, the good things provided were partaken in the levee style. We noticed amongst the invited guests at the tables, Hon. A. H. Nelson, Col. J. D. Greene, of the 4th Regiment, Capt. Meacham and Lieut. Belcher, of the Cambridge City Guards, Capt. French of the Boston City Guards, J. P. Converse, Esq., and several other military gentlemen and citizens of distinction.

It was very gratifying to see so many of our respected citizens, with their wives and fair daughters, paying by their presence, that respect and confidence which is due to citizen soldiers, and especially when they comprise the wealthy and promising members of our community. We have been something of a soldier, and know the feeling which this respect creates.

The gentlemanly reporters of the *Boston Journal* and the *Sunday Despatch*, who were pleased to meet at the table, and we have no doubt but that they left our levee with some favorable impressions. They are indebted to the *Boston Journal* for the report of the sentiments and remarks:—

The repast over, and while the table was being cleared and removed, Capt. Winn made a few pertinent remarks, expressing his thanks to his command for their fine appearance on the occasion, and for their soldierly and gentlemanly deportment throughout the year, and adverting to the fact that other companies in the immediate vicinity has been organized and disbanded since the formation and organization of his command, happily alluded to the fact that one great cause of their own prosperity and success was the fact that they had the cheerful countenance of the ladies in their endeavors to maintain an able and efficient military corps in their own town, and that the present was the first occasion on which the ladies had met his command while on duty as soldiers. He concluded his remarks by giving as a sentiment—

The Fine Members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.—May they never regret the day on which they made their first parade with the active members.

Hon. A. H. Nelson was called upon, and at the close of a few remarks, gave a sentiment complimentary to Col. Greene of the 5th Regiment.

Col. Greene briefly responded, and gave as a sentiment—

Chivalry and Discipline.—Both of them exemplified this evening in the parade and festival of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

Lieut. Converse, of the W. M. P., gave as a sentiment—

The Boston City Guards.—As good a corps as anything French can make it.

Capt. French being thus called upon, was received with six rousing cheers, and in a most happy manner alluded to the pleasure he felt at seeing the fair portion of creation, with their bright eyes and smiling faces, mingling at the festive board with the citizen soldier. Adverting to the high reputation attained by the W. M. P., among the military of the State, he remarked that they had earned it, they deserved it, and well do they maintain it. In conclusion he gave—

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.—Honoring their profession, long may they continue to emulate the example of those who have gone before them.

Speeches and sentiments appropriate to the occasion were made and given by J. P. Converse, Esq., Col. M. P. Winn, Maj. N. A. M. Dudley, Capt. Grammar, Lieut. Bates, Capt. Wyman, Hon. Bowen Buckman, Capt. Edgell and others. Among the sentiments offered, were the following:—

By Capt. Edgell—*The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.*—A safeguard for the State of Massachusetts, an honor to old Middlesex, and the honor and glory of Woburn. May they never be so unfortunate as to be commanded by an officer who is above the duty of a soldier.

By Col. Fowle, editor of the *Woburn Journal*.—

Our Citizen Soldiers.—The pride and honor of New England; whenever the loud reveille shall call to arms, the full ranks of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx will promptly respond to the call.

By Capt. Grammar. *Our Fine Members.*—

By their readiness to join us they manifest their confidence in us; may we so conduct ourselves that they may feel that their confidence has not been misplaced.

Capt. T. G. Banks, Jr., of Nashua, N. H., being unable to be present, sent the following:—

The Past, Present, and Future Officers of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.—As long as they continue to drop the sword and epaulet, and resume the musket and fall into line as soldiers, so long the corps will continue to be what it now is—the largest corps in the Bay State, and a perfect model of the citizen soldiery.

The table having been removed, the company retired in the merry dance, which continued till a late hour, when they separated for their homes, all pleased and happy at attending the Military Levee of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx; and it would not surprise us to hear that many an incorrigible bachelor, seized with a panic of the heart, at the full ranks of beauty, mustered on the floor, had grounded his arms, and surrendered at discretion.

We cannot pass over the performance of the Salem Brass Band, without awarding to them the merited praise which they deserve, and received. We place them in the front rank as a military band, and they want in our opin-

ion, the stirring notes of the old-fashioned bugle to complete their perfection.

The day was pleasant after the severe storm and everything contributed in making the parade one of the finest, which the Phalanx had ever enjoyed.

Capt. Winn, officers and privates, will please accept our thanks, for their polite invitation to us, to join in their parade and levee.

At a county convention, held at Concord, on the 27th inst., of the National Democrats, opposed to coalition with the Free Soil party, the following gentlemen were nominated as candidates for Senators for the county of Middlesex, at the approaching election, viz:—Gorham Brooks, Esq., of Medford, A. H. Ward, Esq., of Newton, Gen. Abijah Thompson of Woburn, Col. Timothy Butterfield, of Tyngsboro, Col. Joseph Holbrook, of Concord, and B. W. Colburn, Esq., of Holliston.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Patrick Smith, of this town, aged sixty years, while blasting rocks on the premises of Jonathan Fowler, on Friday last, received a blow on his head from a falling stone; he stood behind the body of a tree, as he supposed, out of harm's way. He was able to walk home to his house in Spring street, but soon after became insensible and paralytic on the right side. The wound in the scalp was dressed, and he remained without any material change in the symptoms till Wednesday, when Dr. Cutter trepanned his head beneath the wound and found nothing. He then took out another piece of bone on the other side of the head, where there was not the slightest appearance of any injury, and removed half a tea-cup full of clotted blood, which had been effused within the shell. Consciousness did not return, as might have been expected from the removal of the immediate cause of the paralysis, and Mr. S. continued to fail gradually till his death, on Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Although the operation was not followed with a favorable result, it was eminently successful in accomplishing its intent, namely: the discovery and removal of the effused blood from within the cranium. This is the only operation of the kind, trepanning, that has been performed in town for thirty years, and adds to the reputation of our resident physicians in that it was performed by one of their number.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps the following historical statistics may be interesting to some of your readers, as the Baptist Society in this town have just re-opened their house of worship, after enlarging and repairing it.

The First Baptist Church of Woburn, was constituted at West Cambridge, July 5, 1781. Afterwards it was removed here, as most of its members lived here at the time of its removal. The society was formed, and the first meeting-house built, in 1794, while Elder John Peak was their minister. Previous to this, they held their meetings in an upper room of a house, belonging to Mr. Edgell, near the canal bridge, where Mr. H. Flagg's now is.

The first meeting-house stood where Col. Winn's house stands; afterwards removed a few rods north, and is now improved for mechanical purposes. It contained some 38 or 40 pews below, had galleries, old-fashioned elevated pulpit, deacon's seat below and "sounding board" above. The present house was dedicated May 1828. It cost, including land, about \$8000, and contained 108 pews in all. It now contains, by the enlargement, 148 pews.

The society have had 16 pastors, viz: Thomas Greene, settled 1783, dismissed 1793; John Peak, " 1794, " 1796; Elias Smith, " 1798, " 1801; Samuel Wydon, " 1808, " 1811; Thomas Waterman, " 1811, died 1814; Herbert Marshall, " 1816, dismissed 1818; George Phippen, " 1818, " 1820; Adoniram Judson, " 1820, " 1822; J. N. Seaman, " 1823, " 1825; S. S. Mallory, " 1826, " 1828; B. C. Wade, " 1830, " 1833; T. B. Ripley, " 1834, " 1836; Noah Hooper, " 1837, " 1840; S. B. Randall, " 1840, " 1847; J. C. Stockbridge, " 1848, " 1852; Joseph Ricker, " 1853.

N.

The Agricultural fair this year, have been well attended, and the exhibitions of all descriptions of agricultural articles, produce, and stock generally, have been far superior to former years. The exhibitions are growing in public favor, and conclusively show great improvements in this valuable branch of our country's staple wealth.

The Middlesex Agricultural Fair, at Concord, this year, was much larger, and more interest manifested than ever before. The display of manufactured goods was excellent, the cattle a great improvement. The plough-match better than ever. We wish our citizens would wake up about these agricultural matters, and take an interest in the Middlesex Society. We might have an agricultural fair in Woburn.

Many communications are left out today, to give room for other matter.

We call the attention of our readers to our advertising columns. The new store of Mr. Artemas Wood, Jr., is filled with fashionable boots and shoes, at fair prices.

One hundred young men left Richmond, Me., Monday, en route for Kentucky, where they intend to cut timber and build vessels. This is a new enterprise, and with the lone, sinew and go aheadness of Maine mechanics, it cannot but succeed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in a late number of your paper a communication on the "Constitutional Propositions," signed "Aristides," to which I think a reply is needed.

By the tenor of his communication, "Aristides" seems to be one of those who think that the opposers of the new constitution are free from "party shackles, party dogmas and party interests," and on the contrary those that uphold it are influenced by "party interests," &c. Now in your humble correspondent's opinion, that is a poor position to occupy; a position not fit to be taken in these days of party strife. Where is the instrument that can be drawn up by politicians that will not favor one or the other party concerned? If "Aristides" thinks that such a thing can or will be done, I can fully assure him that he is greatly mistaken. The time for such purity in politics has not yet arrived; it is away off in the "good time coming." He may rest assured also, that the trashy talk of "no party" will not go down: the people have heard such cries before, and know just how much confidence to place in them.

Your correspondent's chief (or only) objections to the new constitution, is the inequality of the basis of representation; and in the course of his communication he quotes the following article which he finds among the constitutional propositions.

"There shall be, in the Legislature of this Commonwealth, a representation of the people, annually elected, and founded upon the principle of equality."

Now if "Aristides" will take the pains to look at the old, or present, constitution, he will find the same article, word for word, and perhaps, by some process of reasoning, he will show us how much more equal the basis of representation is in the old than in the new constitution, when it is precisely the same—founded upon municipalities and not upon population—the same in principle, though the latter is different and more equal in its provisions. And perhaps he will tell us why municipalities should not be represented in our government. And while he is on the subject, he will perhaps inform us why the United States Senate is based upon the same principle, and why one man in Florida counts as much as fifty in New York, and no one finds fault of it. (Perhaps in answer to the last query he will give as a reason, the danger of the Union.)

Your correspondent, after some talk about "glaring" and "unequal schemes," goes on to show that, under the new constitution, people in Burlington count four times as much as in Woburn, and that the former town sends representatives at the rate of one to 849 inhabitants, and the latter one to 3788 inhabitants. I think there must be a slight mistake here, as Burlington will not be entitled to but one every other year. But how stands it under the old constitution? As "Aristides" seems fond of arraying figures to support his statements, let us figure a little on that, and see if the inequality is any the less "glaring."

The towns of Acton, Billerica and Sudbury have a population of 4340 and three representatives, while Woburn, Waltham and Framingham have a population of 12,137, and the same number of representatives. Will "Aristides" explain the equality of that?

Had I space I could show a whole column of figures with the same result in other counties or other portions of the state.

"Aristides" seems to forget that all his arguments and figures tell as hard on the old as they do on the new constitution, and he forgets, too, that the basis in the former is the same as in the latter, and that the provisions are decidedly worse and more glaringly unequal. But perhaps he will say that he is no more in favor of the one than the other, but would have another convention and another constitution, with the representation based on the district system. Now he knows that the real question for the people to decide in November, is whether we shall have the new or the old constitution. And he knows, too, that the people will not sanction another convention, costing as much as it does, for a long while, and if he will take the pains to look a little farther in "constitutional propositions" he will find that it is provided therein that the Legislature of 1856 shall present a district system which may be substituted for the town system, if the people shall think it necessary. Thus by voting for the new constitution we shall have a remedy for all this inequality. While by preventing its adoption we shall have the same old unequal and disfranchising system for ten, or perhaps twenty years longer, which did not have one solitary advocate in the late convention.

But it seems to be the prevailing idea among the opposition to raise a false issue. They would have it that if the new constitution is rejected, we shall have another convention and another better constitution. Now they know this to be a cheat, for the people are not prepared to have a convention every year, costing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or according to the *Boston Courier's* cyphering, but little less than a quarter of a million. They know this to be a humbug, too transparent and shallow to be tolerated—got up expressly to perpetuate the present constitution—and I repeat it, that the real issue before the people is, shall we have the present or the proposed constitution.

But what is there after all in this town representation that is so unequal and glaring, or unjust? Two departments of our government, the Council and the Senate, will be based on population, and why should not the towns in some way or other, in some department or other be represented? They are just as much parts of our state as the states are of the nation. The states are represented, why should not the towns be? I do not see why

every department of our government should be based upon the district system; such a system would tend to consolidation and give the cities and large towns the control of the government. It would take the power from the people, and place it in the hands of a few bankers and brokers of State street, or manufacturers of Lowell. Cotton and cash would have unlimited sway. Would this be right or equal? I think not, and I cannot help coming to the conclusion that it was a wise and democratic motive that governed the majority of the late convention, when they decided to retain the town representation. However, I am willing to let the people decide and by voting for the new constitution, we shall have the district system proposed in 1856, and there will be time enough to discuss that question then.

In closing I would suggest to "Aristides" that he should study well the proposed amendments, and glance occasionally to the old constitution and show us the bright as well as the shady side of the former, or if he prefers a shady subject, let him show us that side of the latter, and see which of the two is the darkest. Voters of Massachusetts, the ideas of November are near at hand. Will you have the old or the new constitution? Shall foggyism or progress prevail? We shall see.

KOSCIUSKO.

North Woburn, Oct. 24, 1853.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The Woburn Journal has always been a welcome visitor at my house. Its editorials, and contributions, have been read with interest. I have regarded its course as fair and straightforward. It has pursued the design it marked out as an independent country paper, whose object was to diffuse general intelligence in the community, record the local affairs incident to the neighborhood, and be the vehicle of such communications as the literary spirit of the town or vicinity might furnish, with as much directness as can be usually attained in a journal of the kind. The political questions of the day have received no attention or have been alluded to only for general information. When therefore I saw a departure from its well known character, in the communication of "Aristides," I was startled into the belief that it might soon become a party paper. At once I resolved to address you on the subject, and did so. That article you published, with comments. Had you, as is your custom, alluded to the article on the constitution, in your remarks to correspondents, and stated that it was admitted because it was well and courteously written, although it might infringe upon the general course of the *Journal*, but that you would publish anything on the other side of the issue should it be offered, you would at once have been relieved of the suspicion of catering to a particular party. But as nothing was said, I very naturally apprehended you were disposed to admit the article in question, and give it currency, because it jumped with your own views, and found it a very convenient way of expressing them through a correspondent. However, as you disclaim all intention to give any preponderance to one side or the other of the constitutional question, and seem to regard it as a fair subject for discussion, I cheerfully withdraw such remarks as were made last week, in reference to the *Journal* and its editor.

It seems hardly necessary for me to vindicate myself from the charge of attempting to "control the freedom of the press." Such a charge cannot properly be made out of an attempt to admonish any one, who, while pretending to hold a neutral position in the community, covertly acts as a partisan, or lends himself or his press, to propagate party opinions. If I have mistaken the *Journal's* intentions in this respect I am happy to hear it, and trust I shall have no occasion hereafter to "control" it. Independence of the press is a quality I greatly admire, and shall always be glad to see it exercised by you, but that is a thing widely remote from hypocrisy or pretending to be what you are not, which was the disposition upon which I chose to comment. If the "freedom of the press" suffers no more restraint than what are imposed by me, it will have no occasion to ask for a more extended area.

Brutus has no doubt a "political beam" may exist in his eye, but he also has no doubt that a similar piece of "timber" may be found in the eyes of many who would be regarded as the very pink of candor, and as having thrown aside party "shackles and party interests."

Having disposed of preliminary matters let me for a moment examine the alleged inequalities of the new constitution as compared with the present one.

The figures I shall rely upon are not made up by myself, but are found in pamphlets and papers issued both by Whigs, and the friends of the new constitution. By the propositions before the people, the several counties of the State, elect representative as follows:

Franklin, 1 rep. for every 1456 inhabitants.	
Hampshire, 1 " " 1648 "	
Dukes, 1 " " 1698 "	
Berkshire, 1 " " 1752 "	
Worcester, 1 " " 2068 "	
Hampden, 1 " " 2281 "	
Plymouth, 1 " " 2248 "	
Barnstable, 1 " " 2228 "	
Middlesex, 1 " " 2479 "	
Norfolk, 1 " " 2564 "	
Essex, 1 " " 2915 "	
Bristol, 1 " " 2870 "	
Nantucket, 1 " " 2926 "	
Suffolk, 1 " " 3878 "	

Now it is very indignantly inquired, shall Franklin and Hampshire have twice the political power that is given to Essex, Bristol and Suffolk? and voters are hotly appealed to put down such a system of rotten borough inequality. But let us see the system that is provided in our present "venerated constitution," under it

Franklin elects a rep. for every 1456 inhab.

Hampshire, " " " 2197 "	
Dukes, " " " 1837 "	
Berkshire, " " " 2284 "	
Worcester, " " " 3276 "	
Hampden, " " " 2602 "	
Plymouth, " " " 2647 "	
Barnstable, " " " 2660 "	
Middlesex, " " " 2667 "	
Norfolk, " " " 2764 "	
Essex, " " " 2845 "	
Bristol, " " " 2729 "	
Nantucket, " " " 3926 "	
Suffolk, " " " 3141 "	

Here are the two systems. Now is there any such inordinate inequality under the first as to make its burdens so much more grievous to be borne than those of the last. The Whigs made these inequalities, and have thought the system so perfect as to need no change. But there is another thing. Should the present constitution stand, there will be no opportunity to reform the representation for many years to come, and as the population increases the inequalities will increase.

By voting for the constitutional propositions, the district or equal system, can be introduced within three years, and the great evils and inequalities of the town representation, if they really are such, entirely done away. It must be remembered also that the proposed constitution provides for an equal or district representation in the Senate, which modifies very much whatever inequalities may exist with regard to the House, as that body will be constituted for a few years. Again, the proposed constitution districts the cities, and thus destroys the great centralizing power which they now exert. Boston sends annually to the Legislature 44 representatives, all of one stamp. Every voter in that city votes for 44 men, while a voter in Woburn, casts a ballot for only one man. The large minority in Boston have had no representation in either branch of the Legislature for many years. If the new constitution is adopted they will have an opportunity to be occasionally heard. By the failure to elect representatives in a large number of the country towns, and the almost certainty of electing them in all our principal cities, the practical operation of the present system is to give an undue share of influence to these great centres of population. This, as I have said will be diminished by the new constitution.

It will be seen then that the terrible "inequalities," which are alleged to exist in the constitutional propositions, are but the creations of an active fancy, or at least are no worse than those that have a being under the present basis, and what is better, there is now a way provided in which these may be disposed of, and the truly democratic system adopted if the people shall so will it.

BRUTUS.

Apology in Answer to Sturgis Co. No. 1.

Alas! that flowers must fade,
Or else, the wreath we twind
Should in bright beauty all arrayed
Have fallen at thy shrine.

But Hope, with rainbow hue is seen,
To bid the battle won;
And victory, with laurel green,
Shall crown you—Number One.

Now "One" and "Two" make Three, you say?
The proof is still to try:
So "Ready" be, when "Duty" way
Shall point to unity.
Central Square F.

TO OUR LADY READERS.—A tasteful, unique and rich "Dress Hat" well fashioned withal, adds more to the personal charms, than thrice the amount invested in any other article of the ladies' wardrobe. The one style of bonnet however fashionable the form, becomes every face, is most absurd. Messrs. Crosby & Covery, through the invaluable experience of their "prime mover," Madame A. G. Dawes, have studied to favor the different tastes of their patrons, and it is from their inviolable success to which we must attribute their unrivalled position in the world of fashion. On Thursday next, the various fabrics of French millinery, in connection with an elegant variety of their own manufactures, will be ready for the scrutiny of the public; and never have persons made greater exertions to merit a liberal share of patronage, than have the enterprising proprietors of "White's Bonnet Saloons," 93 and 99 Hanover street, for the ensuing season. French aristical to wit, with their unequalled finish, challenge competition; and the unceasing industry of determination must be productive of "brilliant novelties," and must be appreciated by a discerning people. We predict a brilliant scene on the 31 of Nov., and doubt not that their Saloons will be lined with happy faces, all eager to praise and admire the endless variety of rich millinery before and around them. As this is the "Grand Fall Opening," we shall avail ourselves of the invitation to take a peep into their sanctum, and earnestly invite our readers to meet us there, and we will join our voices in proclaiming "White's Bonnet Saloons," the fashionable rendezvous for fashionable people.—*Boston Journal.*

Special Notices.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE following lectures have been engaged:—
E. A. Whipple, Esq., Rev. John Pierpont,
Dr. O. W. Holmes, Madame Leodora,
Prof. R. G. Hitchcock, Prof. J. G. Boyt,
Rev. A. L. Stone, Hon. John A. Bolles, Hon. Albert H. Nelson, Rev. Mr. Ricker, Richard H. Dana, Esq., Wendell Phillips, Esq., Rev. R. C. Waterston, Mr. George M. Champey.

Others will be engaged, and will be duly announced. The opening lecture, in the Vestry Room of Rev. Mr. Edwards' church, will be delivered Monday evening, Nov. 7, by E. P. Whipple, Esq. Subject, "Eccentricities of character."

A season ticket, admitting a gentleman, will be 75 cents; admitting a lady, 50 cents. No ticket for a single evening only, will be sold. Tickets for sale at the Woburn Book Store, and at the usual places. oct29/53

WO BURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 4.

POETRY.

THE FADED BELLE TO HER MIRROR.

Flatterer, do you meet again?
Not as in days of yore?
And yet, methinks, not all in vain,
Though flattery still may come to seek
Here fully once would find:
Here wipe deception from the cheek,
And look upon the mind.

And did my eye's enraptured gaze
Find here its girlish rest—
And deem amid my beauty's blaze
All bright within my breast?
And drooped it not to think the while
That when no longer young
How weak is withering Beauty's smile—
How useless is her tongue!

Oh! calmer now—though late to learn,
I'll study not in vain,
And when my eyes within I turn,
Turn not to thee again.
With beauty now, the praise of earth
No more to seek or shun—
'Twill be enough if future worth
Can win the smile of one.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EBRON:—The subject of temperance is thought by many to be stale and worn threadbare, but not by one who has lived more than fourscore years, and has witnessed the destruction of many a dear and valuable relative, by the use of the fatal poison, which has destroyed more persons, made more miserable and unhappy wives, and unprotected orphans, than all other causes, and as our elections are soon to take place, the result of which will either sustain our present excellent liquor law, with a few necessary amendments, which done, and is doing, an immense good, or will repeal the law and place the community in a more miserable and wretched state than it was before the law was enacted. I have no idea of writing much upon the subject, for two reasons: one is that long speeches, and long written arguments are generally listened to with great indifference, and seldom read; the other is, I have not the necessary talents to do justice to so important a subject, but as many aggravated cases of intemperance have occurred in my own town, and come within my own knowledge, you will pardon me for mentioning a few of them with the hope that they may obtain one temperance vote at least.

Previous to the late State Convention, I felt at a loss who would be the most available candidate for the office of governor, have when mentioned, of the several parties, neither of whom were agreeable to me, but I had made up my mind to vote for the temperance candidate, provided the whigs should nominate a man of doubtful mind. I was born a Federalist, and shall die with Federal principles, but as the subject is now, run or no run, I had concluded to vote for that man the most in favor of the liquor law. Being fearful that neither would be chosen by the people, and all would depend upon the Legislature. But since I have seen the candidate proposed by the Whig convention, I feel rejoiced, and have little doubt of its success, even by the people. I have personally known Judge Woburn for a long time; he came into the Legislature, I think, in 1835 or '36, as the representative of Worcester. I was then a member from Braintree. He was then a young and very active attorney, frequently spoke, and I thought rather too often, but always to the purpose. He first proposed the first fifteen gallon law, and by his superior talents and perseverance, the law was enacted, which, although by some condemned, did much good. It opened the eyes of some that were asleep, and set the ball rolling, which has rolled many a gallon down the hill, and saved many a poor man, who otherwise might have gone down the hill with it. I have known him ever since, and can say without fear of contradiction, take him all in all, that there is no man (now in the state) that can obtain so many votes as he can. He has talents, is strictly temperate, and in favor of the liberty of all, and you cannot say more of any man, even of a Washington or an Adams.

When I was a boy, my father had a young man (then of good standing) who worked for him. One day, when at work on the high way, after drinking his grog, as was then usual, he got into a dispute with his father and struck him with a hoe. Those present severely censured him for his cruelty, and told him a curse would follow him for his disobedience. It soon became generally known; he was neglected by every one, soon became very intemperate, lost all his property, had a severe stroke of palsy, lost the use of his speech, was sent to the poor-house, where he lingered for two and a half years, and died a miserable drunkard.

A very respectable citizen of the town, who had held many important offices, had a son, that settled in Cambridge, kept a grocery store and sold rum, and acquired a good deal of property. His father, by misfortune, lost his property and became poor. He went to see his son, and asked him for some assistance. The son had been drinking, took his aged father by the shoulder, and kicked him into the street and bruised him shamefully. I then kept a store in Boston; he came into it, showed me his arm, which was bruised from the wrist to the shoulder, and said it was done by his own son. The good people of Cambridge soon deserted his store, no one would trade with him but the

drunkard. He soon failed, and died a miserable drunkard in the almshouse.

I had a dear and near relative who was educated at Cambridge college, classmate with the present excellent Judge Shaw, and graduated with as much honor as any one of his class, studied law and commenced practice with the greatest prospects of success. He was considered one of the first lawyers, and did more business than any attorney of his standing, built himself an elegant house, and had the confidence of all. One rainy day I was in his office. I found there a number of idle men who generally frequent lawyer's offices; he took from a closet a jug of rum, and they all drank. I observed to him that that jug would be his ruin. He was quite offended, and asked me if I thought he would ever be a drunkard. I told him yes, if he continued to use that jug. He did continue the use of it, soon began to lose his business; his library was attached and sold at auction. I bought it and gave it to him, and reminded him of the conversation of the jug. But he was too far gone. He continued the use of too jug. His house and his all was sold, was reduced to extreme poverty, lived alone in a small tenement, upon charity of his relations. I called in one day, found him reading Blackstone. I asked him if he did not feel dull and lonely when he thought of former times. His answer was:—"Can any one feel dull or lonely when he has that book to read?" at the same time, had I have given him a few cents, he would have laid them out for New England rum. He soon died, an old man of the appearance of eighty years old, when only fifty.

Another young man of this town, of equal talents, studied law with the late Gov. Sullivan, whose son, the late Hon. William Sullivan told me that no young man of superior talents ever studied with his father. He commenced the practice of the law in the city of Boston, and succeeded remarkably well; came to Braintree, practiced law, had as much business as any lawyer in the county. He made use of the jug, by using a little, but soon became a confirmed drunkard, and died miserably with the delirium tremens, leaving four small children, his wife having died before with a broken heart. Now, sir, can any man of common sense, with or without a family, who has the fear of God before his eyes, advocate the repeal of this law, and make money his god, in preference to all other considerations? I could mention a number of similar cases that have occurred in this vicinity, but I hope a recital of the above will induce some one to advocate the election of Judge Woburn, and acquit his conscience from advocating the repeal of the law, and do all in his power to sustain it. BRAINTREE.

THE WORD LADY.

As the word "lady" has become so general in use among us, we must unavoidably consent to hear it uttered often in our midst. But we would rather hear the old Saxon term "Woman." There is in its very sound a world of tender and lovely interest, which strike a cord of man's feelings which will continue to vibrate until the heart is cold in death.

With woman we associate all the tender endearments of home, fond recollections, innocent enjoyments, and of love with its thousand ministrations, striving life's pathway with flowers of happiness from the cradle to the grave.

Woman is the guardian angel of mercy; from infancy to old age men's life is friendly associate, his companion in every stage of his being. The mother, whose changeless affection made the sunshine from our early day, and who is the property of every thing excellent and lovely was once a woman, and the heart could be satisfied with no other word in all, in view of her virtues and her worth. No such hallowed associations cluster around the word "lady." The image it conveys to the mind is one of adoration and respect, but it will never be enshrined in the heart, and like its rival worship there in solitude and silence.

We have another reason for the preference. We learned to love the word woman, when in early life we read the account of the devout Abigail, the honored Mary, who was the mother of our incarnate Mediator. These were all women; so were the many female worthies who shine so bright upon the page of inspiration, as the friends and attendants of our blessed Lord. Woman was *lost* at the cross, and *first* at the grave. Shunning no danger and fearing no danger where her affections were concerned. But let us be understood, it is not the thing represented, but the term chosen to express it, to which we have reference.

The ideas which the word "lady" are intended to convey, we would help to impress upon the minds of every friend in the land, they embody all that is high and holy in strength of intellect, purity of heart, uprightness of principle, and that winning grace which makes every word wisest, most virtuous, and most discreet. But while we freely make this admission to the "lady," we claim in behalf of our favorite woman, an equal share of excellence and loveliness.

We cannot subscribe to the vulgar opinion that wealth, station, or fine dress, make the "lady," and want of them the woman.

On the contrary we believe that wherever mental cultivation and moral worth are found, whether in the cottage or on the throne, they

constitute the lady, and in the truest sense of the word. And that the best and noblest of our sex could be known by no other appellation more honorable than that of woman.

But we have almost betrayed into a homely where we intended to make only a casual remark. We beg the pardon of our readers for the long prologance, and respect the question with which we began.

What constitutes a lady? There is no one subject on which the youthful female is so apt to imbibe false impressions as this of which we are speaking. She is destined to be considered a lady, but if she is destitute of wealth, if she have no splendid equipage, no routine of servants at her command, how can she aspire to such a distinction. Still worse—if from necessity or inclination, she supports herself by the labor of her hands, or is partially acquainted with the details of domestic economy, she considers herself and is considered by many others, as out of pole of ladydom and belonging to the domain of women. We protest against this idea and its primeval results. In the first place it separates intelligence from industry, and regards them as incompatible with each other. A most serious and mischievous mistake, as every day's experience fully proves. Secondly, it assumes the important fact that something besides character constitutes the qualification for good society. And that the virtuous, intelligent and useful woman who happens to be destitute of certain external advantages may not venture to style herself a lady. And it also has a powerful influence in tending to keep down, as it were, the ambitious and aspiring feelings of the youthful female; when, if no such impression was encouraged, and believed she would ultimately step forth in society as one of the first to be respected, cherished and loved. Thus we see that one false idea cherished and imparted to others may be the cause of much evil, of much unhappiness and of much injury. Let us then cherish, imbibe and extend those ideas which may help to encourage those who, although not favored with an over abundant supply of riches and beauty, have those attainments of influence and refinements which render them worthy of the society of the most wealthy or the most refined.

H. A. W.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ISRAEL STILES, Who Died at North Woburn, July 2d, 1852. Aged 37 Years.

BY MARY WARD WELLMAN.

The deceased was a man of high moral character, and much beloved and respected as a citizen, neighbor and friend. Possessing all those amiable traits of character which make man an upright honest being, how could he fail to have been respected and loved. "Industry," that avenue to domestic enjoyment, was ever his delight. With so many good qualities, and with such an orderly course of life, his virtues will surely live after him. The grave holds him within its dark embrace, but those good, and never to be forgotten traits of character will render his memory doubly dear to all connexions and friends.

The deceased had for many years a disease of the heart. He often spoke to his companions concerning his disease, and often said he looked forward to a sudden death. His warning was short; he breathed his last after a few hours illness, and his spirit returned to God who gave it. He died the second day of July, and was buried on the fourth, which day, being his birthday, made the occasion one of deep solemnity.

A widow and a little daughter are left to mourn the loss of husband and father. The widow's lot is one of sadness, one of loneliness and sorrow, let her be in whatever circumstances she may. The companion of her joys, the sharer of her grief, her all, has departed. But to such as cast all upon the Lord, and mourn not as those without hope, much consolation is found, and a calm and holy quiet comes over the soul, and as it leans upon its God, it feels no weight of gloom, and the mind enjoys that peace which passeth understanding. May heaven cheer the heart, and keep the soul blameless of her who is left to pass a few more days upon earth.

May that little daughter become the stay and support of her mother in her declining days. Like the dew drops upon the flower, may the smiles of the Lord ever rest upon the little one, to strengthen and nourish her, until she becomes as a polished corner in the temple of the Lord.

Sleep till the morn of resurrection dawn,
Sleep till the trump of God shall bid thee rise;
Then when thy Saviour calls, may thou come forth,
And rise to meet Him in the blissful skies.

Rest from earth's toils, from pain, and sorrow free,
Though dark the grave, and dismal to our sight;
Tears, sighs and moans have filled the home for thee,
When once thy presence made the darkness light.
North Woburn, Oct. 24, 1853.

Virtue is rewarded in France by prizes. A prize of 2000fr has been awarded to Etienne Chanouny, a faithful servant, who has served his mistress, unhappily married, through every vicissitude and reverse of fortune, supported her and her daughter in poverty, and now at sixty years of age cleans apartments in Paris to support her mistress, who is poor and ill. Such devotion deserves reward.

SELECTED.

ANECDOTES.

Lord Nelson, when forced to see men whipped on board ship, ascended to the deck precipitately, read rapidly and in an agitated voice the rules of the service, and then cried "Bontswain, do your duty."

"Often the man about to be flogged cried—'Pardon, Admiral, pardon!' Lord Nelson would then look round at his officers; all keeping silence, he would say—'What! not one of you has pity upon that man or upon my sufferings? untie the man; then he added—'my brave fellow, on the day of battle, remember me.'"

It was very rare that the sailor thus rescued by his Admiral did not distinguish himself at a later period. One day a man was going to be whipped. He was a marine. A beautiful young girl sprang through the crowd of sailors; she fell on her knees before Nelson, and seized his hand.

"Pardon, your Honor," said she, "pardon! he will never be guilty again!" "Your face," said the Admiral, "answers for his future good conduct. Untie that man; he who has such a beautiful creature as this for his friend, cannot be a bad man. This marine became a lieutenant."

Mr. Parris, an English painter, is now engaged in the restoration of the frescoes by Sir James Thornhill, which ornament the cupola of St. Paul's, and which represent, in eight panels, scenes taken from the life of St. Paul. One day, in order to judge of the effect of his painting Sir James, entirely absorbed in his art and forgetful of his position, walked backwards step by step to the very edge of the scaffold, one step more and he would have fallen from the height of 200 feet upon the pavement of the church below. Fortunately a friend who was with him, saw the danger. Instead of calling him or going to him, he seized a brush and made a motion as if about to draw a streak across the picture. At this sight, Sir James sprang like a tiger upon his friend, and was saved.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HORSE.

Between the years 1750 and 1760, a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse and sold him at the end of the journey. The gentleman above alluded to, who was a good judge of horses, as well as an excellent horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the steed on which he rode from Scotland, as soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk a handsome one was offered to him at so cheap a rate that he was led to suspect the animal was unsound, but as he could discover no blemish, he bought the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey; his horse had excellent paces, and the first few miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune in having made so capital a bargain. On a fine common, and at a place where the road ran down a slight ascent and up another, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobility within sight, and the horse, by his manoeuvre, plainly indicated what had been the profession of his former owner. Instead of passing the chaise, he ran close up to it, and stopped it, having no doubt his rider would embrace so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman never doubted the identity of the equestrian, produced his purse unasked, and assured the astonished lawyer that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance. The traveller rallied his steed, and with many apologies to the gentleman he had innocently and unwillingly affronted, pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to the rider, though senseless, as he used to express it, of all offence in word and deed. In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions to which the conduct of his horse gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had formerly ridden him, he found himself obliged to part with the animal for a mere trifle, and to purchase, at a dear rate, one less showy and of inferior action, but of better moral habits.

SUSPENDERS—THEIR BENEFITS.

It is the prevailing fashion, especially in cities, for men to dispense with suspenders, and support their pantaloons by having them made to button tightly around the person, above the hips.

It is our settled conviction, that this practice is decidedly detrimental to health. Much has been justly said against tight lacing, as applied to females; and of suspending heavy skirts to the hips, by fastening them tightly around the waist or loins, where there are no ribs or other bony frame-work to resist the compressive power.

We admit that half a dozen skirts weighing many pounds, are worse for the constitution of the wearer than the drawers and pantaloons as worn by the men, but worse only

because the quantity is greater, and the pressure necessary to sustain them is more. The principle is the same. Females should suspend their skirts mainly by the shoulders.

The hips of boys and men are constitutionally narrower than those of the female; and therefore the clothing thus worn requires to be tighter, to prevent slipping down.

Around the waist and hips, the very place where freedom of action and expansion should, of all the other parts of the trunk, be enjoyed, there is tightness, compression, and a destructive lack of freedom.

We plant ourselves on this point, and claim that our position cannot be disturbed viz: the animal economy, from head to foot, should never be dressed in such manner as in the least degree to cramp the freedom of any action of the body or limbs. Let this be the rule with all, and one-half of our doctors might be spared to cultivate the soil.

The above is from the New York *Physiological Journal*, and contains no small amount of sound sense and solid truth. A case within our own knowledge, of inflammation of the bowels, which resulted in the death of a young man, 45 years of age, was caused, we believe, by the too tight belting of his pantaloons around his waist. Light elastic suspenders are more comfortable than tight lacing the waist.

MR. Mcgregga, the celebrated writer, and Mr. Shulldham, have just ascended Mount Blanc, making numbers thirty-three and thirty-four of those who have ascended that icy summit. Mr. Mcgregga thus gives the story from the apex of the mountain to the crowning scene in the valley:—

"The view was magnificent beyond description. From Lyons to Constance and Geneva all was clear. Beyond that faint horizon could be distinguished, bounded by unknown mountains, but wholly unobscured by clouds, or even fog. After spending nearly an hour on the summit, eating the ice-cream, which, in the form of large cuttle-fish shells, constitute the great dome of Mount Blanc, the descent commenced. In five minutes, by sliding on the soft snow, we attained the spot which from below was an hour from the top, and thus massive rapidly over the ground, with the aid of our alpenstocks, we reached the Grand Mulets, and, finally, the valley below. The bells rung a merry peal—we were Nos. 33 and 34 of those who had ascended Mount Blanc—then the cannon boomed, and the dannels of Chamonix presented bouquet."

A PARAGRAPH FOR HOUSEWIVES.—To those who desire to impart to shirt-bosoms, collars, and other fabrics, that fine and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the following recipe for making gum arabic starch will be most acceptable, and should have a place in the domestic scrap book of every woman who prides herself upon her capacity as a housewife, and the neatness of her own, her husband's and her family's dress; and if she does not take pride in them, her husband is an unfortunate man.—Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire), and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give the laundress (either white, black or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing.

At Florence, some years ago, it was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand piazza at a certain mentioned time would be provided by the duke with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed time the beggars of the city assembled, and the grand duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called "The Beggars' Bridge," and the city, for the time being, was relieved of the beggars by which it had been previously overrun, as none would give to the well dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tale of distress.

TURKISH STONE FOR THE MONUMENT.—A block of marble is now in Constantinople waiting for a conveyance to the United States, intended by the Sultan as a testimony of his respect for the character and memory of Washington. The carving and inscription are richly gilded. In the centre of what is called the toogra is the monogram or cypher of the sovereign, and is equivalent to the arms of other countries. It contains the legend—"Abd ul Majid Khan, son of the Sultan Mahmoud Khan. May his victories be perpetuated." To the right of the toogra is a sprig of fresh roses, which is the particular sign of the present young Sultan. Beneath this are two lines in the Turkish language (which is thus translated into English), with the date of the hegira 1269, A. D. 1853:—"To aid in the perpetuation of the friendship existing between the two countries, Abd ul Majid Khan's name is written on the Monument of Washington."

WO BURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Wade Nathaniel, s. of Ebenezer and Phoebe, born April 8.
Belknap Mary, d. of William and Mary, born Sept. 25.
Bruce Sally, d. of George and Mary, born Oct. 30.
Richardson Silas, s. of Silas and Mary, born June 21.
Alexander Abraham, son of Abraham and Jerusha, born Feb. 1.
Kendall Joel, s. of Joshua and Susanna, born Dec. 16.
Parker Ruth, d. of Josiah and Mary, born Oct. 1.
Richardson Heman, son of Edward and Sarah, born Jan. 21.
Flagg Betty, d. of Benjamin and Hannah, b. April 16.
Lawrence Dorcas, d. of Jonathan and Elizabeth, born Sept. 7.
Johnson Josiah, son of Josiah and Sarah, b. Jan. 19.
Wyman Margery, d. of Jonathan and Abigail, born Oct. 24.
Wyman Priella, d. of Ezra and Eunice, born Feb. 31.
Walker Samuel, son of Joshua and Mary, b. July 13.
Russell Joshua, son of Jesse and Elizabeth, born June 9.
Tidd Comfort, d. of Jonathan and Suriah, b. Apr. 3.
Richardson Anne, d. of Zachariah and Phoebe, born May 18.
Richardson Sarah, d. of Jeduthan and Mary, born Jan. 29.
Converse Joshua, son of Josiah and Hepzabah, born Jan. 20.
Richardson Loamm, son of Jacob and Judith, born March 30.
Richardson Abel, son of Abel and Mary, born Jan. 26.
Reed Abigail, d. of Joseph and Relief, born Jan. 20.
Eaton Lilly, son of Noah and Deborah, born March 8.
Wyman Silas, son of Silas and Susanna, born June 3.
Belknap Olive, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. May 1.
Alexander Arba, son of John and Abigail, b. June 27.
French Joseph, son of Asa and Hannah, born July 24.
Brooks Elizabeth, d. of Zachariah and Hannah, b. June 8.
Fowler Margery, d. of Josiah and Margery, b. Oct. 6.
Converse Abigail, d. of Samuel and Mary, b. Aug. 23.
Homer John, son of Robert and Rebekah, b. June 6.
Johnson Anna, d. of William and Sarah, born Aug. 19.
Thompson Ebenezer, son of Hiram and Bridget, Nov. 5.
Hubbard John, son of Lazarus and Abigail, born Sept. 22.
Caldwell, Joseph, son of Jacob and Sarah, b. Jan. 24.
Wood Joanna, d. of James and ———, born July 23.
Johnson Miles, son of Edward and Mary, born April 18.
Fowler Susanna, d. of James and Ruhamah, born Feb. 2.
Richardson Bethiah, d. of Amos and Bethiah, Nov. 9.
Center Jeremiah, s. of Bill and Hannah, born April 23.
Johnson Abigail, d. of William and Abigail, Oct. 28.
Carter Simon, son of Simon and Susanna, b. Jan. 20.
Wade Benjamin, son of Ebenezer and Phoebe, b. Oct. 24.
Reed Mary, d. of Samuel and Eunice, born Aug. 11.
Carter Martha, d. of Jabez and Lydia, born July 5.
Brooks Thomas, s. of Timothy and Ruth, b. March 31.
Wright Ruth, d. of Jonathan and Ruth, born May 17.
Snow Hannah, d. of James and Persis, born May 27.
Wyman, Benjamin, son of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 8.
Johnson Enoch, son of Shubael and Mary, b. Apr. 19.
Winn Abel, son of Joseph and Betty, born Dec. 9.
Reed Sarah, d. of Thomas and Hannah, born July 16.
Smith Jonathan, s. of Abijah and Mary, born March 8.
Johnson Joseph, s. of Joseph and Hannah, b. Feb. 26.
Wright Mary, d. of John and Phoebe, born Feb. 10.
Lawrence Ruth, d. of Jonathan and Rachel, b. Feb. 12.
Welch Eunice, d. of Elkanah, and Mercy b. August 4.
Johnson Jesse, son of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 27.
Wood Lucy, d. of John and Dorcas, born March 11.
Martha & d. Abijah & Mary, b. Feb. 28.
Milly b. Mar. 1.
Johnson Abiathar, s. of Abiathar and Sarah, b. Jan. 19.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wiers & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stonham—Mr. G. W. Dix.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REMARKS.—The appeal of an old friend in the cause of temperance. Read it, for it is all true. The remarks on Judge Washburn cannot displeasure any man. They are for the temperance cause.

AMUSEMENTS.—Was received too late for this week. It is a calm, well written article on the Constitutional question, and will be read with interest by the people.

BLIND OF CHURCH.—We are pleased to hear from you. We have not forgotten your former contributions. Your lines on "Saturday Night" will please your brother mechanics. They will have an early insertion.

IN OUR NOTE TO BRITAIN, last week, an error occurred in the word mission, near the bottom. It should read mirror.

A. S.—We must decline to publish your remarks; they are well written, and would no doubt raise a controversy in which no good will result.

PUBLICITY.—Is too rank. We have noticed that the communication of Aristides, published in the Journal, is going the rounds, and receiving many marks of commendation, as a well written and able article on the constitutional question.

EDITORIAL.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

Our advertising columns announce the lecturers that have been secured by the Lyceum Committee, for the entertainment and instruction of the citizens of Woburn. This list embraces many of the most popular and gifted of those who have entered this department of educational labor. Such lecturers as the crisp and refined Whipple, the pungent and witty Holmes, the dashing and eloquent Phillips, the classic Dana, the brilliant and energetic Stone, the logical and sarcastic Pierpont, and the accomplished Madame Lesdrenier, are enough to give popularity to any course of lectures. It is admitted by all that the series given last season was eminently successful. Judging from the success of the committee in their engagements thus far, the course for the present season will be equally so, as it well deserves to be.

There is one great obstacle that the officers of the Lyceum have continually to contend against, and that is the small amount of means with which they have to work. In no other place in the vicinity, is the price for a course of lectures so low as in this town. This price was fixed several years ago, when many of the lecturers that were then in the field appeared before our lyceums almost as a labor of love. But since the matter of lecturing has come to be a business, a different scale of prices has been adopted by lecturers than that which obtained among them at first. There are some who still continue out of courtesy to visit places where they have frequently been, at the old price. But many refuse to come unless the price is considerably advanced. But our committee cannot feel justified in engaging such lecturers, however distinguished or desirable they may be, because the funds that are supplied them are quite inadequate to the purpose. Even as it is, and at the present price paid to lecturers, hardly a season passes that the committee or their friends are not compelled to settle a "little balance" against the lyceum out of the receptacle for their personal funds. As a partial remedy for these evils the committee have, as their advertisement announces, advanced the price of tickets for gentlemen from fifty to seventy-five cents. They might very reasonably have placed them at one dollar, and they would have been cheap enough at that. As it is, there is no entertainment furnished to the people that is so cheap.

We are apt to think lightly of the dollar or two that is spent on an evening visit to the city, or to a levee, or a dance, or perhaps a little inclined to begrudge the fifty or seventy-five cents, that is laid out for solid mental food. Another comparison may be deemed "odorous," still we cannot refrain from expressing the belief that the four or five cents paid for a lecture, is a better investment than the same amount expended for a cigar. This last appendage to so many human faces may have its value, but we must think a pleasant flow of agreeable and sensible conversation from the social office, a vastly more valuable contribution to social enjoyment than volumes of smoke.

Our young men should avail themselves of the advantages the lectures will give them. They cannot employ their time more profitably than in attending them. Indeed they cannot afford to lose them. We hope to see a full attendance from among this class of our population. We would also call upon all our citizens to respond to the doings of the lecture committee, and purchase tickets freely. Let us have a full house. The social effect of such an audience is very pleasant. Go early and meet your friends and have a chat with them. You will enjoy the lectures so much the more.

The reservoir, opposite the Town Hall is a good one, and in a time of danger by fire, will prove a valuable improvement for the supply of water. How much better our citizens will feel in their homes, when they know that this great security against fire is finished and filled with water.

Our exchanges are boiling over with politics. We are heartily sick of reading the thousand foolish stories and slanders which are daily sent out to the community in the rank political papers. We shall be thankful when the election is over. As to the political honesty of our great political leaders of the different parties, it is about six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

THE NEW RESERVOIR.

Mr. Editor:—The reservoir upon the common is at last completed, and filled with water. It must be exceedingly valuable in case a fire should break out in the centre of the village. This is a fine specimen of substantial masonry, and highly creditable to the builder, Mr. John I. Richardson. The dimensions are as follows:—Diameter of the reservoir, 15 feet; height, 13 feet, ten inches. The covering is of granite, supported by a hollow cylinder of brick, rising at the centre of the reservoir. The external diameter of this cylinder is 5 feet and 4 inches; the wall is eight inches thick, and the diameter of the cylinder within the wall, is 4 feet. There are two openings from the cylinder into the reservoir, each of which is five feet high and twenty inches wide. With such fine companies and engines as we now have, and a plenty of good reservoirs filled with water, the citizens of this village will feel a degree of safety against the ravages of fire that has hitherto been unknown. As it may be a matter of some little interest to know the actual amount of water this reservoir will hold, I will ask some of our school boys and school girls to make an accurate estimate. The solution of this practical problem will be a valuable exercise for them. If any one will state the process, and give the result, you, Mr. Editor, will cheerfully, I doubt not, give it a corner in the Journal.

Ed.—We will cheerfully do it, and hope our young readers will try.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Last Tuesday morning, about 4 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the large tannery of J. B. Winn & Co., on Salem street, destroying the large wooden building, which burned very rapidly. Our fire department were promptly on the ground, with their new engines, which did great execution in saving the surrounding buildings, which must have been destroyed under the old tubs. These buildings were several times on fire. It was fortunate for the owners that most of the leather was in the vats, and was saved. The loss is probably \$300, partly insured. The building belonged to Mr. L. Shaw.

Excelsior Co., No. 1, of Winchester, and Gen. Worth Co., of Stonham, were promptly to our aid, and we regret to learn that Capt. Warland, of Excelsior Co. No. 1, injured his ankle on the way to the fire. Our neighbors will find us ready to return their prompt attention, when an occasion shall occur. It is supposed the fire caught from the engine. Our fire department are deserving of much praise for their great exertions in preventing the spread of the fire. The new engines worked well.

Mexico is full of trouble. She always will be so long as Santa Anna lives and is suffered to rule that unfortunate country. He is now raising a large army for some purpose, best known to himself. His ulterior views are no doubt for a crown. He is very uneasy and will not rest short of Emperor. When he gets on a throne, the people will be ready for a revolution, which will end in the overthrow of the empire and a proposition for annexation.

The island of Cuba is again getting into an uncertain position. England is playing a game of future acquisition, under a kind offer to Spain, for relieving Cuban its system of slavery. Spain is weak, and as she knows that Cuba, sooner or later, will be free, listens to the offer; but the United States have something to say about this matter, and will not suffer the Key to the great Mississippi to pass into the hands of England, or any other power. Mr. Everett's firm declaration to England and France, may be better consummation than he calculated on, when he penned it.

One of the most exciting races which we have seen, was a man about one minute too late at the Lowell Depot in Boston, chasing the cars to overtake them at East Cambridge. Poor fellow, he put on all his steam, but his foot tripped, and he measured his length on the track, and that ended his race. There is no telling what he lost by that trip.

The large ice house in Winchester, near Mystic Pond, was burned last week; no doubt the work of an incendiary.

We believe our fair readers can get as good a bonnet or cap at the new millinery store of Mrs. C. C. Stimpson, in Allen's building, as can be obtained in Boston. Read her advertisement.

A CUNTIORY.—Two negro children, sixteen months old—and joined together in the back by the union of two spines in one—are at present in Baltimore. They were born in North Carolina. The *Clipper* says of them—"Physicians who have examined them pronounce them to be the greatest curiosity ever heard of. Some of their organs are in common, whilst others are perfectly distinct. Often while one is sound asleep the other is wide awake and playful, and the connection such that while one sits erect the other can lie down."

A Spanish engineer has just made the discovery of a gun with which sixty shots can be fired in succession. This diabolical weapon has been presented to the Spanish government.

There are now surviving about 1400 revolutionary pensioners, all of whom are regularly drawing their pay from the treasury of the United States.

In Schuylkill county, Pa., it is said, there is one legally licensed establishment to every nine and a half voters.

FIREMEN'S CELEBRATION AT READING.

Eagle Engine Company, No. 4, Capt. Vaughan, of Reading, celebrated the reception of their new engine by a public parade and dinner, on Saturday last, October 29.

The engine was built by Howard & Davis, of Boston, has 7 inch cylinder, with 16 inch stroke, is furnished with 600 feet of leading hose, and is in every respect a first class machine.

The company numbering 55 men, accompanied by the Boston Brass Band, visited Boston in the morning for the purpose of receiving their "tub," and after parading through the principal streets, took the cars for Reading, where they arrived at 11 o'clock, A. M., and after having an elegant dinner presented to them by the ladies of the town, they received their invited guests and escorted them through the streets of the village, which by the way was lined with spectators, among whom were great numbers of the fair daughters of that and the neighboring towns, and I am mistaken if many a confirmed old bachelor did not lose his heart thereby.

The company have a very fine house for their "tub," and their house is furnished in a very handsome manner at a cost of \$150.

At 2 o'clock precisely, the company, with their invited guests, numbering about 200, proceeded to a large hall near the depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad, where a very fine dinner was provided, to which ample justice was done by all concerned, after which speeches, toasts, &c., were the order of the day. Capt. Vaughan opened the fire by a very neat speech indeed, (he said at first he could not make one,) and gave as a sentiment, "Our invited guests," after which the following toasts were given.

By a volunteer. *The Foreman of Eagle Engine Company, No. 4.*—May he ever sleep with one eye open, and when the cry of fire, is heard, be ever ready with his brave followers to extinguish it by a thorough cold water system, enforced through the leatheren stockings of the noble Eagle.—Music Hail Columbia.

By Charles H. Lang, toast master of the day. *The Editor of the Lowell News.*—May he ever be able to wield the quill in defence of firemen's rights.

The editor, Mr. Clinton, responded to the above in a neat speech and sentiment.—Music.

L. W. Perham, foreman of Sturgis Engine Company No. 1, of Woburn, was next called up, and gave, *The Eagle Engine Company No. 4, of Reading.* As firemen, may they be ever ready for duty, but not needed. Music.

J. W. Dean, 2d Foreman of Washington Engine Company, No. 3, of Woburn, was called up next, and gave, *The Eagle Engine Company, No. 4, of Reading.* May their course be like that of our nation's emblem, the noble bird from which they take their name, onward and upward. Music.—The Star Spangled Banner.

By a volunteer. *The Foreman of Reading.*—May they prosper in their basket and store, may they have plenty of rain on their land, but no fire for their buildings. This brought up Mr. Damon, a farmer of Reading, who gave.—The red coats of the eagles, unlike the red coats of the revolution, may they never turn their backs upon the foe. Music.—Yankee Doodle.

P. L. Converse, Clerk of Washington Engine Company, No. 3, of Woburn, was called up, and gave, *The Reading and Woburn Fire Companies.*—Having received the new machines, they are supposed to be as great a set of *Spirits* as any in the Commonwealth, and whoever attempts to wash them or take their water, will find Jordan a hard road to travel. Music.—Jordan.

This sentiment brought up the Rev. Mr. Whiting, of Reading, who alluded to the above toast, and made a most humorous speech, in which he gave a history of spirits and squinting, taking the thing from first principles,—from boys and their spirit guns, made of a piece of wood with the pith pushed out, down to the improved fire engines of modern times.

After which humorous speaker was made by Rev. Mr. Beecher, and Mr. Wakefield, of Reading, and others, after which the following volunteer sentiments were given:—

The Firemen.—May they all be strictly temperance men with abundance of cold water always on hand.

By a lady of Woburn.—*The Boston Brass Band.*—Their sweet strains come from gallant hearts. May they ever be first and foremost in the practice of their beautiful art on earth, and occupy the highest seats with their golden harps in the heavenly orchestra above.

Sentiments were also given by Chas. F. Stevens, Esq., Chief Engineer of Cambridge Fire Department; Timothy F. Reed, Foreman of Jacob Webster Engine Company, No. 2, of Woburn; the foreman of Yale Engine Company, of South Reading; Merrimac Engine Co. No. 4, of Lowell; Engine Co. No. 9, of Lynn; and many others which we cannot recollect, after which the company, with their invited guests, repaired to the reservoir in the centre village, where a grand trial of the engine was had by the company, and by the invited guests, and she fully sustained the reputation of a first rate machine, and reflected great credit upon her makers, Messrs. Howard & Davis. It being then nearly dark, the company were dismissed.

In the evening there was a grand levee by the company and invited guests, with their ladies, at the hall near the depot, at which we unfortunately could not be present, but understand that the proceedings were like those in the day time, very good indeed.

It seems to us, judging from this celebration and others of a similar character lately, that firemen are getting up a character for respectability and influence, which they have not before enjoyed. There is a moral tone to the majority of the companies, and a self-re-

spect which is highly commendable. Men of influence and standing are joining the various companies, and even lawyers, clergymen, and other professional men are counted in their ranks, and it is no disgrace now, as formerly, to be found in the ranks of a fire company. We hope that men of standing will continue to join the companies. We must have fire companies. They exercise considerable influence upon the morals of the community, and let us all try and make that influence good instead of bad, by our presence and behaviour. REPORTER.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC.

The news from the Pacific is sixteen days later than by previous arrivals. The gold from California by late arrivals, is estimated at three millions of dollars or more. The intelligence from the mines is encouraging; so are the accounts of crops. The Indians were combining and fighting hard for their homes and ancient rights. But it will be in vain. The foot of the white encroacher must tread on the red man's grave. Robberies, murders, &c., are reported in about the usual number. The markets were glutted and business was dull.

Accounts from Oregon intimate continued trouble there from the Indians, and suggest a war of extermination as the only remedy. The report from the Sandwich Islands is, that the excitement against the king's ministers was kept up, and that the small pox also continued to rage.

CALIFORNIA BUSINESS ITEMS.

Potatoes will not keep as with you, the climate being too warm and humid to permit of their being gathered into barns or cellars. Neither will they keep to bury them, as is customary in the Eastern States. Here, when dug, they must be put immediately into sacks (gunny bags) and sent to market for sale. They will not ordinarily keep sound much over 30 to 60 days at the outside, consequently our farmers are obliged to plant at different periods, in order that they may be constantly ripening during the dry season, and thus our markets are constantly supplied with the fresh dug potatoes.

Our vegetable markets abound with every thing that is good and inviting—and as for variety, we can now challenge the markets of the east, though as for prices the gold of California predominates over their copper and silver.

Fruit has been very profitable this season, and in great abundance, when compared with former years.

Five hundred and fifty Chinese took their departure for the Celestial Empire on two ships last week.

San Francisco city is very gay, notwithstanding the dull times. Marriages are quite the fashion among the "upper ten."

San Francisco merchants complain bitterly of the growing practice in our Eastern cities—of false packing, false weights and tares, equal in many cases to 10 to 15 per cent. on butter, hams, and bacon, in hhd's. Boston and Philadelphia eggs are sent here in large quantities, in this, marked and invoiced 20 dozen each, which cannot be made to hold, when emptied of all the lime preparation, over 15 dozen.

We are informed that about one thousand men are at present employed on the Panama Railroad. The work is progressing prosperously, and the entire line continues very healthy.

Next month it is expected the number of laborers will be doubled, so as to push the work through with all possible speed. The recent accident to the bridge at Tabernilla, is nearly repaired.

The Melbourne *Argus* of August 21, briefly sketches the present condition of business, and what it offers in the new El Dorado:—

"Great as the emigration is, the wants and requirements of the colony are fully equal to the supply of labor which has been thrown upon the market. At this moment no person able and willing to work need be unemployed. Skilled laborers are earning from £7 to £10 per week, and the commonest workmen £3 to £4. This is independent of the diggings, and profitable employment can always be found immediately on landing in Melbourne. The *Argus* says that clerks, shopkeepers and emigrants of that class, are a drag in the market, and that these and adventurers unaccustomed to trade of labor, cannot expect success."

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Constantinople was tranquil on the 5th inst. Part of the Russian army were going into winter quarters at Bucharest.

The Turkish declaration was received at Odessa on the 6th.

The greatest confidence was prevailing in commercial circles.

The Turkish declaration of war had been published in full; it is temperate and respectful. It does not lay an embargo on Russian ships, and fully protects all the rights of commerce. When the czar of Russia heard that Turkey had declared war he fell into a fury and swore that he would wage a war of extermination against the Turks.

A despatch from Vienna to the 17th says that Gotschadoff has replied to the Turkish summons that he has no authority either to commence hostilities, to make peace or to evacuate the principalities; he therefore refused to do one thing or the other.

The first conflict it is supposed, will ensue in the Black Sea or in Georgia.

Omar Pasha had notified the Russian commander to retire from the principalities before the 25th instant or he would commence hostilities.

Old Gen. Paskiewitch, of Polish celebrity, had taken the chief command of the Russian

army in the principalities.

On the 5th the combined fleets were observed preparing to advance to Constantinople.

Russian subjects in Turkey have been placed under Austrian protection.

Austria and Prussia has recalled their subjects from Turkish service.

The Turks will allow neutral flags to sail on the Danube to the 20th instant but no longer.

The *Times* says that the Turkish manifesto is one of the strongest and most unanswerable state papers issued during the present century.

The *Post* says that morally Russia is already defeated, and that she will be so materially.

Hostilities on the Danube and on the shores of the Caspian Sea are inevitable.

Prussia and Austria both give indications, though not formally, that they will maintain a neutral position in case of a Turkish war. The French and English diplomatists therefore consider that war, being confined to the Turkish frontier will not spread into Europe.

The Circassians, under Schamyl, had been defeated by the Russians on the 27th, and had retired to the mountains. There had been great loss on both sides.

Agitation begins to manifest itself in Italy.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION, OF WOBURN, ADOPTED OCT. 18TH, 1853.

Article 1st. Name, Object, and members.

Sec. 1st. This society shall be called the Working Men's Association of Woburn.

Sec. 2d. The object of this Association shall be the social, physical, intellectual and moral improvement of the working men of Woburn.

Sec. 3d. Any mechanic, or laboring man, of good moral character, may, with the consent of a majority of the members become a member of this association, by signing the by-laws, and paying to the treasury the sum of fifty cents in advance.

Sec. 4th. Every member shall be subject to a quarterly assessment of twenty-five cents.

Article 2d. Officers.

Sec. 1st. The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and five Directors. They shall be elected with written ballots, by separate tickets.

Sec. 2d. The President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer of this Association shall be directors ex-officio.

Sec. 3d. The President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, shall hold their offices during a term of three months, for the first half of the year immediately succeeding the annual meeting, and shall be ineligible to the same offices during the same year. All other officers shall hold their office during a term of one year.

Article 3d. President.

Sec. 1st. The President, when present, shall preside at all meetings, both of the association and board of directors, and in case of an equal division of the members on any question, shall give the casting vote.

Sec. 2d. The President shall have power to call special meetings of the board of directors, whenever he may deem it expedient.

Article 4th. Vice President.

Sec. 1st. The Vice President shall preside in the absence of the President, and perform all the duties of that office.

Article 5th. Secretaries.

Sec. 1st. The Recording Secretary shall affix his name to all advertisements and notices emanating from the Board of Directors, or from the Association (if not otherwise ordered.) He shall attend all meetings, and in the absence of the President and Vice President, shall call the same to order, and shall accurately and at large, record the proceedings in the journal of the association, which shall be deposited in the room subject to the inspection of the members.

Sec. 2d. The Corresponding Secretary shall be the organ of the Association in all its correspondence with other societies and the public, and shall carefully preserve all communications addressed to the Association.

Article 6th. Treasurer.

Sec. 1st. The Treasurer shall hold all the funds of the Association, subject to the order of a majority of the Directors.

Sec. 2d. The Treasurer shall pay no bill, unless sanctioned by the Board of Directors, and signed by the chairman, and he shall make a report quarterly of all his receipts and disbursements.

Article 7th. Directors.

Sec. 1st. The Board of Directors shall meet on the first Monday of each month, from September to April inclusive, for the transaction of business. They shall have control of the general affairs of the Association, and have power to make such regulations as may be found necessary for the better government of the Association, which shall be submitted to the members for their approval. They shall have charge of all books found by the Association and shall make an annual report to the members of the state of the Association.

Sec. 2d. At all meetings of the Board of Directors, 3 shall constitute a quorum.

Article 8th. Meetings.

Sec. 1st. At all meetings of the Association ten members shall constitute a quorum.

Sec. 2d. The annual meeting for the election of Officers, shall be held on the 3d Wednesday of September.

Sec. 3d. The quarterly meetings for the election of President and Vice President, and Recording Secretary, shall be deemed to commence with the annual election on the third Wednesday of Sept. and the second quarterly meeting shall be held on the third Wednesday of Dec. and the semiannual on the third

Wednesday of March.

Sec. 4th. The Recording Secretary shall call meetings of the Association when deemed expedient by the board of Directors, or when requested in writing by ten of the members, and he shall cause notice to be conspicuously placed in the room, at least one week previous, expressing the hour and probable business of such meetings.

Sec. 5th. If at any meeting of the Association questions of parliamentary usage in conducting the business of the meetings shall arise, it shall be decided by an appeal to Cushman's or Mather's Manual.

Article 9th. Exercises.

Sec. 1st. Regular meetings shall be held for improvement in reading, composition and debate on such evenings as the Directors may appoint.

Sec. 2d. A committee of three on exercises shall be chosen on the third Wednesday of Sept. Dec. and March, whose duty it shall be to furnish questions for discussion, and provide suitable persons to open and carry on the debate; also to select pieces for reading, and persons to read. They shall receive all compositions and read such as shall meet their approval.

Article 10th.

Sec. 1st. A journal shall be furnished by the Recording Secretary, in which original thoughts or selected and well authenticated facts, upon all subjects of value to the producing classes, shall be recorded either by the person furnishing such matter, or by the Secretary, together with the author's name, if approved by the Directors or the Association.

Sec. 2d. All books for standard use shall be purchased by the Board of Directors, and all moneys to be so applied shall be first appropriated by a majority vote of the members present at a regular meeting.

Article 11th.

Sec. 1st. Any wishing to withdraw from the Association shall be entitled to an honorable discharge by paying into the treasury his assessments, and sending in to the Secretary his request in writing.

Article 12th.

Sec. 1st. These By-Laws shall not be altered or amended, only by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, or at a meeting notified for that purpose.

TOWN WARRANT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex,

GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, qualified to vote in elections, to meet at the Town Hall in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the fourth day of November, at 12 o'clock of the clock at noon, to bring in their votes to the Selectmen for a Governor and a Lieutenant Governor of said Commonwealth, and for six Senators for the district of Middlesex on one ballot. Also, for a Representative to represent the Town in the Legislature of this Commonwealth, to be held at Boston, on the first Wednesday of January next. The said votes are to be deposited in the ballot box, open or enveloped, at the will of the voter. Also to bring in their votes upon the following propositions submitted by the Constitutional Convention, held on the first Wednesday of May, 1853, viz:—

1st. Shall proposition number one, containing the Preamble, Declaration of Rights, and Form of Government, stand as a part of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts?

2d. Shall proposition number two respecting the rights of juries, stand as a part of the Constitution?

3d. Shall proposition number three respecting the rights of juries, stand as a part of the Constitution?

4th. Shall proposition number four, respecting Claims against the Commonwealth, stand as a part of the Constitution?

5th. Shall proposition number five, respecting Imprisonment for Debt, stand as a part of the Constitution?

6th. Shall proposition number six, respecting the Creation of Corporations stand as a part of the Constitution?

7th. Shall proposition number seven, respecting the Formation of Banks, and requiring Security for Bank Bills stand as a part of the Constitution?

Said propositions are to be written or printed on one ballot, in substance as herein stated, and numbered accordingly; and every voter will express in writing or printing Yes or No opposite each proposition; said votes to be deposited in sealed envelopes in a box for that purpose; and no votes upon said propositions, not thus deposited, will be received or counted.

And you are required as above to notify said inhabitants qualified to vote in Town Affairs, to meet at same place on the same day, at two and a half of the clock, P. M., then and there to act on the following articles, viz:

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To see if the town will recind the vote whereby they voted to have the present Board of Overseers of the Poor hire the master of the Almshouse for the year ensuing.

Art. 3. To hear and act on an Ordinance for the Fire Department, established by the Board of Engineers.

Art. 4. To see

Special Notices.

An adjourned meeting of the working-men's association will be held in the Methodist Chapel, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 5th, at 7 o'clock.

As the object of the association is intended for the advancement of the social and intellectual faculties, a cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all the persons who feel an interest in such an object.

C. G. DAVIS, Secretary.

A CARD.

The officers and members of "Sturges" Engine No. 1, return their thanks to Lewis Shaw & Co., for the beautiful supply of refreshments furnished at the burning of their tannery this morning.

Per Order,
Woburn, Nov. 1, 1853.

A CARD.

The subscriber takes this method to express his thanks to the Fire Engine Companies of Woburn, "Sturges," No. 1, "Jacob Webster," No. 2, and "Washington," No. 3, "Excelsior," of Winchester, and "Gen. Worth," of Stoneham, for their prompt, efficient and unwearying exertions at the fire on Salem Street, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 1st.

L. SHAW.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE following lecturers have been engaged:—
E. A. Whipple, Esq., Rev. John Pierpont,
Dr. W. Holmes, Madame Lesdrenier,
Prof. J. G. Hayth,
Rev. A. L. Stone, Hon. John A. Bolles, Hon. Albert H. Nelson, Rev. Mr. Ricker, Richard H. Dana, Esq., George M. Phillips, Esq., Rev. C. D. Waterman, Mr. Wenden M. Champney.

Others will be engaged, and will be duly announced. The opening lecture, in the Vestry Room of Rev. Mr. Edward's church, will be delivered Monday evening, Nov. 7, by E. P. Whipple, Esq. Subject, "Recent Advances in Science."

A season ticket, admitting a gentleman, will be 75 cents; admitting a lady, 50 cents. No ticket for a single evening only, will be sold.

Tickets for sale at the Woburn Book Store, and at the usual places.

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats free, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime."

In Woburn, Oct. 30th, by Rev. J. H. Fairchild, Mr. W. Francis Taylor, of Boston, to Miss L. Lavinia McKean, daughter of Rev. John McKean, of Truro, N. S.

On happy day:
None but the brave
Deserve the fair.

W. H.

A nest bird, well filled with rich cake, with a beautiful enamel card, was received with the above notice. Many years of happiness to the happy pair, with a full complement of household comforts, to make life agreeable.—Ed.

In Stoneham, Oct. 27th, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, Mr. Charles T. White to Miss Jane Gates, both of Woburn.

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green garb, and is tomorrow hay."

In this town, on the 29th ult., Mr. Warner Claffin, died of typhoid fever, aged 23 years, of the firm of Thompson & Lidd, merchants.

By this afflictive bereavement, a young and amiable wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, has lost a kind, affectionate husband, parents a dutiful son, brothers and relations whom he loved, and a large circle of friends, a man estimable in every walk of life, upright, honest and honorable in all his dealings. His character was above reproach, and it will be a long while before this excellent young man will be forgotten. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Mr. Ricker, attended by a large concourse of friends. All the stores, banks, and places of business were closed during the services. The business men attended the funeral and walked in the procession to the cemetery. All the services were exceedingly solemn and affecting.

Oct. 29, Mr. Mary Field, aged 83.
In Winchester, Oct. 29, Mr. Augustus Richardson, 23.

Woburn High School.

THE next examination of the Woburn High School, will take place at the Grammar School room, in District No. 1, on Friday, December 2d. The examination will be from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M. The subjects to be examined in are, Latin, Greek, English, and Mathematics. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

The next term of the school will commence on Monday, the 19th day of December next, at 9 o'clock A. M. By order of the Superintendent, C. M. Converse, Chairman.

National Democratic Caucus.

The Democrats of Woburn, opposed to a coalition with the Free Soil party, are requested to meet at P. O. No. 1, on Saturday evening next, Nov. 12th, at 7 o'clock, to select a Candidate for the next Legislature, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

For Order,
J. P. CONVERSE,
Chairman of National Dem. Town Com.
Woburn, Nov. 5th, 1853.

Dancing School.

MR. WM. BEYD respectfully informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has opened a dancing school in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter.

Mr. B. will introduce several new dances.

Nov 5

Cheap for Cash.

FURNISHING of the following varieties, viz:—Fitch, Mountain, Initiation, Initiation, and Co., at J. W. HAMMOND'S.

PLAID GOODS! PLAID GOODS!

Invites the Attention of Purchasers to their Large and Fine Assortment of
ALL WOOL PLAIDS,
COTTON AND WOOL PLAIDS,
SPUN SILK PLAIDS.
6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston. nov5 tf

Bay State and Waterloo Shawls!

CHANDLER & CO.
Have now in store BAY STATE and WATERLOO Long and Square Shawls.
In the new and desirable styles. Likewise, a good assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S TRAVELLING SHAWLS.

To which they invite the attention of purchasers,
NOS. 6 & 8 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.
nov5 tf

VIENNA AND PARIS CASHMERE SHAWLS.

CHANDLER & CO.,
Have now in store, of their own importation, an assortment of
Cashmere Long and Square Shawls
In medium and fine qualities, and in the newest styles,
For sale, wholesale and retail, at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.
nov5 tf CHANDLER & CO.

PLAIN CASHMERES, &c. &c.

CHANDLER & Co.

Have now opened their entire importation of
6-4 CASHMERES for Ladies' Dresses.
Of the most approved styles of goods, and in the most fashionable shades of color, many of which are quite new.

We invite the attention of purchasers, both at wholesale and retail, to our very large and complete assortment of these goods, assuring them that

A More Full and Desirable Assortment IS NOT TO BE FOUND.

Our assortment of HIGH COLORED CASHMERES, for Children's wear, is large, and contains many of the choicest colors.

We have also in store, of our own importation, a fine assortment of THIRTY CLOTHS and plain HOUSES.

Chandler & Co.

Nos. 6 & 8 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.

CHANDLER & CO.

Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For Sale at

Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, - Boston.

New Stock of Ladies' Cloths.

CHANDLER & CO.

Have received their entire importation of CLOTHS for LADIES' CLOAKS AND DRESSES.

Comprising various grades, from medium to the finest qualities manufactured, and in shades of color unsurpassed in beauty.

The assortment of the above goods now being complete, purchasers are reminded that the present is the most favorable time to make satisfactory selections.

For Sale at Wholesale and Retail,

6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

CASH STORE!

MR. B. F. WYER having sold his stock of goods and retired from business, the subscriber, who has been connected with the firm for many years, and who has been constantly on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gaiters, Mittens, and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, and Carpet Bags. A complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Trunks.

Ladies' and Misses' Boots and Shoes made to order, by H. B. Spalding, Jr., (Successor of B. F. Wyer), at the Woburn Building.

Woburn, Oct. 27, 1853.

NOTICE.

The subscriber, having disposed of her millinery business to Mrs. C. F. Stinson, formerly of Boston, would respectfully inform the former patrons and the public that she will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gaiters, Mittens, and Children's

NOTICE.

All persons who are indebted to the subscriber, are requested to call at Edward C. Converse's, and make payment immediately. As I am about to leave town, I will confer a great favor if those indebted will call and settle soon.

HIRAM FLAGG.

THE REPRESENTATIVE.

A Year's experience has decided that hitherto difficult question, which is the best mode of the representation of the people. The representative of the people should be a man of high character, of high ability, and of high energy. He should be a man who is not content with the status quo, but who is ever seeking for improvement. He should be a man who is not content with the status quo, but who is ever seeking for improvement.

NOTICE.

The subscriber, having moved from his former residence on Pleasant Street, to Thomas J. Porter's house, and boards with P. S. Hester, where he will continue to receive his former patrons, in good and suitable Stock Companies, on favorable terms as can be obtained.

Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1853.

Mrs. C. C. Stimpson

DESIRE to announce to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has purchased the stock of Mrs. Augustus Converse, and opened a dress-making establishment, at the corner of Elm Street, near the American House. She intends to keep a small but nice stock of embroidery and dress trimmings, at all times on hand.

All orders will be promptly attended to and neatly executed.

Woburn, Oct. 27th, 1853.

Fall Goods!

JUST received an assortment of Gents' Fine Fall Goods at A. ROUNDS.

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!!

Gents' Rubber Boots, Gents' Rubber Shoes, Ladies' Rubber Shoes, Ladies' Rubber Boots, "Moles" and Children's Shoes, At the Store of A. Roundy.

GENTS', Boys' and Youths' Kip Boots.

For sale by A. ROUNDY.

CALROW & CO.,

FASHIONABLE TAILORS,

Hanover, corner of Elm St.,

OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

HAVE received their full supply of FALL GOODS for Gentlemen's wear. GENTLEMEN of every description made in a superior style, at a low price, and at prices to suit the most economical.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

The largest and best assortment in the city, all other establishments combined not excepted. This branch of our business is conducted in a separate building, entrance directly opposite the American House. Ladies will find good and beautiful well-made clothing at the lowest prices. No deception.

Gentlemen made to order for Boys from 4 to 16 years.

CHANDLER & CO.,

Nos. 6 AND 8 SUMMER ST., BOSTON

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss: Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction, at my office on Main Street, in Stoneham, on the 20th day of November next, at 3 o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, interest and estate which Benjamin Goldsmith, of Stoneham, in said county, had on the nine-cent day of February last, the time when the same was attached, upon the original writ, or has at any time since had to redeem the following mortgaged real estate:—One acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in the village, in said Stoneham, upon Central street, and bounded easterly by land of Lyman Dike & Co., (and owned formerly by John Dike, and another), and G. & S. Buckman; easterly by an open passage way, and partly by land of said Buckman; northerly by Emerson street, so called, and land of Sarah W. Howard; and westerly, partly by land of Sarah W. Howard, and said Central street.

Also, all the right and interest which said Benjamin Goldsmith had, at the time of his death, in the estate of said Goldsmith, late of Stoneham, deceased, testate, and has taken upon said execution, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate:—Two acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situate at the corner of Elm and Hancock streets, in said Stoneham, and bounded northerly by said Hancock street, easterly by land now or formerly owned by Zacheus Goss, and westerly by land of Heman Fletcher and Charles Buckman, formerly owned by James H. Gould, and westerly by said Pine street.

The last estate was formerly owned by Enoch Fuller, Esq., late of said Stoneham, deceased.

SAMUEL CLOON, Deputy Sheriff.

Stoneham, October 28th, 1853.

To the Honorable Judge of the Court of Probate, in and for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The petition of Moses J. Persons, of Woburn, in said county, administrator of the estate of L. K. E. Foss, late of Woburn, in said county of Middlesex, laborer deceased, intestate, humbly shews, that the first debts, which the said deceased owed at the time of his death, together with the said will's allowance, charges of administration, and future probable charges, amount to the sum of fifteen hundred and seventy-three dollars, and the sum of the personal estate of the said deceased by the inventory thereof duly exhibited in the Probate Office, is one hundred and fifty dollars and seventy cents; and the value of the real estate of said deceased by the said inventory, is fourteen hundred and eighty dollars, leaving a balance of thirty-two dollars and twenty-five cents; that by a partial sale thereof the residue of the said estate will be fully paid.

Wherefore your petitioner prays, that he may be empowered and licensed to sell all the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of his just debts, and charges of administration, and reasonable expenses.

Moses J. Persons.

Middlesex, ss: At a Court of Probate holden at Framingham, in and for said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1853.

Up on the petition aforesaid, duly read and referred by the above-named Judge to the said Court.

Ordered, That the said petitioner notify all persons interested therein, by appearing in said Court, on the third day of December next, by serving them with a true copy of the foregoing petition, with this order thereon, at least five days before the said third day of December, or by publication of the foregoing petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before the said third day of December, when and where they may be heard and contented, and sale of the said real estate under oath of his deans herein, unto said Court.

S. P. FAY, Judge Probate.

Copy Attest. A. A. PERCOTT, Register.

COAL! COAL!!

THE Subscriber having purchased the Coal Yard and fixtures of Wm. E. Young & Co., begs to leave to inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he is prepared to supply them with Coal of the best quality, as cheap as can be afforded, and by strict attention to business hopes to meet their patronage.

Also constantly on hand for sale Lime and Cement of the best quality.

Orders to be at the Yard, or with C. S. Converse, Expressman, will be promptly attended to.

Woburn, Oct. 5, 1853.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Marshall T. T. late of Woburn in the county of Middlesex, cordwainer, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to LEONARD THOMPSON, Esq., Woburn, October 11th, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor to the last will and testament of Lydia W. Symonds, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, widow, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to LEONARD THOMPSON, Esq., Woburn, October 11th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of J. K. E. Foss, late of Woburn in the county of Middlesex, laborer, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to LEONARD THOMPSON, Esq., Woburn, October 11th, 1853.

DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. S. WHITE takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public, that he will commence an Evening School, for instruction in Dancing, at the Central House Hall, on Monday Evening, Oct. 24, 1853. He is a well known name in the county of Middlesex, and a course of instruction at the above named Hall, on Friday Evening, Oct. 21st. Tickets, 5 cents; to be had at the Central House Bar. Woburn, Oct. 15th, 1853.

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Woburn, Oct. 5, 18

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 3.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

NO. 4.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

PRAYER OF THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Father forgive me every thought
And act in life and death wrought,
Let thy love and mercy shower,
Fresh pardons on my dying hour.
It is the last of earth! Oh, heart!
In the dark valley, draw thou near,
Let me not pass its shades alone,
In mercy hear my dying moan;
I know my life but feebly told,
That on thy promise I had hold,
I know that thou hast yielded up,
And tasted of the sinner's cup;
I know oh, Lord, I can but know,
How oft from Thee my soul would flow.
But, Father! memories sweeten still
Till I have loved unto thy will;
That on thy presence filled my soul,
And from it worldly feelings stole;
That very oft in converse sweet,
Thou deigned thy sinful child to meet,
And showered into his heart of stone,
Blessings that left him not alone,
And in those hours of holy trust,
My soul was raised from this vile dust,
And was that bow of promise given,
Prelude of brighter joys in heaven!
I feel it, my faith is sure,
Thy love and goodness shall endure,
And though night-shades of death are nigh,
Thy love shall brighten 'neath thine eye.
The stream is deep, but Jesus' arm,
Shall shelter me from every harm,
And in some mansion of the blest,
Thy love shall bid me find a rest,
Some seat in Heaven, the lowest there,
O, give, in answer to my prayer.

H. A. KING.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROPOSITIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—In consequence of absence from town, and engagements which need not here be mentioned, I did not see the communication of "Brutus" in your paper of the 22d inst., until the end of the week, and you may judge of my surprise by your own, to find my communication in the paper of the 16th, stamped as partisan. "Brutus" says, "of course the article signed 'Aristides' in your paper, must necessarily be partisan in its character." This jumping to a conclusion may be very convenient, but not very convincing; and I would beg leave to inform Brutus that I had not read a single paragraph in the *Atlas* or *Courier*, since the convention was in session, and am not to blame for their using the same arguments and illustrations that I used.

Brutus acknowledges that "at times, Constitutional questions may be of that grave and general character, which does not partake of a political bias, and perhaps generally ought to be so considered." An admirable confession, truly! But "Brutus does not like my method of proceeding. He seems to indicate that I ought to have taken up both the present constitution and the propositions, in an article filling only a single column. If he will turn back to the introductory observations to my article, he will find himself fully answered in this respect.

But as I cannot expect a large share of room in your paper, I proceed to notice the communication of "Kosciusko," in the Journal of the 29th inst., who has honored my article with his notice. Kosciusko says, "by the tenor of his communication, Aristides seems to be one of those who think that the opposers of the new constitution are free from party shackles, party dogmas and party interests; and, on the contrary, those that uphold it are influenced by party-persecute, &c."—Now if Kosciusko will just re-peruse my article, he will find that "those who oppose and those who uphold" are not even so much as mentioned therein.

My communication was intended for the voters of Massachusetts, without any distinction whatever. Kosciusko next comes out fully and openly as a partisan, and has the assurance to assure me that nothing of a political nature can or will be fairly or justly done. That "the time for such purity in politics has not yet arrived, it is away off in the good time coming."

People of Massachusetts, do you hear this libel on your character? However impossible Kosciusko may find it to divest himself of party prejudices, Aristides has the vanity (if you please to call it so,) to believe that he can roll up the whole list of modern party names in a safe package, with all their prejudices and party interests securely packed between, and lay them away in a cool place to prevent fermentation, until these grave Constitutional questions are settled upon the eternal principles of Right and Justice.

Kosciusko says, "if Aristides will take pains to look at the old, or present Constitution, he will find the same article, word for word, with that of the propositions, in relation to equal representation, and hopes he will show how much more equal the old is than the new." Aristides is fully aware that the declared principle is the same in both, and that the representation under the first was arranged entirely by municipalities, that much inequality had arisen, which needed correction, and that this correction was one of the most prominent duties of the Convention; but how have they performed it? Kosciusko is mistaken when he says the basis is precisely the same in both, for in the propositions it is arranged partly by municipalities, and partly otherwise.

Perhaps Kosciusko can tell us why (if municipal representation is so important,) all

were not provided for in that way. Why should some municipal corporations be represented and not others? And as to the comparative equality of the two, I refer him to Brutus' tables of counties, (I cannot tell whether he copied them from the *Atlas* or *Courier* or not,) which showed plainly that the old is much nearer equal than the new, as in the new the representation varies from one representative to 1456 inhabitants, to one to 3878; whereas in the old it only varies from one representative to 1845 inhabitants, to one to 3141, being a very essential difference. Neither of them, however, is right.

Kosciusko, in the next place, thinks he has discovered a slight error in my comparison of Woburn, with Burlington. But if he will look at the propositions again, he may discover that the error is his own, in stating that Burlington was not entitled to but one representative every other year.

The propositions say that, "every corporate town containing less than one thousand inhabitants may elect one representative in the year when the valuation of estates shall be settled, and in addition thereto one representative five years in every ten years, and according to my arithmetic, five and one make six.

We now come to a most wonderful discovery, which, if really made by Kosciusko, must certainly make his fortune, or at any rate procure him everlasting fame, (but whether good or ill this deponent saith not,) it is this, viz:—a perfect analogy between the United States Senate, and the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Separate States, equally free, equally sovereign, and equally independent, are, by mutual compact, equally represented in the United States Senate, therefore, (3) three or four hundred municipalities, which never claimed or enjoyed separate sovereignty and independence, but were themselves created by one of those sovereignities, should be represented in the Massachusetts Legislature. What wonderful sagacity! what profound statesmanship!

But Kosciusko continues thus—"Aristides seems to forget &c." No, he does not forget that the old foggy municipal system needs reforming, and in order to have it done in the shortest time possible, he intends, (it is not previously convinced he is in error by yet much stronger arguments than any he has yet heard,) to vote No, to the propositions, expecting, should the majority be of the same mind, to have a rational reform by the legislature and people before the year 1856, and in a constitutional manner, without the expense of a convention.

I propose now to compare the basis of representation in Congress with the propositions.

In the U. S. House, the representatives are apportioned on population, and as nearly equal as practicable, and direct taxes are assessed in proportion to representation, and I do not recollect ever hearing this principle on basis complained of. Now according to the propositions, a little less than one third part of the people are to have a majority of the representatives, but are to pay less than one quarter of the taxes.

Does Kosciusko remember that the fathers of the revolution scorned to pay a tax of three pence a pound on tea, without a just representation in the Legislature which exacted it, and does he believe that their descendants will long submit to the proposed unjust system, if the misis of foggyism should succeed in imposing it upon them?

In Chap. 3, Sec. 4, of the propositions, we read as follows "No town hereafter incorporated, containing less than fifteen hundred inhabitants shall be entitled to choose a representative."

What does Kosciusko think of this? Shall some of his dear municipalities, now in embryo, be entirely disfranchised as soon as they come into existence? Suppose the flourishing section of the town, from which he dates his communication, should, within a few years, find it necessary to their convenience and prosperity, to obtain a town charter, and suppose again that the number of inhabitants should be just 1499, would he be willing to remain disfranchised for ten years, while towns with a less number of inhabitants were represented every year.

Can Kosciusko or Brutus tell us why we are required to vote yes or no on so many subjects at once? Was there any fear that the bitter would not be swallowed unless mixed with something more palatable? Was it dangerous to trust the people to choose and select for themselves?

There are many other topics I should be glad to discuss, and many other questions to which conclusive answers might easily be given, but time fails me and I must hasten to a close.

Voters of Massachusetts, one and all without any distinction whatever, again I appeal to you. Will you at the approaching election, declare by your votes, that all the moral and social virtues are nothing but "trash," or will you burst through the "fog," and come out into the clear sunshine of honor, truth, integrity, justice and equality? We shall see.

Woburn, Oct. 31.

A Convention of all the friends of temperance in Indiana will be held in Indianapolis next January, to decide on the propriety of making a prohibitory liquor law at the next election in that State.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Written for the Journal.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS, No. 3.

THE HARVEST MOON.

How softly, and almost tenderly it looks down upon us. How pure and beautiful the light that sheds itself upon the whole earth, bathing the dark hill-tops with its glory, resting upon the meadow, and losing itself among the mists of variegated foliage, its bright rays glancing through the opening trees, and sparkling upon the waters of the running brook, as it flows beneath the rustic bridge, and comes to reflect again on the other side, like a mirror, reflecting a landscape of waving reeds, of tall, graceful trees, and clouds that bend above them all. It is truly the saddest season of the year, the extreme beauty is almost oppressive. The fresh, warm air, the white trembling light, the turning and decaying leaves, that quiver and fall about us, all with a heavy sadness, they tell of the dying year, perhaps of dying hopes and joys. They speak softly of pleasures past, they fill our young hearts with their first presentiment of sorrow, and almost chill us with the dread of what may come. In our grief we glance upward, and the harvest moon, the mild herald of plenty, in its modest light, looks lovingly upon us; it points to the roof beneath which contentment and happiness have ever found a home; to the well filled barn that tells of luxury and plenty; it reminds us of friends that can surround us; of a kind father ever near to protect and shelter us from coming storms. It tells us that earth can be made beautiful at all seasons. It has a voice that speaks to our inmost soul, and blessed are they who hear it, for through tones comes the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul which reverently listens, nature whispers, speaks or warbles. Most heavenly arena.

H. A. KING.

HE IS DEAD.

Written on the Death of Horace J. Hill.

"Alas! that thou shouldst die!"

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!

That death should settle in thy glorious eye,

And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb?

Sadly, oh how sadly, fall these words upon

our ears,—"he is dead." But "death loves

a shining mark," and a father's affection,

a mother's deep-rooted love, and a sister's fondness

could not save him, and the great reaper

claimed him for his own and bound him in

his sheaf.

The laurels of manhood were just twining

around his brow, and although so young, his

was a place of high trust and responsibility.

Father and mother looked to him to guide

them in their declining years, and comfort

them in the evening of their days, and smooth

their passage to the tomb. He returned to the

home made radiant with his presence,

whose walls have often echoed to the music of

his tongue, where he diffused joy and glad-

ness; but he came—to die.

How are these parents' hopes crushed, and

their prospect blighted! Surely God hath

done this thing! He hath admonished them,

and bidden them have their lamps trimmed

and burning.

Mourners and friends followed him to his

last resting place, and he will not be forgotten.

The last rays of the setting sun will linger

there, and shine with a chastened radiance.

The dejected breeze of evening will murmur

a funeral dirge, and the birds will chant his

requiem. The willow as it gracefully bends

o'er him, will shed a tear to his memory.

Flowers will be placed above the sod that

covers that precious dust, and affection will

water them with her tears.

Weeping father, mother and sister, and

brothers afar, he who was a "man of sorrows,

and acquainted with grief!" is saying to you

"lay not up for yourselves treasures upon

earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in

heaven. For where your treasure is there

will your heart be also."

Belford, Oct. 1853.

A BEAR FIGHT.

Two men, while hunting

for deer in St. Lawrence Co., last week, met

with a monster bear. One of the men named

Chapman Olmstead, leveled his double-bar-

reled gun at him and fired. The charge took

effect in one of the fore paws, which so en-

raged the powerful animal that he sprang

upon Olmstead, and completely stripped him

of the greater part of his coat. Olmstead's

comrade, at this juncture, in fright ran away.

Olmstead sprang behind a large tree, the bear

following closely, and it was only by the ap-

plication of several severe blows, dealt by

Olmstead, upon Bruin's head, that he was

made to turn from him, and go in pursuit of

Olmstead's companion. The latter, hearing

the bear coming, ascended a tree, where the

bear was unable to follow, owing to his wound-

ed paw. Olmstead then came up and again

discharged his gunfull into the carcass of the

enemy. This caused the bear to stagger and

roar in pain, when he soon after gave up the

ghost.—*Albany Atlas.*

VOTERS OF BOSTON.

According to the printed

lists there are 22,092 votes in the city of

Boston. In 1852 the number was 21,203;

showing an increase of 889 the present year.

The number of naturalized natives is about

200. Wards 2, (East Boston) 11 and 12

SELECTED.

SPIRITS ON THE PRAIRIE.

"AN OVER TRUE TALE."

I was travelling a few months ago in the western part of the United States, a tour in part to recruit my health, which had become broken by an unremitting application to business, and in part for pleasure, to gratify my curiosity, and witness some of the great features of our western world.

I started upon my expedition with no settled purpose, and entirely alone. I am naturally of an unsocial turn, and fancy solitude, for unless I can have precisely the person I wish with me, I prefer my own companionship, and upon a tour like this, alone, I can follow the bent of my own inclinations; there is no other person's taste to consult, I can go and do as my impulse suggests. But I did not continue in my course as I started.

At Buffalo I fell in with a young man of a pleasing exterior and prepossessing manners. He was travelling he knew not whither, my where, every where, it was immaterial to him; only he must be moving. There was something about this person, I cannot tell what, I cannot describe it; but something, an affinity, a sort of magnetism, impelled me irresistibly towards him. I proposed to him to accompany me to the Far West; he acceded to my proposition, we joined forces and started in company.

My companion was a singular being; he was a study, a perpetual astonishment to me. I took pleasure in watching the unfoldings of his character. About his temperament there were the strongest lights and shades. At times he was gay, mirthful, his conversation extraordinarily brilliant and sparkling, flashes of wit and humor lighted it up to a degree I never saw surpassed. But these moods were almost invariably succeeded by fits of melancholy, depressing to the last degree, and it was long before he could be aroused from them. Upon these occasions he was deaf to all about him, and would generally start up, walk away alone, be gone several hours, and return in his usual state. When he spoke, he showed the possession of a mind well stored with a great variety of information, and bearing evidence of vast research. Mysterious, incomprehensible being, he would converse with me on every subject but one—that was one topic tabooed upon himself I could never induce him to utter a syllable. I knew not where he was born, who were his friends, or if he had any; what were his pursuits, his expectations; upon all this he was silent as the grave. Strange, mysterious as he was, I could not leave him, I had not the power. There was a spell about him, a fascination, which drew me towards him, and from which I could not extricate myself, an unearthly brilliancy in his eye riveting me to his side—for my life I could not quit him.

We had been journeying all day over one of the large prairies in the valley of the Missouri, and towards night came upon a clearing on the outskirts of a forest, in the centre of which a most welcome sight was presented—a small log cabin; no architect had designed its uncouth proportions, it was rudely thrown together by the hand of a workman unskilled in the use of tools. But rough and unsymmetrical as it was, it appeared a palace to us tired wanderers, with no other expectation than that of passing the night under the blue vault of heaven.

We entered the open door; the room was tenanted. A pine table, two stools, a rough couch, and a few cooking utensils, composed its furniture. The habitation had probably been erected for the convenience of hunters, as a temporary shelter in their pursuit for game. We took possession, built a fire outside the lodge, and cooked our supper, venison and bear's meat of our own shooting, washed down with water from the clear, cold stream, bubbling out from the rocks behind the house. Our meal concluded, we threw ourselves upon the grass and began to talk upon what was passing in the busy world. At this time the public was first agitated about spiritual rappings; intercourse with the spirit land through earthly mediums, had just come in vogue. A sudden whim seized me.

"Come," said I, "let us see what we can do in the spiritual line, here in this vast uncultivated expanse; let us try whom we can conjure up. Perhaps some nymph of the prairie may be induced to come at our call, the ghost of some ancient Indian chief, perhaps the last of the Mohicans himself, may rise up at our bidding, with his dusky, dark-eyed aquan, if he had one, and perhaps a whole train of little brown pickaninnies may reveal themselves."

My friend started—recoiled.

"No," said he, "meddle not with what does not concern you. Leave disembodied spirits unmolested; they are in wise hands. Let the dead rest buried in their quiet sleep."

But I persisted in my project. The more strongly he combated against it, the more determined was I to carry my point. At length and with an indescribably mournful expression, my companion yielded.

"If you will," he said, "I must assist you, and take the consequences upon my own head, but remember, I advised you to have nothing to do with it."

In a moment I ran into the cabin and bro't forth the pine table and the two stools. I was so engrossed I did not observe the blackening

clouds gathering above us. We seated ourselves and began our incantations. Presently the table rose gently a few inches, and settled down again. Another time it rose, now higher, quicker, and came down with such force, its legs penetrated several inches into the ground; then it became more violent in its demonstrations, it pitched from side to side, it reeled, it jerked, it sprang as if a fiend possessed it. I seized the table, pressed upon it, but could not keep it down. I jumped upon it, but was shaken off; an unseen power, stronger than I, defeated me. My friend nervously clutched my arm; such a grasp, his fingers seemed to penetrate to my very bone. I looked at him—his eyes had assumed that brilliancy for which they were remarkable, his countenance wore a wild, a superhuman expression; large drops stood upon his brow. He pointed with his long and slender forefinger slowly to the very middle of the table, which had now ceased its vibrations. I looked in that direction, and from the central point, a dim illusory mist was slowly rising. It continued to rise, and did not float away, but hovered over the spot from whence it exuded. More and more came, it increased, it gathered, condensed, grew more tangible, and presently began to assume an indefinite shape, a floating, ethereal shadow. I saw the dim, vapory outline of a human figure,—it grew distinct—it took the form of a beautiful female. Though enveloped in clouds, I could distinguish the long tresses tossing to the breeze, white round arms, and proportions sylph-like. On her small head a wreath of what appeared to be bridal roses, her drapery snowy white, long and flowing, but in her breast was a wound, a deep gash, seemingly the work of a dagger, and from which the blood was slowly welling. The vision fixed her large clear eyes upon my companion; his breath grew hurried; I could feel his nervous quiverings to the very finest fibre of my frame.

All this time the storm had been gathering unheeded over our heads, and finally it burst upon us. The rain descended in sheets, the thunder roared, and lightning played around us. The vapory spirit fixed her large eyes upon my friend; his were riveted upon her, for she possessed the power of a basilisk.—Long and steadily she gazed, beckoned, then extended her beautiful arms towards him. "Come, I come!" said he, and an unearthly shriek went up, almost rending the heavens. One spring, and he was upon the table, the figure closely clasped in his arms. Just then there was a violent shock of thunder, everything was dark, but in an instant a flash of lightning chased away the obscurity, and far up above me, floating away in ether, were two shadowy figures, undistinguishable in the dim distance. I could only see they were closely clasped in each other's arms.

Perhaps the vivid flashes of electricity blinded me, but for a while, I never knew how long, I lay insensible. When I returned to consciousness I was extended upon the ground, everything about me as before. The pine table as quiet as if it had never a thought of stirring, the two stools, the remnants of our supper, all unchanged, but I was alone. The rain had ceased, and the western horizon was on fire with the gorgeousness of the setting sun, betokening a pleasant day for the morrow. The drops sparkled on the leaves about me, and my garments were saturated—I was wet to the skin. I went into the cabin and made myself comfortable for the night, and the following morning found me homeward bound. Since then I have never dabbled in the supernatural.

THE OTTOMANS.—A late traveller in Turkey thus describes some of the peculiarities in the manners and customs of the Turks: "They abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head; they remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves; lastly, their mourning habit is white; their sacred color, green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death."

It is said that a chalk line drawn round a bucket of sugar, or any kind of sweet meats, will always prevent the intrusion of ants.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Tay Abigail, d. of John and Susanna, born Apr. 15.
Alexander Jerusha, d. of Abraham and Jerusha, born Apr. 25.
Reed Judith, d. of Joshua and Hannah, born Mar. 6.
Richardson Lucinda, d. of Bartholomew and Abigail, b. May 8.
Johnson Abigail, d. of Giles and Elizabeth, b. July 19.
Peirce Hannah, d. of Jacob and Abigail, born Feb. 16.
Wyman Abigail, d. of James and Sarah, born Aug. 20.
Richardson Hatty, d. of Silas and Mary, born Sept. 17.
Richardson Hannah, d. of Simon and Mercy, b. Mar. 7.
Fowler James, d. of James and Ruhamah, born Dec. 30.
Brooks Asa, s. of Timothy and Ruth, born Aug. 24.
Thompson Abijah, s. of Abijah and Abigail, born Oct. 24.
Center Samuel, s. of Cotton and Elise, born Jan. 3.
Richardson Junias, s. of Barrabas and Rebecca, born Oct. 23.
Eaton Lot, s. of Noah and Deborah, born Oct. 1.
Evans Abigail, d. of Andrew and Sarah, born Aug. 13.
Richardson Jerusha, d. of Edward and Sarah, born Feb. 14.
Johnson Jesse, s. of Josiah and Sarah, born June 22.
Wyman Rhoda, d. of Paul and Lucy, born Mar. 18.
Johnson Isaac, s. of Isaac and Judith, born Nov. 19.
Wyman Joshua, s. of Jonathan and Abigail, born Dec. 30.
Peirce Hannah, d. of Josiah and Ruth, born Jan. 15.
Wyman Martha, d. of Ezra and Eunice, born Apr. 5.
Caldwell Benjamin, s. of Jacob and Sarah, b. Aug. 26.
Carter Elijah, s. of Adino and Abigail, born Mar. 3.
Brooks Abel, s. of Nathaniel and Esther, born May 3.
Hay Charles son of Doct. John and Sarah, b. June 19.
Fowler Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Mehitabel, born Mar. 24.
Marion William, s. of Ignatius and Mary, b. Sept. 3.
Watts Sarah, d. of Samuel and Susanna, b. Apr. 29.
Cummings Mary, d. of David and Joanna, b. Apr. 28.
Tidd Jacob, s. of Jonathan and Suriah, born Jan. 10.
Russell Elizabeth, d. of Jesse and Elizabeth, born Feb. 13.
Winn Annah, d. of Increase and Elizabeth, b. Feb. 16.
Skinner Joseph, s. of Joseph and Sarah, born Apr. 6.
1769.
Parker Nathan, s. of Josiah and Mary, born Feb. 21.
Belknap Betty, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Apr. 19.
Flagg Martha, d. of Benjamin and Hannah, b. Nov. 16.
Alexander Seth, s. of John and Abigail, b. Feb. 3.
Kendall Elizabeth, d. of Obadiah and Elizabeth, b. Apr. 25.
Fox Catharine, d. of Jonathan and Suriah, b. May 27.
Wyman Samuel James, s. of Elijah and Huldah, b. Apr. 5.
Converse Joseph, s. of Samuel and Mary, b. Aug. 1.
Poole Rufus, s. of Eleazer F. and Mary, b. Mar. 20.
Carter Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Sybil, b. Dec. 20.
Richardson Richard, s. of Jotham and Phebe, b. Feb. 27.
Richardson Mary, s. of Amos and Bethiah, b. Nov. 5.
Richardson Susanna, d. of Bartholomew and Sarah, Jan. 1.
Carter Abigail, d. of William and Abigail, b. July 2.
Richardson Leonard, s. of Leonard and Ruth, b. Dec. 24.
Wright Jacob, s. of Jonathan and Ruth, born Apr. 7.
Richardson Ruby, d. of Abel and Mary, born June 11.
Snow Asa, son of James and Persis, born June 34.
Skilton Betsy, d. of Thomas and Elizabeth, b. Apr. 25.
Lawrence Micah, s. of Jonathan and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 22.
Carter Amasa, s. of Jabez and Lydia, born June 5.
Thompson Sewall, s. of Hiram and Bridget, b. June 6.
Walker David, s. of Josiah and Mary, born Apr. 13.
Bruce James, s. of James and Mary, born Apr. 1.
Johnson Lucretia, d. of William and Sarah, b. July 11.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1853

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WISE & CO.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. DICK.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS.—Was not received in time for our last week's paper. Our readers will find it on the outside.

MARY.—Your "poetry" will never answer for the public eye, unless you improve in rhyme. We are not disposed to reject communications which bear any marks of merit. It is our wish to encourage, rather than disappoint. Mary must study. She may yet be successful.

A WRITER.—Goes beyond our boundary line, for discussing political points. We cannot admit him.

A FAIRER.—Like our report of the march of the Phoenix to North Woburn, and thinks that part of our town is not noticed enough for general information. We shall always be pleased to receive reports of the sayings and doings of North Woburn. We cannot make a personal communication, and must depend on others for information. We know what North Woburn is, and wish we could get some Revolutionary items. They would be interesting.

EDITORIAL.

LYCEUM HALL AND LIBRARY.

Our citizens sometimes get up a great talk about some useful public project, and for a time the accomplishment of it is very favorable, and all goes on with prospects of success, but by and by comes some stumbling block, and their ardor in the cause subsides, and the matter is eventually given up. The importance of the object does not seem to interest our prominent men so much as the *per centage* which they may receive on the amount invested, and if the future prospects for large dividends is not fair, they walk on the other side of the street, and forget their former interest for the public good.

We don't know that we can remedy this natural disease by reminding our readers of one great object, which was much talked about and fairly started, but because it could not be made to appear for certain, that the investment would pay at the onset, a fair and profitable dividend, the project was abandoned. Moneyed men would not advance the funds even for a public benefit, unless they could be assured at least 6 per cent to begin with, so great and grasping is the love of money, that many a useful and valuable object has been abandoned, because it would not return immediate interest, when its future prospects were sure for profitable returns.

We have reference to the contemplated Lyceum and Public Library, which should have been, ere this, built and filled with useful books, that our young and rising generation, could spend their leisure hours in improving their minds, by having an attractive spot where they could realize the great and lasting benefits of a well conducted public library. It is not yet too late, and there are many rich men, and money enough lying idle in Woburn to accomplish this desirable object, and we have no hesitation in saying, that it would pay ten per cent on the capital within two seasons. Don't let us hear the answer, "give us a guarantee," but go to work, and see if our words will not prove true.

Our citizens should have some pride in the matter. We wish to see Woburn keep her station as one of the prominent towns of our state, for her superior schools and academy, and it should be our anxious desire that on every subject connected with education, and useful knowledge, we should not be behind the age, in offering every facility for their encouragement.

What can we rear for a more noble and lasting monument, and encouragement for useful knowledge and instruction, than a Lyceum Hall, where by popular lectures they can be unfolded to all, and a public library within its walls, filled with the history of the past and present age, and where the old and young can always find food for the mind, will not every reader respond to this with his whole heart, and give his influence, if ever so small, to the accomplishment of this desirable object.

Shall we point our citizens to the fact that our Lyceum lectures are held in the vestry of a church where every lecturer will tell you he finds it a most difficult task to deliver a lecture, and which fact no doubt will deter many prominent lecturers from visiting us, and although our lectures have been highly successful, even in this vestry, we must all feel ashamed at our want of enterprise and liberal spirit in not erecting a splendid Lyceum Hall.

There is another fact which should touch our pride,—for we all feel proud of the fair fame of our good town, this fact stands prominent before us on entering most of our neighboring towns, in large and ornamental buildings with gold letters in front, "Lyceum Hall." We admire these buildings; they express the progress of the age, and carry the strong impression that the citizens are intelligent, and supporters of the diffusion of useful knowledge. Shall we allow our neighbors to lead us in this important matter? We trust not, and hope the subject of building a Lyceum Hall with a public library, will be taken up in earnest, and a building erected, which will be an ornament to our town, and a valuable and useful institution for present and future generations.

We call on our workmen, the bone and sinew of our community, to take this matter in hand. The recent formation of the "Working Men's Association" is a most important movement in our town, and cannot fail, if properly managed, of opening a pleasant and valuable source, for the improvement and elevation of its members. Our mechanics are too distant from each other. This association will draw them together, and unite

them in sentiments and feelings, and bring minds together, which may result in inventions and enterprises, which before have been distant, and could not act. This association must have a Hall, where lectures on the mechanic arts, may unfold the great resources of the human mind, and instruct the apprentices, and we believe a long pull, a strong pull, and pull altogether, will erect a Lyceum Hall.

We cannot help sometimes putting on our thinking cap, after visiting certain locations in Boston, which used to be so familiar to us in our young days. Forty years ago, Boston was not quite so full of people, and when we were an apprentice in "Old Cornhill," we could call nearly all the citizens by name. There is a mighty change now. We can count but very few who were on the stage of action then. Some of the incidents of those days would not be tolerated now, still they are not unpleasant for reference.

The first floor of Faneuil Hall, in old times, was a market. Dock Square was the outside market. The butchers used to have leisure time then, and were full of jokes and fun—on the corner of what is now "Change Alley," and Market Square was a small apothecary's shop, kept by a very small man, who lived in the same building, and had his parlor in the rear of his shop. He was very petulant, and the butts of the market men, who were always playing him some tricks. We remember one day of seeing quite a fuss at his shop.

A stout countryman had sold a large hog, which he wished to carry to State street, and not knowing the nearest way, asked the butchers. They directed him through that apothecary's shop, but told him the little man did not like to have people pass through, but that he must not mind him, but push him aside and go ahead.

The man, with his hog on his shoulder, made his entry, and was met by the apothecary. The scene was something like Gulliver and the Lilliputian. The apothecary raved, but the countryman pushed him aside, saying "they told me you would do so," and pushed on with his hog into the parlor, where he found some ladies seated with their needle work and knitting. The clean carpet was soiled, the ladies became alarmed, and the man and his hog immersed from the shop, with the doctor in his rear, to the gratification of the rogues in the market. These same rogues paid for a basket of charcoal, and directed the charcoal man to carry it to the doctor's shop, and if he resisted, he must empty it on the floor. On entering the shop, the doctor forbid him coming in, but the man said the owner bought the charcoal and directed him to leave it in his shop; so he emptied it on the floor, and went out through the door.

MEDICAL MEETING.

The Middlesex East Medical Society held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening last at the house of Dr. Chapin, in Winchester. The officers chosen for the ensuing year were Dr. Chapin, President; Dr. Mansfield, of South Reading, Vice President; Dr. Rickard, of Woburn, Secretary; Dr. Plympton, of Woburn, Treasurer and Librarian; Dr. Drew, of Woburn, Auditor. For Censor, Drs. Cutter, of Woburn, Parker, of Melrose, and Mansfield, of South Reading. For Councillors, Drs. Chapin, of Winchester, Wakefield, of Reading, and Rickard, of Woburn.

The meeting was spirited and adjourned to meet Jan. 11, at Dr. Wakefield's, in Reading, for medical improvement. A. CHAPIN.

The stores in Woburn are well filled with fresh stocks of goods for the Fall and Winter trade. Our citizens need not go to Boston for any of the articles in general use, for they can purchase full as cheap in Woburn.

When are our merchants to commence closing their stores early, so that their clerks can attend the Lyceum Lectures, and have a few hours these long evenings to improve their minds.

Our readers will see by the Town Warrant that the subject of an ordinance for the Fire Department, and for the purchase of new hose for the engines, is to be acted on, after the close of the polls on Monday, the 14th; don't forget it.

The excitement on the subject of the new constitution is growing very warm; many of the prominent political men have changed their minds. In these perplexing positions, with the increasing uncertainty of future events, many will be ready to exclaim as did Daniel Webster in Faneuil Hall, "where shall I go?"

The cities in California are very unfortunate in the many large and destructive fires. By the last accounts the city of Sonora had been nearly destroyed by fire. The loss must be very heavy.

Railroad accidents are on the increase. It is about time for the late disaster, to be forgotten. People are so determined to go ahead that no warnings of life or death will stop them. The practice of jumping on or off the cars while in motion is an every day occurrence. The danger is disregarded in our eager pursuit of a desired object and off we go, and another steps in our place, and the train passes on as usual.

STRAWBERRIES.—We have received from Mr. Ward a few good sized strawberries which grew in his garden, and ripened during the last warm weather, a second growth, and a rare occurrence.

THE LATE FIERE FIGHT.—Yesterday afternoon quite an excitement was created in this city in consequence of warrants being received by Sheriff Orser, from the authorities in the State of Massachusetts, demanding the arrest of some fifty or sixty New Yorkers, who were spectators of the late prize fight between "Yankee" Sullivan and John Morrissey, at Boston Corner. The documents were placed in the hands of the several Deputy Sheriffs to execute; and we learn that several gentlemen who were at the ring contest in question, were taken into custody by virtue of these mandates.

The news having spread that the Sheriff was on the alert for all spectators of the Sullivan and Morrissey battle, it created quite a fluttering among those who were there. The Deputies of the Sheriff were active in the discharge of their duties, and succeeded in arresting some half a dozen of those against whom the warrants were issued by the proper authority in the Bay State. The greatest surprise was manifested to know how, and in what manner, the Massachusetts authorities obtained the names and residences of persons in New York, who repaired to the scene of pugilism, at the "Corner."

The sheriff will continue his duty in this matter to-day, and no doubt many persons who move in high life in this great metropolis, will be provided with lodgings in the Eldridge street jail before the sun goes down this evening. The action of the authorities in the State above named, has thus far been very prompt and creditable, and they not only make a requisition for the principal parties in the brutal encounter, but all who were present and gave their assent, thereby aiding and abetting in the matter. — *New York Times*, 8th.

ANOTHER INCENDIARY FIRE IN NEWTON.—At about eight o'clock last night, the barn of Stephen Whitney in Newtonville, near the depot of the Boston and Worcester Railroad was set fire and totally destroyed with its contents, including a horse and three cows. The loss is but partially insured. This makes four barns and one dwelling house in Newton that have been set on fire and destroyed within a fortnight. A valuable barn in Waltham, on the borders of Newton, has also been burnt.

FIRE IN CHARLESTOWN.—On Saturday night about 9 1/2 o'clock, a fire broke out in a large building on Main street, Charlestown, owned by Mr. Nathan Tufts, who had 10 tons of hay stored in it which was nearly destroyed, valued at about \$200, on which there was no insurance. Mr. Freeman Sewall, morocco dresser, occupied a portion of the building for skins, &c., all saved. There was also a lot of window frames and other stuff in the building, which was nearly all destroyed. The building was badly damaged; no insurance. The alarm of fire on Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, was caused by the rekindling of the ruins. The fire was the work of an incendiary. Engines were present from Chelsea and Cambridge, and rendered very efficient service.

Yankee Sullivan has been surrendered to the requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts, and will be tried in this State for the prize fight at Boston Corner. He was delivered to Sheriff George S. Willis, of Berkshire. There is a warrant out for Morrissey, but it is said he has gone to England.

In the Middlesex Court of Common Pleas, in session at Concord, John Farrell, of Charlestown, has been convicted on an indictment charging him with having set his house on fire, with intent to defraud the Insurance Companies.

ACCIDENTS ON THE NEW BEDFORD RAILROAD.—The first train out from this city, Saturday morning, for New Bedford, ran over a cow, just this side of Canton, and cut her to pieces; no other damage was done. Another train, just this side of New Bedford, ran over an animal known as an "essence pedlar," who incautiously ventured upon the track, killing him instantly, and destroying his whole stock of wares,—the demolition of which caused a perfume, anything but fragrant. The train was pretty thoroughly scared, so as to render it necessary to give the cars an airing. We did not hear of any "inquest" being held on the remains; and the only official notice taken of the affair, was an earnest remonstrance on the part of the conductor to the engineer, to give gentlemen of that class a wide berth in future.

From Sandwich Islands the Lewis is highly interesting and important. Dr. Judd had been removed from the office of minister of finance, and Elisha A. Allen appointed in his place. A decided step has been taken towards annexation to the United States.—The French and British consuls had protested to the King against such an act, and the American commissioners had replied in a firm but dignified manner. This movement had caused the greatest excitement on the island.

A Baptist Theological Seminary has just been opened at Fairmount, near Cincinnati, a new Gothic edifice having been erected for it at a cost of \$25,000. It is located on the summit of one of the highest hills in the vicinity of the city, and in full view of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. Tuition is free to candidates for the ministry, and to approved applicants needing assistance, an appropriation of \$400 per annum will be made by the Baptist Educational Society. The Professors are all qualified ministers of the Gospel.

Millerism is again spreading in Maine. There are thousands who believe the world will be burnt next Spring.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

There are ninety-two hotels in New York, and they are all full to overflowing.

Thousands of railroad hands have been discharged at the West, in consequence of the stringency in the money market.

135,000 pounds of maple sugar were made in Wilmington, Vermont, the present year.

Near Winchester, Ill., Frederick Bean gathered 160 bushels of corn which grew on one acre of ground.

The population of the Australian colonies is estimated at 700,000.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Catholic residents in the town of Malden and Medford have united in purchasing a lot of land, on which they intend to erect a church as soon as possible.

The cause of the burning of Samuel Fowler's house and barn in Westfield, was his little son of four years playing with matches in the barn. He kindled a bonfire which he could not put out, and the flames spread thence.

Mrs. Laura Starkweather, of Alabama, N. Y., died on the 24th inst., from taking a dose of oxalic acid, supposed to be Epsom salts.

Thanksgiving in Ohio, on the 24th of November.

Mrs. Primrose Johnson has obtained a judgment, in the Circuit Court in Broome county, of \$4000 damages against the Erie Railroad Company, for the death of her husband who was killed by an accident on the defendant's road.

The inhabitants of Key West, on the 22d October, had nothing to eat but fish and turtle, and were awaiting an arrival from New York to save them from famine.

Frost made its appearance in nearly all the cotton region of South Carolina and Georgia on Tuesday, Oct. 25. At Lagrange, Geo., the growing cotton is represented as perfectly dead. Ice formed at Savannah on Wednesday, Oct. 25.

About \$700 have been contributed for the erection of a monument to the memory of Knud Iversen, the Norwegian boy who was lately drowned by his companions for refusing to steal fruit,—or "the boy who would rather die than steal." The sum wanted, including the above is \$1000.

The Lancaster (Pa.) *Whig* says that operations have been commenced in the old mines in that county, lying on what is designated on the map as Silver Mine Run, and that the result justifies the hope that it will prove one of the richest ores of silver, lead, &c., in the world.

The proprietor of a livery stable, writing from Sacramento says he keeps five hostlers; three of the five were formerly "Broadway dry goods clerks," and the other two, Baptist clergymen?

Thirty-four hop pickers were drowned at Maidstone, England, by the upsetting of a wagon in which they were crossing a stream.

The telegraph reports that in consequence of the election of the Maine law ticket for representatives, nearly all the taverns in Baltimore were closed, last Sunday, the proprietors anticipating a rigid enforcement of the Sunday Law.

Judy, a slave, died in Bradley county North Carolina, on the 15th ult., aged 110 years.

COMMENDABLE.—We are informed that a gentleman of Boston has offered to give fifty thousand dollars to the town of Brewster for the formation of a public library there, provided the town will raise an equal amount to be appropriated to the same purpose.

Mr. Shafter, of Wilmington, Vt., has presented to the House of representatives, of that State, the petition of *sundry females* of Brattleboro', praying for the passage of an act authorizing them to vote in certain specified cases.

A lady, in the South of France, who wore a cap mounted on wires, was recently struck by lightning, which in the opinion of the doctors was attracted by the metal.

The Corning powder mill at Spencer, owned by Lewis Bemis, blew up on Friday morning, killing Henry and Richard Avis, Robert Perkins and George Swallow, Englishmen, and John Laughlin, an Irishman. Some of the bodies were found fifty rods off, and horribly mutilated.

On the 14th ult., the bonds by which Lucinda and Henry B. Huntington, of Killingly, Conn., were made one flesh, were dissolved by order of court, in answer to the prayer of the former—and four days after the divorced couple took the first train to New York and got married over again.

Two young negro slaves killed their master, Wylie Kearney, of Caldwell county, Kentucky, a few days since. He was about to punish one of them when the other came up and threw a rope over his head, and then both pulled on the ends of the rope until he was choked to death.

WIG DISTURBANCE.—Some wags have asserted that certain Whig Makers offered Mr. Spalding a handsome sum to suppress the manufacture of his Castor Oil and Rosemary Hair Wash, from the fear that it would destroy their trade. Seriously, this preparation is the best re-producer of hair, and also adornment of it, that is known. Who would be without rich glossy locks, when 25 cents will procure them? See advertisement.

A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

With each return of the season in which the people of Massachusetts have been accustomed, from the earliest period, to set apart a day for the public recognition of the Divine source of all their prosperity and happiness, the propriety and value of such an observance is the more deeply impressed upon every thoughtful mind, and upon every grateful heart. As a Christian people we cannot fail to recognize its fitness, or cease to invest it with all the reality of a living interest, arising out of the remembrance of our manifold public and private blessings. Each year brings its added causes of gratitude to enrich the substantial meaning of this day, and to make us welcome, with devout hearts, the return of the domestic and religious festival of our Commonwealth.

I do therefore, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

And I respectfully invite them on that day to suspend their ordinary labors, and to assemble in their respective places of worship, to offer to the Great Ruler of the Universe their united thanksgiving, for the signal mercies with which, in the midst of our great unworthiness, He has visited us during the year that is past.

That notwithstanding our habitual presumption and self-reliance, and our frequent forgetfulness of the great truth, that without Him we are nothing, and can do nothing. He has been pleased to continue to us the inestimable privileges of civil and religious freedom.

That in the gracious ordering of His Providence, by which "He has set the solitary in families," He has preserved for us, amidst the temptations to evil by which we are surrounded, the compensating influence of numerous homes, whose varied fortunes are wisely planned to mould our noble powers, and fit us for a higher and better life.

That it has pleased Him to avert from those Homes the invisible contagion which has visited so many other places in our land, to leave them desolate; and while our sympathies are awakened, and our supplications rise in behalf of our stricken countrymen, let us return with devout thanksgiving to Him who has graciously spared us from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

That it has also pleased Him to reward abundantly the labors of our people, in all their varied spheres of usefulness; that they have been signally prospered in the field, the factory, the workshop, and upon the sea.

That He has so guided the national councils, and so regulated the actions of all those to whom places of public trust and responsibility have been committed, as to preserve to our beloved country the blessings of honorable Peace, and of public security, amidst the agitations and uncertainties that have disturbed the internal and international relations of other States.

That He has giving to our keeping, and made clear to our consciousness, those precious principles of Liberty which secure our own prosperity, and which are yet destined, by wisdom and prudence, to bless and elevate the people of all other lands.

That He still bountifully favors all the institutions of Religion and Education, and every endowment of Benevolence; and that we are permitted, gratefully to witness the constant enlargement of the domains of Knowledge, Clarity and Art, which have ever made this Commonwealth the object of our love and pride.

In the decorous and devout observance of the day, may we fervently and unitedly offer up our sincere thanksgiving for all these tokens of his goodness, and be prompt thereby to increased efforts to make ourselves more worthy of their continuance to us, as the citizens of a favored and Christian Commonwealth.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-eighth.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

By his Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

EPHRAIM M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ENROLLED MILITIA.—The returns made at Headquarters by the Assessors of the several towns in the Commonwealth, for the year 1853, show the number of the "enrolled" militia of Massachusetts to be as follows:

Counties of Suffolk, Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable, Norfolk, Plymouth, and Bristol, comprising the First Division,	51,317
Counties of Essex and Middlesex comprising the Second Division	41,970
Counties of Worcester, Franklin, Hampshire, Hampden and Berkshire, comprising the Third Division,	40,044
Total	133,231

This number is exclusive of the "active" militia, which amounts to about seven thousand men.

These returns show the almost incredible increase of 16,785 over the last year.—*Dispatch*.

THE mining business and other business connected with Lake Superior, is increasing with great activity. Five large steamboats, four propellers, and several sail vessels are running regularly between Detroit and the Saut, and two steamboats, four propellers and several sail vessels are running on Lake Superior—all with full freights and crowds of passengers.

MANNER OF VOTING.

To the Selectmen of the Several Towns in the Commonwealth:

You are aware that it is the right of every voter to deposit his ballot for State Officers either openly or in sealed envelopes, while the votes on the Constitution must be deposited in sealed envelopes. This may lead to fraud, unless great care be taken by the Selectmen in receiving and counting the votes, as any man may enclose in his envelope a vote both on the Constitution and for State officers, without the possibility of detection. To guard against this we would recommend to the Selectmen of the various towns to provide that the votes for State officers shall be brought in on one ticket in sealed envelopes, or not, at the option of the voter, and the votes on the Constitution in separate sealed envelopes,—that separate boxes be prepared and properly labelled—one for the votes on State officers, and the other for those on the Constitution; and that no vote should be counted that is not deposited in its appropriate box.

This we deem the only course to prevent the possibility of double voting, and secure the just rights of every citizen.

JOHN SARGENT, } Secretary Whig State
Central Committee.
AARON HOBART, } Chairman Democratic
State Committee.
F. W. BIRD, } Chairman Free Dem.
State Committee.

The New Draft of a Constitution.—The Secretary of State has issued the following notification:

To answer in part the numerous applications which have recently come to this office, the undersigned takes this method to inform the Clerks of the several cities and towns, that there is no provision of law, or order of the convention, by which he would be authorized to distribute to the people of the State the new draft of a Constitution, or to furnish the cities and towns with blanks for returns of votes on the same.

E. M. WRIGHT.

Secretary's Office,
Boston, October 31, 1853.

Publications Received.

PARLOR MAGAZINE, Cincinnati, Ohio. This magazine has become one of the best of the day. The number for November has two beautiful steel engravings, with a variety of choice reading, equal to any magazine of the day. The editor announces a new arrangement, by which this magazine will be filled with communications of a high order, and beautifully illustrated with steel engravings, and colored plates, the latest fashions and original wood cuts. The West should liberally sustain this valuable magazine.

HORTICULTURIST for November. We have derived the highest satisfaction in perusing the Editor's Table in this number. Those of our readers who cultivate the Grape will find valuable information in this number, to be had at Fowler's.

SPIRIT WORKS.—By Allen Putnam. We have received this lecture, printed in a pamphlet. We have no doubt but Mr. Putnam is honest in his belief, in what he advances on the subject of this exciting doctrine of spiritual manifestations. We have known something of the author, and shall not question his honesty of opinion. Our feelings on these occasions are relieved by supposing a mist may obscure the intellect of all these believers in the mysticisms of this exciting age. Mr. Putnam is earnest in enforcing his peculiar views, and like all the professors in these new and exciting theories, has a flow of easy and plausible language, which charms the feelings of those who are ever seeking for something new, and we have noticed in all these startling discoveries of new constructions of the order of Providence, that the greater the absurdity, the more anxious and numerous are the believers. We are decidedly opposed to all these unstable opinions,—they are injurious to society, and create unnatural excitements, which result in unhappiness and serious crimes. We may be accused of prejudices, and of prematurely judging all, by numerous instances, of misguided zeal, but we speak from experience from the past thirty years, during which we have witnessed the effects of all the excitements, raised by pretenders to these dangerous doctrines, and we cannot subscribe to them. The true faith of the heart, sustained and guided by the Christian creed, needs none of these reputed revelations from the spirit land. The plain path of duty is as calm as the summer morning, and these new lights look to us like the ignis fatuus of society. Mr. Putnam must excuse us from being a convert to the doctrine advanced in his lecture. We give him credit for the able manner in which he enforces his experience, but we could not suppress a smile at some of his revelations. They are too simple for belief.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—The encouragement which Gleason receives is justly his due. His Pictorial is equal to any published in America or Europe.

SOUTH BOSTON GAZETTE.—is received. We like this paper. It is edited with spirit, and we hope the editors have a long list of good subscribers. They deserve it.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—We have often recommended this paper to the farmers. It is a valuable family paper, and every farmer should subscribe for it. Published at Quincy Hall, Boston.

Gough, the temperance lecturer, is said to be ill in England, where he has created quite a furor.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 3.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853.

NO. 6.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.
SATURDAY NIGHT.
BY THE BARD OF CRIPPLE.

Come gentle muse assist me to write,
A sonnet, in praise of a Saturday night,
Thou' weary, I'm happy, in my quiet home,
To enjoy my family, the Bore of my bone.

Six days thou shalt labor to support life,
To earn food for your children and also your wife:
The day was given to us to work while there's light,
But my work's work is over on a Saturday night.

The merchant may creak o'er his loss, or gain,
Or think of his ships, as they cross o'er the main;
But with my family around me in my little cot,
I'm contented and happy with the little I've got.

The Demagogue may mingle in political strife,
For the sake of an office wear out his life,
He might learn wisdom if he would come to the light,
And see a mechanic on a Saturday night.

With my children around so happy and free,
Fingering, and dancing, in merry glee,
My wife knitting by me, by the pale candle light,
O! there's happiness for me on Saturday night,
Humphreys, N. H.

SELECTED.

BASIL CRAWFORD.

"It is a very sad thing that great and good people die sooner than mean and bad ones!" exclaimed Fred Cunyngnam at his club, after reading a notice of the death of a well known, eccentric, but most benevolent merchant, whose liberality was only exceeded by his wealth.

"What do you mean by dying soon, Fred?" inquired his companion; "do you call a man of eighty-two a juvenile?"

"No; but that man's heart was full of sap; it was not stale, not withered; it was fresh and young. Heavens! why should such men die?"

"I'm sure I don't know," yawned the dandy.

"I did not suppose you did," said the other drily.

"I never thought that Mr. F— was a friend of yours."

"I had not even the honor of his acquaintance."

"Then what the deuce are you sighing for? I find precious few of my intimates worth a breath, much less a sigh; and that I should certainly never think of contributing to the memory of any old hunk, dying worth even hundred thousand pounds. Gods! how happy a title of that would make me!"

"And whom else, Charles?"

"Whom else? Why, if the money was my own—"

"You would spend it on yourself," interrupted Fred Cunyngnam; "that was what Mr. F— did not, or I should not have sighed for him."

"Ay! yow! you are growing vast—vastly odd, Fred Mon Prince! I want! Come, as you are fond of exciting a sensation, tell me what was so particular about this—Ah, man!"

Cunyngnam glanced at the inert and graceful nonchalant, who was occupying the place of three moderately sized men, seated upon one softly cushioned chair, his arm over another, his feet upon a third; and, more perhaps from the love of repeating what he admired, than expecting sympathy from the beau garcon, commenced the narration of the following episode, in the life of a barister, who now fills a high and lucrative judicial situation.

"You know that Basil Crawford married young—"

"Yes, I remember that—a devilish pretty girl—but nothing material about her; no money; he used to be one of us before, but after marriage men grow domestic, and all that sort of thing."

"Not all men," said Fred, glancing at a knot of married men who had the reputation about town, of not being particularly domestic. "Well," he continued, "Basil pined for some time in all the seclusion of small chambers, and a cottage at Pimlico; the only thing great about him was a hope, and that—"

"Fred, my dear boy, cut sentiment; you will never be even a captain of dragoons if you patronize sentiment: tell the story—as Major Doherty says—out of the face at once; that is indeed if you have a story to tell."

The young officer smiled and resumed:

"Basil was passing along the sunny side of a street leading from Grosvenor square, when his eye was attracted by a 'This House to Let,' on the windows of a mansion, not overgrown, and yet, of course, everything that a gentleman could desire. Basil looked the house all over; and, while he was looking at it, a mean, shabby, dirty little elderly man, in suit of seedy black, came up to him and said, 'I have the showing of that house sir, would you like to look at it?'"

"No, I do not wish to give you the trouble," replied Basil, "it is a much larger house than I require."

"But you may look at it; that can neither harm you nor the house," replied the old man, walking up the steps and pulling the key of the door out of his pocket; he let himself in, and Basil followed; his guide conducted him from room to room, and as the library contained some busts and bronzes, he expatiated on their beauties with the zeal and taste of a virtuoso.

Basil forgot that mean was come—forgot that mean was gone—forgot his brief—his

chambers—his wife even! and for four mortal or immortal hours, held converse with the mean, shabby, dirty, little elderly man, in seedy black. Both were astonished when they discovered the hour, and, on parting, the young barrister could not avoid thanking his companion for the treat he had enjoyed, assuring him that though he could not take his house, he had taken what was more valuable.

"If he attempted such puns as that," interrupted Charles, "he deserved extermination; but go on."

"The house belongs to Mr. F—, sir," replied the old man, "and I will inform him who called to see it."

"It is quite useless," said Basil, with a sigh, "quite, indeed; I could not pay the rent of that house and live!"

"The next morning, as Basil was seated at breakfast with his charming wife, enjoying—"

"The rural felicity at Pimlico," again interrupted his inextinguishable friend, "with a sweet pledge of mutual affection, in curl-papers and brown-holland pin-bow, upon either knee, a Pimlico muffin swimming in salt batter on the blackened thing called a 'hob,' and Mrs. C. in slippers, looking ugly, as even pretty women do by morning light—"

"Faith, Charles, you are too bad; finish the picture and the story together, if you will but do not interrupt me again. Where was I?"

"Breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. C., the two pledges, and the butter and muffin, at Pimlico."

"Well to his astonishment, he received a letter from Mr. F—, offering him the house furnished, at one-half the rent that had been demanded! Basil was almost dazzled with the splendid offer; it was just the house he would desire; it might be the means of obtaining him notice; he might get on in his profession; but a gentle hand rested upon his arm, and a soft voice whispered in his ear, that the possession of such a house, however moderate the rent would be, must entail expenses, which their present means could not defray."

"Basil's decision was made; he wrote, declining Mr. F—'s liberal offer with many thanks; and added, he had so great a dread of running in debt, that he preferred—"

"The muffin and Pimlico," interrupted Charles; "well, I myself have a great dread of debt."

"Did you say debt; perhaps you meant debt?" retorted the other.

"You are too hard upon me, Fred," laughed the good humored officer, "but perhaps you are right, go on."

"The next he received an invitation from Mr. F— to dinner. This astonished him a good deal, but his astonishment passed all bounds when, in the magnificent drawing-room in—square, he discovered that his host, and the mean, shabby, dirty, little elderly man, in seedy black, were one and the same person! He did not again urge upon him the acceptance of the house, but he had procured him an appointment in India, in unison with his profession, yielding an annual income of two thousand pounds."

"Fred," exclaimed the listless officer, running his fingers through his curls, "suppose you or I were to walk near Grosvenor or Belgrave square, and look up at the windows where 'house to let' is placarded. Do you think anybody would take a fancy—a fancy after that fashion I mean—to either of us?"

I doubt if we should have the fortitude to withstand the first offer," replied his friend.

"And if Basil had accepted the first, he would never have had the second; it was his extreme uprightness of principle that fascinated the old gentleman. It convinced him that where there was rectitude and fortitude, there was little doubt of eventual success. And when he was introduced to Mrs. Crawford, and saw how naturally proud any man would be to withdraw so beautiful and so amiable a woman from retirement, and exhibit her in her proper sphere, respect was added to his admiration."

"Crawford filled the situation with ability and credit during a period of six years, and then Mr. F— proposed that he should return to England, having provided something better for him in his own country."

"You are one of the few who have not disappointed me," was his friend's salutation on his return, "and I have prepared a house for your reception, which, I hope, will meet with Mr. Crawford's approbation."

"Such a house, Charles! the very one which several years before, Crawford had so wisely rejected!—there it was, every room furnished precisely in accordance with the barrister's taste; the library filled, not only with law books, but with all that should adorn the shelves of a scholar and a gentleman; and what, if possible, he thanked him most for, was, that the few bronzes, the soiled Cicerone, the rare 'Ben Johnson,' the old Shakespeare, were in their original places, so as to recall the four hours spent in that same room, with the mean, shabby, dirty, little elderly man, in seedy black. Was not that an episode in a man's life worth recording? Said I not right, that the old merchant's heart was full of sap?"

"William Malbone, teamster, fell from his wagon, on Thursday, in Johnston, B. I., and was killed by the team passing over him. He was intoxicated."

Reubens and the Spanish Monk.

One day, during his residence in Spain, Reubens made an excursion in the environs of Madrid, accompanied by several of his pupils. He entered a convent, where he observed with no small degree of surprise, in the choir of the chapel, a picture which bore evidence of having been executed by an artist of sublime genius. The picture represented the death of a monk. Reubens called his pupils, showed them the picture, and they all shared the admiration which the *chef d'œuvre* elicited from their master.

"Who painted this picture?" inquired Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Reubens.

"The name of the painter has been inscribed at the bottom of the picture," observed Van Tulden, "but it has been carefully effaced."

Reubens sent for the old prior of the convent, and requested that he would tell him the name of the artist.

"The painter is no longer of this world," answered the monk.

"What!" exclaimed Reubens, "dead! and unknown! His name deserves to be immortal. It would have obliterated the remembrance of mine. And yet," added he, with pardonable vanity, "I am Peter Paul Reubens."

At these words the pale countenance of the prior became flushed and animated. His eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Reubens a look which betrayed a stronger feeling than curiosity. But this excitement was merely momentary. The monk cast down his eyes, crossed on his bosom the arms which he had raised to heaven by an impulse of enthusiasm, and repeated:

"The artist is no longer of this world."

"Tell me his name, father," exclaimed Reubens; "tell me his name, I conjure you, that I may repeat it throughout the world, and give to him the glory which is his due!"

And Reubens, Van Dyck, Jordans, Van Nuel, and Van Tulden, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated that he would tell the name of the painter.

The monk trembled, and his lips convulsively quivered, as if ready to reveal the secret. Then, making a solemn motion with his hand, he said:

"Hear me! You misunderstand what I said. I told you that the painter was no longer of this world; but I did not mean that he was dead."

"Does he then live? Oh! tell us where we may find him!"

"He has renounced the world, and retired to a cloister. He is a monk."

"A monk, father! a monk! Oh! tell me then in what convent he is; for he must quit it. When heaven marked a man with the stamp of genius, that man should not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must fulfill it. Tell me the cloister in which he is hidden. I will draw him from his retirement, and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse, I will procure an order from our holy father, the pope, to make him return to the world, and exercise his talent. The pope, father, is a kind friend to me, and he will listen to me."

"I will neither tell you his name nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"But the pope will compel you to do so," exclaimed Reubens impatiently.

"Hear me," said the monk, "hear me, in the name of heaven. Can you imagine that this man, before he quitted the world—before he renounced fortune and fame—did not struggle painfully against that resolution? Can you believe that anything short of the most cruel deception and bitter sorrow, could have brought him to the conviction that all here below was mere vanity? Leave him, then, to die in the asylum to which he has fled from the world and despair. Besides, all your efforts would be fruitless. He would triumphantly resist every temptation. (Here he made the sign of the cross.) God would not refuse him his aid! God, who in his mercy, has called him to himself, will not dismiss him from his presence."

"But, father he has renounced immortality!"

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity."

The monk drew his cowl over his forehead and changed the conversation, so as to prevent Reubens from further urging his plea.

The celebrated Flemish artist left the convent accompanied by his brilliant train of pupils, and they all returned to Madrid, lost in conjectures respecting the painter whose name had been so obstinately withheld from them.

The prior returned to his lonely cell, knelt down on the straw mat which served as his bed, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven.

He then collected together his pencils, his colors, and a small easel, and threw them into a river which flowed beneath the window of his cell. He gazed for some moments in profound melancholy on the stream, which soon drifted these objects from his sight. When they had disappeared, he once more knelt down to pray on his straw mat, and before his wooden crucifix.

We have "advices" of a white Dutch turban, which grew at Port Huron, two feet eleven inches round, and weighed 154 pounds. Depend upon this it is a most extraordinary turban of the kind.

THE YANKEE BOY.

An American brig, belonging to Portsmouth, N. H. was once in Demerara, discharging her cargo, when she was boarded by a boat from a gun-brig, lying at anchor at no great distance. The crew were mustered, and their protections examined, and one New-Hampshire boy, of a noble and fearless spirit, and though young in years, of a vigorous frame, was ordered into the boat. He promptly refused to obey the order. The officer, in a great rage, collared the youthful seaman, but was instantly, by a well-directed blow of his fist, laid sprawling on the deck. The boat's crew rushed to the assistance of their officer, and the young man was finally overpowered, plied, thrown into the boat, and conveyed on board the British brig. The lieutenant complained to his commanding officer of the insult he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment, and that the young Yankee required on his first entrance into the service a lesson which might be of use to him hereafter. Accordingly, the offender was lashed to a gun, by the inhuman satellites of tyranny, and his back was bared to the lash. Before the blow was struck, he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and sworn foe of tyrants. He demanded his release, and assured the captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest malefactor, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen, the act would never be forgiven, but that his revenge would be certain and terrible. The captain laughed at what he regarded an impotent menace, and gave signal to the boatswain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon cruelly mangled, and the blows fell thick and heavily on the quivering flesh. He bore the infliction of his barbarous punishment without a murmur or a groan; and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease, although the skin was hanging in strips on his back, which was thickly covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to falter or faint. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be; but his lips were compressed, as if he were summing up determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth a brilliant gleam, showing that his spirit was unshaken, and that he was bent on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit. His hands were loosened, and he rose from his humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The captain was standing within a few paces of him, with a demonic grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and torture of the poor Yankee. The hapless sufferer saw that the mood of exaltation; and that moment decided the fate of the oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity, and almost the strength of a tiger, the mutilated American sprang upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by officers, who for the moment, seemed paralyzed with astonishment; and before they could recover their senses, and hasten to the assistance of their commander, the flogged American had borne him to the gangway, and then clutching him by the throat with one hand, and firmly embracing him with the other, despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of Demerara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim, then dosed over them, and neither were ever afterwards seen. Both had passed to their long account.

Unmolested, unseized, With all their imperfections on their heads."

But a brighter day has dawned upon the British navy. The odious system of impressment is abolished, never again to be adopted.

LIGHTING A MATCH.—Had all the learned pundits of an hundred years ago, "put their heads together," they could not have expounded the meaning of these three words, in this particular order: (1.) "Lighting" (2.) (3.) match."

"Box o' matches? Penny a box. Have a box?"

Nobody looked, nobody said a word, and the ragged little interrogation point dodged this way and that through the crowd that had knotted up on the corner by French's Hotel, and was gone.

But he set us thinking—thinking of the time when they tolled the curfew and covered up the fires, before there were any matches but show matches, trotting matches, love matches, and sometimes running matches and Gretna Green. Those old days, when they carefully raked back the glowing coals, and hauled out a bed for them in the ashes, and set up the chips and the kindlings in the chimney-corner, "to be ready for morning," as they said. And what a time they had, to be sure, when, after diligent search, at half past four of a wild wintry morning, not a spark could be found, now two feet deep, and a half mile to the neighbors? Down came the old musket from its wooden hooks over the fire place; out came the bit of "punk" from the rusty tobacco box, and the shivering operator, after sundry trials with flint, steel, and "punk"—do you know what punk is?—succeeded in striking a light. And then what vigorous whistling ensued, and shielding of the little flame, from some saucy breath with the hands, till it was pronounced "out of danger." Or perhaps there was a solitary coal and no matches; a coal one half dead, the other sap-

idly clouding. Tongues in the dexter hand, candle in the sinister, how softly they raised the dying ember, and with the wick of the candle lovingly inclined thereto, "blew for a little life." It brightened and glowed, and his lips "prepared to pucker" for another blast. At last there's a little blue flame, the wick just ignites, but the unlucky son of Æolus saw it just too late, gave one puff too many, and "out brief candle!" And so it went, morning after morning, winter after winter.

By and by, there was a great talk of wonderful little bottle, wherein if one spitefully thrust a wonderful little stick, and withdrew it, lo! a little flame! But this, after all, was a luxury, and few enjoyed it.

Next, you know, came the narrow strips of brown card paper, immersed in some mysterious preparation, each little package accompanied by a sand paper tract of precisely two leaves. Did you want a light? You pulled one of those magical strips fiercely through the little folio; sometimes it ignited, sometimes it didn't; so you pulled again and again, like an angry man using a pen wiper.

These passed away, and then came the true Lucifers and no little tract. Things that go off at a touch, go off of themselves—that everybody has, everywhere, in their hats, their vest pockets, at home, abroad. At first they made them by hand, split the little sticks one by one, and dipped them into the stygian kettle that stood by. But everybody wanted matches; everybody must have them. So they rived huge trees by machinery; the kettle with its villainous compound, suddenly grew to a huge reservoir, the steam engine toiled early and late, and so now, they everywhere, "Matches? Penny a box. Have a box?"

CALIFORNIA ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The following description of this country as it was a century and a half ago, is taken from the published transactions of the London Royal Society, from 1700 1720, and printed in the year 1731:—

"California, the Peninsula, has been known nearly two centuries. Its coasts are famous for pearl fisheries. Nor do I doubt that there are mines to be found in several places if they were sought for, since the country is under the same degree as the provinces of Sinaloa and Sonora, where there are very rich ones. Heaven has been so bountiful to the Californians, that the earth brings forth, of itself, what it does not produce elsewhere without a great deal of labor and pains; yet they make no esteem of the plenty and of the riches of their country, contenting themselves with what is only necessary for life, and take little care for the rest. Parts of the country are very populous. They are a lively people. The climate is healthy. In the valleys excellent pasture, at all times, for great and small cattle, fine springs, wild grape vines; as it abounds in fruit, it does no less so in grain, of which there are fourteen sorts that the people feed on. They have plenty of red strawberries, of which they eat plentifully. Their citrons and water melons are of an extraordinary size. Most plants bear fruit three times a year. We brought with us, from New Spain, Indian corn, wheat, peas, lentils, &c. We sowed them and had a very plentiful increase, though we had no cattle or proper implements to till the ground. We brought some cow and store of small cattle, as sheep and goats, but our necessity obliged us to kill the greatest part of them. We likewise brought with us horses and colts to stock the country, and we began to breed up hogs; but, as these do a great deal of damage in the villages, and the women are afraid of them, we have resolved to exterminate them. The climate is so mild that the men go naked, and the women wear an apron covering from waist to knee."

THE LIQUOR LAW SUSTAINED.—At the law term of the Supreme Court, which has been held in Salem, the week past, quite a number of cases arising under the New Liquor Law were decided by a full bench. They were all submitted to the Court without argument, both by the counsel for the defendants, and by Attorney General Choate, for the Commonwealth. The opinion of the Court was delivered on Thursday in all cases, overruling all the exceptions which had been taken, and the motions in arrest of judgment which had been made, and sustaining both the law, and the forms of indictment and complaints under it. We believe a new trial was ordered only in one case, and that was one in which the point reserved had nothing to do with the peculiarities of this law. The special points decided we are unable to give at present.—Salem Observer.

NO MORE WOOD OR COAL FUEL.—We verily believe that a way has been discovered of warming houses by burning gas that will speedily do away with the use of wood and coal for the heating and culinary purposes. This astonishing old fogeydom; but we have entire confidence in the success of this great discovery, and have made arrangements to have the Mirror office warmed by this process. The flame from a single gas burner, such as we now use, can be diffused as to produce any required degree of heat—at a cost for gas, and that, too, at present city rates, of only about *five cents a day!* We regard this discovery as one of the latest wonders and most useful achievements of the age.—N. Y. Mirror

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

- Reed Thomas, s. of Thomas and Hannah, b. Sept. 30th.
Center Eunice, s. of Bill and Hannah, b. July 31st.
Flagg Joseph, s. of John and Hannah, b. Feb. 7th.
French Benjamin, s. of Ann and Hannah, b. June 14th.
Wright John, s. of John and Phoebe, b. March 19th.
Peirce Susan, d. of Jacob and Abigail, b. Sept. 18th.
Johnson, Joel s. of Asel and Rebekah, b. June 14th.
Walker Judith, d. of Joshua and Mary, b. Jan. 10th.
Alexander Jerusha, d. of Abraham and Jerusha, b. April 26th.
Blanchard Jesse, s. of David and Abigail, b. April 10th.
Wood Dorcas, d. of John and Dorcas, b. Mar. 6th.
Richardson Stephen, Newhall, s. of Eleazar, b. July 28th.
Johnson Abijah, s. of Abijah and Mary, b. July 2nd.
Simonds Catharine, d. of Benjamin and Susanna, b. Aug. 16th.
1770.
Evans John, s. of Andrew and Sarah, b. Mar. 16th.
Richardson Thomas, s. of Jonathan and Mary, b. March 29th.
Johnson Catharine, d. of William and Abigail, b. Jan. 31st.
Richardson Abigail, d. of Bartholomew and Abigail, b. March 26th.
Brooks Zachariah, s. of Zachariah and Hannah, b. April 10th.
Johnson Fanny, d. of Shubael and Mary, b. April 2d.
Johnson Hannah, d. of Josiah and Sarah, b. May 29th.
Abbott Elizabeth, d. of William and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 30th.
Wyman Jesse, s. of Paul and Lucy, b. Feb. 28th.
Winn Betty, d. of Joseph and Betty, b. March 15th.
Richardson Abigail, d. of Zebulon and Abigail, b. Oct. 16th.
Fowle Sarah, d. of Jonathan and Sarah, b. Nov. 6th.
Wyman Levinah, d. of Jonathan and Abigail, b. Oct. 20th.
Twist Jesse, s. of Edward and Sarah, b. April 23d.
Tay Sarah, d. of Samuel and Sarah, b. March 22d.
Richardson Betty, d. of Jonas and Martha, b. March 24th.
Wyman Sarah, d. of Ezra and Eunice, b. July 5th.
Baldwin Reuel, s. of Ruel and Kesia, b. Dec. 21st.
Richardson Jesse, s. of John and Hannah, b. June 29th.
Caldwell Thomas Jones, s. of Jacob and Sarah, b. July 6th.
Richardson Josiah, s. of Josiah and Mary, b. Dec. 19th.
Brooks Ruth, d. of Jonathan and Ruth, born July 21st.
Wyman Zebadiah, s. of Zebadiah and Elizabeth, b. July 9th.
Caldwell Anna, d. of John and Sarah, born March 10th.
Tidd Susanna, d. of Jonathan and Susannah, b. Oct. 6th.
Tay Mary, d. of John and Susanna, born Sept. 11th.
Skinner Susannah, d. of Joseph and Sarah, b. Dec. 16th.
Richardson Eleaser Carter, d. of Eleaser and Catharine, b. Oct. 13th.
Richardson Sarah, d. of Edward and Sarah, b. Apr. 11th.
Young Mary, d. of William and Elizabeth, b. May 4th.
1771.
Eaton John, s. of Jonathan and Lucy, born March 26th.
Wyman Huldah, d. of Elijah and Huldah, b. Nov. 31st.
Richardson Joseph, s. of Barnabas and Rebecca, born March 10th.
Centre Jonas, s. of Bill and Hannah, born May 11th.
Skilton Dase, d. of Dase and Ruth, born June 1st.
Wyman Patty, d. of James and Sarah, born June 12th.
Thompson Bridget, d. of Hiram and Bridget, born April 18th.
Fowle Samuel, s. of James and Ruhannah, born June 10th.
Parker Betty, d. of Josiah and Mary, born July 23rd.
Randall Daniel, s. of Josiah and Mary, born Aug. 8th.
Winn Susanna, d. of Joseph and Betty, born Nov. 2nd.
Carter Kesia, d. of Jobs and Lydia, born March 27th.
Richardson Stephen, s. of Stephen and Martha, born April 29th.
Richardson Ishabod, s. of Ishabod and Sarah, born Jan. 17th.
Richardson Lydia, d. of Abel and Mary, born April 3rd.
Simonds Elizabeth, d. of Jesse and Elizabeth, born April 17th.

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NO. 7.

POETRY.

WO BURN, Nov. 7th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—DEAR SIR:—The following lines having been sent by some kind and warm-hearted friend, I send you a copy desiring you may put them in your Journal if you see fit so to do. They contain not only friendly, but Christian feeling, showing the high hopes and benevolent feeling of the author, and arriving at every noble, most glorious results. Would that most reader of your Journal knew (as I doubt not many of them do), the reality of the quoted line.

H. A. W.

Pursue my friend the Heavenly path
Make God your constant friend,
We soon shall bid adieu to earth:
Life's like the fleeting wind.

Count earth and all its passing joys
As worthless fading toys:
And let your thoughts all soar above,
In quest of sacred love.

May you in pleasure spend your days,
May Jesus be your friend:
Your heart be turned for Heavenly lays,
Long ere your life shall end.

SELECTED.

Romance in Real Life.

"O'er friendless grief, compassion shall awake."
Campbell.

Some few weeks since, a young man and woman were left at the Franklin depot, on the Norfolk County Railroad. They started on foot towards Wrentham, and as they went inquired often for "Maria Blake." "She is our mother," they said. Drearly they walked till nearly night, without once receiving a favorable answer, and they feared approaching darkness would compel them to ask a lodging of strangers. Still they walked on, and soon came to a house formerly known as the Pine Tree Tavern, (so called from a tree in the description in the yard.) Here was a woman in a carriage waiting for her husband, who had business in doors. Approaching her with great fear, and little hope, they tremblingly asked if she could tell them "Where Maria Blake lived?" and said as usual, "She is our mother!" "Maria Blake!" "Maria Blake!" mused the woman, and after a short pause, said with emotion, "Yes, children, I will carry you there."

This person was a resident of North Wrentham, and had been for a number of years, and the history of two children, which she could not doubt were the same as those now before her, vividly leaped upon her musings. (Blessed memory let me nurse thee tenderly, and thank God unceasingly for this faculty which so perfectly treasured the picture of a deserted home and very desolate heart.) Their history was as follows: Maria Blake, of North Wrentham, married a Smith, of Irish descent. He possessed a violent disposition, and often menaced her with severe threats. Just before the birth of the second child, she left him and took refuge at her father's, unable longer to endure her suffering. He procured a boarding place in the vicinity. When her child (a boy) was a week or two old, her husband came to the house with a Catholic priest, and insisted upon having him baptized, and told the mother when it was a month old he should take it from her. But the month passed by, and the child was suffered to remain. He came often to the house to see his children, bringing sweetmeats for the little girl, who seemed to show some fondness for her father. The mother closely watched his movements, fearing some evil purpose was lurking in his heart. It was thus watching him one day, as he sat with his little girl of three years and her babe of nine months, when she saw a man with a horse and a chaise riding leisurely along.

As he approached opposite the door, Smith ran with a child under each arm, and attempted to enter the chaise with them. The mother and grandfather ran screaming after and seized hold of them, but so determined was Smith to hold them, that they were obliged to leave them or pull them from him. They then sprang to the horse, and the poor mother clung to the animal till she was severely lashed with the whip that she let back, and he was gone—gone, with both of her dear children. The neighbors were summoned, and started in pursuit towards Boston. At Dedham, the toll gatherer saw two children in a carriage, and one of them had a handkerchief on its head. After this no trace of them could be found, and it was supposed that they would be conveyed to some convent and immured for life; and as year after year passed away and no tidings of them came, it seemed certain that such was their fate. They were as dead to their mother—aye, even worse than this; such terrible visions of hushed sabbings by harsh voices, and severe correction in fits of passion, surely the quiet grave was far preferable. But she would as soon have expected their resurrection, where they were, as their reappearance now.

After a lawful term of years had expired, having never heard of her husband and children, she again married, which may be the reason she was asked after as Maria Blake.

The people who so kindly took them in charge at the Pine Tree Tavern, carried them to the house from which they were stolen, still occupied by the aged grandparents. It was one in the evening, and the house was closed for the night. After the usual notice, the

messenger said, "Do you wish to see your lost grandchildren?" "Oh!" said the grand mother, "don't torment me with that old story." "But here they are," said he. The grandfather rose in a dabbled and appeared at the door, soon joined by his aged partner, and we can only imagine their feelings when they pronounced their mother, who was so overjoyed and astonished that her health was impaired for a short time.

The children were carried to Montreal when taken from their mother, to their grandfather Smith's. Here they remained, having been educated Catholics, and they speak Irish now. They have been taught to read and write some, though they have not been to school since they were eight years old. Their father visited them but twice since leaving them there, and his death was publicly recorded some years since. Their grandmother has told them often that they had a mother at Wrentham, Mass., and that her name was Maria Blake. The boy has been anxious to return some time, but the sister was unwilling to undertake so hazardous a journey, until after the death of old Mr. Smith. His widow then furnished them with money for their tour, and friendless and alone they started in pursuit of their mother. They are now nestled in their home after an absence of fifteen years. Can we doubt God's constant care and protection over his creatures after so forcible an illustration.—*Wrentham Patriot.*

Written for the Journal.

THE EYES.

The faculty of vision is one of the most wonderful properties of human nature, and particularly merits our attention. Though the image of outward objects is painted in the retina up side down, yet we see them in their proper situation. On gaining the summit of some lofty mountain, we direct our view over the distant plains, every object we notice must reflect a mass of rays upon the eye, otherwise we could not distinguish the flowery meadow, the varied diversity of the forest, or the windings of the purpling stream. The extreme minuteness of this picture is wonderful; for the space of five miles, when it is represented in the bottom of the eye, makes no more than the tenth part of an inch. It there has no texture in which genius always shows itself. It is in the eye, which has been aptly called the index of the soul. We have seen, says Mr. Jerden, every other part of the human face without indications of the within the mouth which spoke not of the intellect, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind, but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim. The Greeks and Oriental nations regarded the brightness of the eye as a supernatural sign.

The emerald eyes of their gods shone with a mysterious splendor through the gloom of the Aethyrs. Many tender and beautiful things may be said of the eye, yet how inferior to the sweet things uttered by themselves. A full eye seems to have been esteemed by the ancients the most expressive. Such was the eye that enchanted Pericles. The American writer Halliburton, declares he would not give a piece of tobacco for the nose, except to tell when a dinner is good; or a farting for the mouth except as a kennel for the tongue; but the eye—study that says, and you will read any man's heart as plain as a book. Gallileo's eye was remarkably penetrating, so were those of Timaeus, which were hazel, and passed that exquisite power of vision which naturalists are generally not for. Alexander Wilson's eyes were quick, sharp, and intelligent, especially when he was engaged in conversation.

Shelley's eyes were noted for their beauty. Otway had a thoughtful, speaking eye. Sir Humphrey Davy, had a glowing eye, the finest and brightest, says Lackhart, that I ever saw. Milton thus describes satan, with head up, lit a ove the wave, and eyes that sparkling glared.

A native of Wiener describing Goethe's eyes, says they were like two lights. Hazlitt had an expressive eye when reciting any great deed. Sir Walter Scott's eyes, and his whole countenance would kindle with congenial expression. Coleridge's greenish grey eyes were very quick, yet easy and penetrating. Publius Lescaus thus describes the person of our Savior. His person is tall and elegant in shape, his aspect amiable, reverent, his forehead is smooth and large, the cheek without a spot, save that of a lovely red, his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry. His eyes are bright, clear and serene, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegantly, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being. How beautiful an organ then is the eye, how delicate than a star, the strokes of that divine pencil, which has formed such a picture; how nicely adapted to unveil to the view of the admiring gazer, the genius of the soul.

When we hear a man boasting of having succeeded in business without having advertised, it reminds us of the old logy who boasts of how far he has walked in a day to save the expense of riding in a railroad car. "I would work an hour saving wood," said a shrewd Yankee, and earn a quarter to pay my fare twelve miles, and go it in ten minutes, before I'd spend four hours to walk it." A man may go along without advertising, so he can go on foot to Albany, but what a fool he is to do either.

How to Choose a Domestic.—Housekeeping is not so full of sunshine and rose-colored bliss as many imagine. It is hardly possible to get along without cooks, scullions, and chambermaids; and what with their waste, wittles, and impudence, says Aunt Sally, they are plaguey drawbacks on domestic peace and comforts. Old Peppergrass was the "customer" for discriminating between the useful and the careless. Peppergrass sent word to the Register-office that he wanted a good girl for general housework. About the time he expected an applicant, he laid a broom down in the yard, near the gate. Presently a girl comes up to the gate, opens it, and strolls up to the house; the broom being immediately in the path, Miss Betsey strides over it. The old man was on the watch, and the first salute the girl got was, "I don't want you." The girl stopped, and suddenly bullet-headed Nancy appears. Seeing the broom in her way, she gives it a kick, and waddles up to the house. "You won't suit me, that's certain, Miss Mopsy!" bawls Peppergrass. She disappeared in a hurry; and finally a third appears, opening the gate, and coming into the yard, she carefully closes the gate behind her, and walks up—the broom is still in the path; this she picks up, and carries along to the house, where she deposits it alongside the woodshed. Before the girl could explain her business there, Peppergrass bawls out, "Yes, yes, come in you'll suit me." And she did; for that girl lived with Peppergrass seven years, and only quitted it to go to house-keeping on her own hook; and a capital wife she made. Peppergrass was right.—*American paper.*

THE NAGARIA BRIDGE.—We learn from the N. Y. Evening Post that this great work, which is to unite the United States and Canada by a railroad, is rapidly progressing under the auspices of engineer John A. Roebling, and will probably be complete as early as June next. The bridge will be 300 feet in length, and hung by wire ropes, five feet apart, to four huge wire cables; stretching from towers, 60 feet in height, two of which are erected on each shore. It will consist of two parts—a covered one for common travel, and above that, on its roof, an open track for the railroad, each part being supported by two of the cables. Behind each tower there are sunk two shafts in the solid rock, to a depth of 25 feet. At the bottom of each one of these, which is enlarged for the purpose, is placed a heavy iron plate six feet square, to which an immense chain is fastened. These chains pass up the shaft, being built around with solid masonry and cement to the surface, and then passing over the tower, connect with the wire cables which support the bridge. In this way a vertical pressure is secured upon the towers, which being 15 feet square at the bottom and 8 feet at the top, and constructed of solid stone, are abundantly capable of supporting such a weight. The cables are to be nine and a quarter inches in diameter, each formed of 3550 strands of wire. These strands will first be repeatedly dipped in boiling oil and dried, and when a sufficient coating for the protection of the metal from moisture is thus formed, will be ready for use. After they are fairly stretched across the river, the wires of each cable will be tightly wound round with smaller wire. The suspension bridge at Lewistown is 1040 feet in length, and is the largest in the world. This one, though 240 feet shorter, will be a far more wonderful feat. Its costs will probably exceed \$250,000.

FIRE INQUIRY.—The New York Mirror is urging the importance of a more thorough investigation in the causes of fire, and the frauds committed on insurance companies by the cunning and artful in our large cities. In a recent paper the editor says:

We believe there is a specimen of the genus *homo* now flourishing somewhat conspicuously in this city, whose clothes were one day found upon the banks of the river Tames, and whose reputed wife reported him dead, and drew £10,000 to console her for his loss, from a Life Insurance office in London. A ter the lapse of a decent period, the fortunate "defunct" turned up here in New York, where the partner of his joys soon joined him with a pocket full of sovereigns to commence their new career in another and a better world! We believe, also, that there are men trying to do business in New York who have had the misfortune to be burnt out in almost every city in the Union, and who are particularly "spotted" by Fire Insurance companies all over the country. I is to protect the public from this class of insurance swindlers that we have urged the necessity of creating some stringent law for the prevention and punishment of their crimes.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Washington Irving says: Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strive for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul on the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.

THE HOME GRANDMOTHER.—She is by the fire—dear old lady, with crimped and plaited cap-border, and the old fashioned spectacles—as pleasant a picture of the home grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record of births, death, and marriages—then arrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening logs fall to ashes—what should we do without the home grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful special pleasure is she when the red trembles over the unfortunate wretch's head.

"Do you get many lickings?" inquired a flaxen haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate.

"No," was the prompt, half indignant answer; "I've got a grandmother."

Love that god woman. Sit at her feet and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Though she knows no grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of distant states or the history of nations, she has that perhaps exceeds all lore—wisdom. She has fought life's battle, and conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears of sorrow. Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting like her in a blissful hereafter.

"CARPET TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—Messrs. Templeton & Co., Glasgow, have just completed a gorgeous carpet for the White House at Washington, the official residence of the President of the United States. This magnificent piece of textile manufacture measures about 80 feet by 40 broad, the portion woven in the loom without a seam being 72 feet by 31, and the remainder consisting of a handsome border sewed on. The filling in of the carpet is a ruby and crimson damask, with three tasteful medallions in the centre, and rich corner pieces to correspond. The medallions are filled up with bouquets of flowers, designed and executed with exquisite taste. The entire piece weighs upwards of a ton, and its value is between £450 to £500. This carpet is the largest of five now nearly completed for the Presidential mansion by Messrs. Templeton, and the whole of which required to be at Washington early in November."—*London Times.*

The Hair, from its structure, we have seen, has not inappropriately, been compared to the section of a plant. Every hair has a stem and a root, the latter being imbedded in the skin, as a tree is in the earth. But the comparison does not end here. The tree has bark, medulla, and intervening substance, the hair has the same. The bark (or cortex) of the hair displays a series of imbricated scales, placed, one overlapping another, just as we see tiles or slates overlap on a house top. Immediately below this scale bark we have a fibrous portion forming two-thirds of the bulk of the hair. These fibres are seen to separate when hair splits from being left too long uncut. The centre of the hair has a little canal, full of an oily lubricating substance, containing the great part of the coloring matter, which is a blackish green in black hair, brown in brown hair, red in red hair, and is almost absent when the hair has become grey, containing then phosphate of magnesia, while it is not met with at other times.—*Rowland on the Hair.*

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE VESSELS.—The Atlas gives some interesting facts in relation to the destruction of vessels belonging to the United States, deduced from the marine reports and other resources. It appears that for a period of eighteen months, ending in September of the present year, 103 ships and boats, 144 brigs, and 327 schooners, were totally lost at sea. During the same period 50 vessels which had previously sailed were never heard from, 338 put into port in distress, and 102 wrecks were passed. This is, says the writer, a total loss for the given period of one every 22 hours; one strand every 44 hours; one abandoned every 75 hours, and one never heard from every ten days.

EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY OF A DOG.—There is at Saratoga Springs a fine Newfoundland dog that for the last year and a half has watched the approach and departure of the railway cars from that place. The animal was accidentally left at Saratoga about eighteen months ago, and since that time not a train has departed nor one arrived but what this devoted dog is in the depot, anxiously and faithfully watching for his master. For eighteen long months he has never failed to be on the ground. He examines every stranger minutely, but makes acquaintance with no one. Nobody knows where he eats, sleeps, or anything further about him than that he has not found his master yet.—*Albany Transcript.*

COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS.—Lieut. Maury says Japan is to be opened to our commerce: China with her millions, is to be Christianized; our people are to buy, sell and get gain; Australia is to be a mighty nation and a good customer; and all the islands of the Pacific are to attract our ships, ha! our flag as the emblem of freedom, and court friendly alliance with us,—the champion, by example, of the rights of man.

SNAKE-ISH.—One day last week a boy in Church street saw a snake on the sidewalk and threw a stone and killed it. Upon examination it was found to be a rattlesnake with one rattle, showing it to be 4 years old. How came it within the city limits? that's the question.

The same day a gentleman of this city drew from his well a snake about a foot and a half long. Also the same day a Shanghai rooster, belonging to the above gentleman, was found struggling with something, which proved to be a snake about a foot long, which it had partly swallowed.—Shanghai finally conquered and swallowed it entire.—*Hartford Courant.*

A man named Callender got his life insured in the Keystone, Pa., Life Insurance Company, and afterwards committed suicide. The Company refused to pay the amount of insurance, and the Courts justified the refusal, on the ground of suicide, and also on the ground that in his application for insurance Callender described himself as a farmer merely, when in point of fact he was a slave catcher also.

At a training down east, after an order was given to "return ramrods," one of the soldiers broke from the line, and was off at full speed.

"Hailoo," bawled the commanding officer, "where are you going?"

"Down to Squire Maggins, to return the ramrod I borrowed of him. You said return ramrods."

Mrs. Emma R. Coe of Cleveland, Ohio, has been pursuing a course of legal studies, with the design of applying for admission to the bar. A woman turned lawyer! who ever heard of the like? Children deserted for Chitty, the prattle of babes for the pleas in bar, the music of merry childhood for the wrangling of the Courts! When women turn lawyers it will be high time that lawsuits were out of fashion.

The Iowa Reporter says the immigration into that State this year is immense. The prairies of Illinois are lined with cattle and wagons, pushing on for this prosperous State. The addition to the population from Sept. 1st to Dec. 1st, from immigration alone, is computed at 50,000.

The people in Italy are suffering deeply from the high prices of food, and at Rome the greatest severities are put in force against the bankers and forestallers in grain. In some countries all corn is prohibited to be exported, whilst in others the importation is declared to be free.

The Pennsylvania State Poultry Society opened its exhibition at the Chinese Museum, Philadelphia, Tuesday morning, with some 5,000 specimens of the feathered tribes. The saloons are filled with cages. A patent incubator is at work in the upper saloon.

Never mix your food. A man who eats everything at once, can't tell whether he's swallowing fried cabbage, oyster shells or pickled herring. Take to simples. It's a great comfort to know whether you are digesting venison, last week's hash, dog pie, or old shoe soup.

A hungry Scotchman took a raw egg, cracked the shell and was raising it to his mouth when his ear was suddenly saluted by the shrill pipe of an unborn chickener. "Ye spoke too late," cried Swaney, and down went the pullet, feathers and all.

An imperial ukase just issued in Russia forbids any young man under twenty one years of age to leave the states of the Czar under any pretence whatever. With regard to other persons, the facility of travelling in foreign countries is subject to new restrictions.

An old lady in Iowa, while in the woods, was bitten on the end of the nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died. Coroner's verdict—"Poisoned by snuff."

The ship Great Republic is 105 feet longer than the height of the Bunker Hill Monument, the latter measuring 220 feet and the Republic 325 feet.

A lady given to tattle, says she never tells any thing except to two classes of people—those who ask her and those who don't.

At a great poultry show in England, lately, Turkeys and Geese were exhibited, weighing all the way from 40 to 49 pounds each!

Mrs. Partington fears that her son Ike is getting so daring that he will be killed in one of his narrow escapes!

It is calculated that the postage on the letter sent by the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan will have cost about \$1,248,767.45.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice listen at once to what it teaches.

The number of poets in the United States is now estimated at 2026. Greece had only one.

WO BURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Johnson Martha, d. of Isaac and Judith, born July 17th.
Richardson Ethan, s. of Silas and Mary born Dec. 4th.
Carter Abigail, d. of Adino and Abigail, born Oct. 1st.
Johnson Joanna, d. of Daniel and Joanna, born Sept. 9th.
Richardson Molly, d. of Edmund and Mary, born June 9th.
Wright Tabitha, d. of John and Phebe, born June 10th.
Hay Abigail, d. of Dr. John and Sara, born Oct. 4th.
Tyler Benjamin, s. of Moses and Ann, born May 1st.
Thompson Lydia, d. of Samuel and Lydia, born Jan. 31st.
Reed Abigail, d. of Thomas and Hannah, born Sept. 23rd.
Richardson Ruth, d. of Bartholomew and Sarah, born Nov. 3rd.
Coldwell John, s. of John and Sarah, born Oct. 14th.
Walker Judith, d. of Joshua and Mary, born Mar. 10th.
Alexander Darius, s. of Abraham and Jerusha, born April 29th.
Belknap Lydia, d. of Samuel and Abigail, born May 2nd.
Leath Jacob, s. of Elijah and Mary, born Aug. 25th.
Reed Leonard, s. of Joshua and Rachel, born Nov. 13th.
Wood Josiah, d. of John and Dorcas, born May 2nd.
Richardson Phebe, d. of Jotham and Phebe, born July 7th.

1772.

Fowle Enoch, s. of Jonathan and Sarah, born Jan. 1st.
Reed Samuel, s. of Samuel and Joanna, born Jan. 6th.
Evans Mary, d. of Andrew and Sarah, born Feb. 10th.
Caldwell Joshua Jones, s. of Jacob and Sarah, born Feb. 21st.
Wyman Elijah, s. of Elijah and Hulda, born July 23rd.
Richardson Isaac, s. of Joel and Susanna, born March 19th.
Richardson Asa, s. of Leonard and Ruth, born July 31st.
Bacon Jacob, s. of Jacob and Cathrine, born July 1st.
Brown Rebeccah, d. of Daniel G. and Rebeccah, born Feb. 28th.
Johnson William, s. of Abiathier and Sarah, born April 29th.
Winn Meritab, d. of Samuel and Meritab, born April 9th.
Burton Charlotte, d. of Isaac and Rebecca, born Nov. 3rd.
Richardson Nabby, s. of John and Hannah, born July 18th.
Brooks John, s. of Jonathan and Ruth, born Aug. 10th.
Pool Esther & Theodor Carter, s. & d. of Ebazer F. and Mary born July 7th.
Brooks Patty, d. of Zahariah and Hannah, born Dec. 23rd.
Alexander Cyrus, s. of John and Abigail, born Sept. 13th.
Richardson Jerusha Fitch, d. of Bartholomew and Abigail, born Oct. 11th.
Watts Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel and Patience, born Nov. 15th.
Simonds Converse, s. of Jesse and Elizabeth, born Nov. 7th.
Richardson Jesse, s. of Zedoc and Sally, born April 7th.
Flagg Mary Hartwell, d. of Benj. and Hannah, born April 23rd.
Converse Jonathan, s. of Josiah and Hepzabab, born March 5th.
Johnson Jones, s. of Azel and Rebecca, born Feb. 13th.
Ballwin Ruth, d. of Rael and Kezia, born June 5th.
Snow Josiah, s. of James and Perieis, born Aug. 1st.
Wyman Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel and Sarah, born Feb. 29th.
Twist Jonathan, s. of Edward and Sarah, born March 21st.
Wade Samuel, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, born Sept. 20th.
Tay Abijah, s. of John and Susanna, born Sept. 13th.
Richardson John, s. of Eleazer and Catherine, born May 18th.
Johnson Mary, d. of Abijah and Mary, born July 8th.
Richardson Samuel, d. of Jeduthan and Mary, born June 26th.
Young Elizabeth, d. of William and Elizabeth, born Oct. 31st.
Symmes Susanna, d. of Samuel and Susanna, born April 1st.
Tay Hannah, d. of William and Hannah, born Feb. 3rd.

1773.

Carter Sybil, d. of Jonathan and Sybil, born Feb. 14th.
Hay Elizabeth, d. of Dr. John and Sarah, born Jan. 19th.
Richardson Levi, s. of Edmund and Mary, born April 28th.
Skilton William, s. of Dase and Ruth, born April 21st.
Tyler Jonas, s. of Moses and Ann, born May 31st.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wiers & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Younker.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. Dix.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOTIAN.—We are pleased with your musings, there are curiosities in the Lights and Shadows of human life, which will always interest our readers, but you need not invade our "sanctum"—we don't admit busy bodies. You would be answered by a rap.

HAMMIT.—We know all will read the "Hermit," and we hope, his warning of the "wine cup" will be remembered.

J. W.—We regard your remarks, on Farmers and Wheat, as well worthy the attention of our readers, and we shall find room next week; your item on Corn, will we hope bring out the truth of "one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre." Let us have the best crops, which has been raised in the vicinity, the past season.

W.—You have written on both sides of the sheet. We cannot read it, and of course cannot print it.

EDITORIAL.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.

Congress will soon assemble at Washington, and we daily see it announced in the Washington papers, the arrival of prominent members, who are to take the lead at the coming session, of the parties to which they respectively belong; leading the people to suppose the very existence of the nation depended on the early arrival of these great men. Party is in the ascendancy, and moral principles, honest legislation, public good, and the rights of the people, are to be neglected, and every man of every party is called on to sustain, by his vote and influence, the men and measures, calculated to carry out their views.

This state of matters augurs no good for the interests of the people. This everlasting talking, and personal contentions in Congress is a disgrace to our nation, and, so long as party strife runs so high, we fear it will be a long time ere those who yearly go to Washington with claims on the government, will receive their just dues. Year after year we know parties have been urging just claims against the government, and members refused to listen to them, while they, at the same time, were engaged in some useless personal quarrel, or taking up the time of Congress in making dumb speeches.

The coming session, we fear, will not accomplish much public or private good. Indications are strong of a stormy session, but we hope there is sufficient love of justice in the present Congress, to promptly attend to many private claims which will come early before them. One of these will be the "old French claim," previous to the year 1800, as year after year have these claims been presented to Congress, and urged with all the eloquence, necessary for a successful issue, and more than once they have passed both houses of Congress, but meet that fatal word "Veto." Party has also arrayed itself against this just claim, and destroyed the fair hopes of many who had supposed that members of Congress would regard the rights of the people as paramount to intrigues and strife. How sad has been the disappointment!

The original claimants and their descendants are fast leaving us. Death has removed a large majority, and the few who remain will make a strong and early effort at this session to obtain justice, and we hope, that now the treasury is overflowing, that the sober second thought of the members will convince them, that after waiting fifty years, they will now pass a bill to pay these just claims.

We are sure President Pierce would promptly sign a bill. He needs no instructions on its justness. These claims are familiar to him, and we have full confidence that he would approve the measure.

The editor of the *Islander*, published at Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, is in a great rage, at our remarks on the visit of the Hon. George Coles to Boston; and under the influence of some unpleasant passion, intimates that our *puff* was paid for. Truly a tempest in a "Tea Pot." The charge is too absurd to notice, and totally unfounded.

We wrote the article after the departure of the Hon. Mr. Coles from Boston, under the favorable impressions which we received, while we had the pleasure of social intercourse with him, and, at our request, he gave us the items of imports and exports of the Island, and which have been copied in many of the prominent papers of the day. The truth of these statements have never been officially contradicted.

It is a matter of regret that in an enlightened community like that existing at Prince Edward Island, the press should be so personally malignant in its opposition to the existing government, and especially to its prominent members. We are strong friends for the "freedom of the press," but would curb it, when descending to unworthy ends, by abusing private and personal character. We, of course, do not enter into local affairs of our neighbors. We have had the pleasure of meeting with a large number of citizens of P. E. Island, none of which, in our opinion, are of so low a grade, as the editor of the *Islander* attributes to the Hon. Mr. Coles, and we avow, that the Editor, like the old proverb "judges others by himself."

We think more highly of the character of the Hon. Mr. Coles, since reading the remarks in the *Islander*. The motive which prompted them is too apparent to be mistaken, and we assure our brother of the *Islander*, if he will pay a visit to our Yankee community, and leave as fair impressions of a manly and intelligent character as has the Hon. George Coles, we will give him as true a *puff*, as the same price.

PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETING, NOV. 28, 1853.

Whole number of votes cast for a Representative was 392
Necessary for a choice 197
Daniel Richardson 167
Joshua P. Converse 153
William Woodbury 64
Scattering 8

No choice.

Dissolved the meeting.

W.

LOOK OUT FOR THIEVES.—Last Thursday evening, about 6 o'clock, Mrs. Hammond having occasion to get some articles in a spare chamber, found the door closed and some one inside. She hastened to her husband's, Mr. J. W. Hammond's store, in Fowler's block, and informed him. Deputy Sheriff Porter happened to be present, and they immediately started for Mr. Hammond's house. On their arrival, they found the doors open, and the thief had fled. We regret Sheriff Porter did not get a sight of him; his grip is a decided one. Some neighbors heard the thief as he left in a hurry. The chamber in which he was secreted was seldom used, and had not Mrs. H. gone there, this thief would have had a fine chance about midnight, as he might have obtained Mr. Hammond's keys of his store and safe. We must have more Watchmen.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Daniel Eaton, a native, and long a resident of this town, died early on the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 30th, of disease of the heart. Late on the evening previous he had carried in a ton of coal, and complained of a pain in the region of the stomach on going to bed. He arose and went down stairs about two o'clock, and in the morning was discovered on the kitchen floor dead; from appearances having been dead some hours. A post mortem examination of the body was made by Drs. Cutter, Chapin, and Rickard.

The new Bell on the first Congregational Church is a very fine sounding one, and much superior to the old one. It is from the manufactory of H. N. Hooper & Co., Boston. We think the striking of the clock might be improved.

Our readers will not fail to notice Mr. Cutter's card, for repeating his juvenile concert next Monday evening. These concerts of the young are worthy of encouragement, and we hope Mr. Cutter will have the pleasure of a full attendance. We need not remind parents of their duty to encourage by their presence, the efforts of children in learning to sing. Mr. Cutter is well qualified for teaching as the success of his first concert has fully proved, and it will stimulate him, to find a general interest taken in his school by our citizens. Let him have a full house.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The origin of the present difficulties between Russia and Turkey may be briefly stated as follows: The Czar of Russia and Turkey, as head of the Greek church, demanded in June last, certain guarantees from the Turkish government in regard to the rights of the Greek church in the Ottoman empire, and made a pretext of occupying the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia until these were given. The Sultan secured the required rights to the fullest extent, not only to Christians of the Greek church, but of all other denominations. The Czar still retains possession of the provinces, and the Sultan makes war with him for such invasion and occupation of part of the Turkish territory.

THE ELECTIONS.—By the returns received from sixty-one towns in which elections were held last Monday for Representatives, we have accounts of the election of thirty-one Whigs, six opposition, and thirty-nine no choice. This increase the Whig majority in the House from sixty-four to eighty-five. The parties now stand—193 Whigs to 108 opposition. Whig majority over all eighty-five.

The railroad line between Springfield and New York did a great business last week. Three thousand passengers left New York by it on Tuesday, and five thousand five hundred on Wednesday. On Thursday five thousand returned by the same line, and as nearly as many more on Friday. Except for a belief that the accommodations would not be sufficient, the number of passengers would have been still greater.—*Springfield Republic*.

The *Oasis*, published at Nashua, N. H., is waging a strong warfare against the Rum-sellers of that enterprising manufacturing town. It carries the war into Africa, and we hope, will root out these destructive rum holes, which create so much misery in society. The *Oasis* deserves thanks of the good citizens of Nashua. The fearless exposure by the press of these polluted holes, will scatter them in time.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last week, Mr. David Woodman of Winchester, was visiting with his wife at the house of Samuel Newmarch, Esq., Fourth street, South Boston, when he suddenly complained of feeling unwell, and falling back upon the floor, expired. The deceased was a most worthy citizen, and was about 67 years of age. His death was probably caused by disease of the heart.

ACCIDENT IN SOMERVILLE.—Saturday forenoon, about 10 o'clock, Mr. J. B. Robertson, painter while at work on a house in Franklin street, owned and occupied by Mr. Oliver, fell from the roof on to a picket fence, inflicting a severe wound in his left side and otherwise injuring him. Dr. Bartlett was immediately summoned, and gave it as his opinion that the wounds were not dangerous.

The first Assembly of a series to be given by the Phalanx came off Friday evening, Nov. 28th, at the Central House. About 60 couples were present, and the evening passed off, as they always do, very agreeable to all. Among the persons present, we noticed delegations of their friends, from Boston, Lowell, and Winchester. Their next party will be at the same place, Friday evening, Dec. 9th, and will be continued every fortnight during the winter. We learn that arrangements have been made by the Committee, to furnish a variety of music. They have engaged for the course, Higgins, Lyon's, Hall's, Smith's, Salem and Simmonds' Cottillon Bands.

FIRE IN WINCHESTER.—The sash and blind factory on Main street, Winchester, owned by Seth Johnson, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. The efforts of the fire department were fruitless, as the entire building, together with machinery, tools, and a stock, were entirely destroyed. There is no doubt the fire was the work of an incendiary. About eighteen months ago a factory standing on the same site was consumed, and about a fortnight since the building was discovered to be on fire, but the flames were extinguished with slight damage. The loss will not exceed \$3,000.

A PROTEST.—The *Courier* of Wednesday published a "protest" of one Sarah H. Young, "Merchant" of this city, to city authorities, in which she declines paying the taxes assessed against her for the benefit of the State, because she believes she has a right to vote, as well as a liability to help feed the State. But we think Sarah will be obliged to "fork over."—*Lowell News*.

The evening train from Boston, on the Western Railroad, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, ran over two men named Hibbard Wright and Otis Field of Montague, who were sleeping on the track. The accident occurred near Greenfield, Mass. Wright was instantly killed, his head being severed from his body; and Field now lies in a critical condition, and is not expected to recover. His legs were horribly mangled, and have been amputated by Dr. James Dean of Greenfield. No other person was injured.

It is in contemplation to erect at Bennington, Vt., a monument "to the memory of the Heroes of Bennington Battle," and the citizens of that State intend asking from their Legislature an appropriation to defray a portion of the expense. There cannot be too many enduring mementoes of the valor and achievements of "The Green Mountain Boys,"—particularly of that memorable action which at once fired our soldiers with new zeal and enthusiasm, and roused our country from its then deep despondency, to renewed and successful energy.

THE FISHERY NEGOTIATIONS.—It is understood that the British North American Colonies, acting in concert, insist that in exchange for the right of Americans fishing in their waters, the United States shall not only grant reciprocity in trade, but shall also grant the registry of Colonial vessels and a full participation in the coasting trade. The high ground assumed by Mr. Crampton leads to the general belief that no arrangement can for the present be arrived at.

The capital of the state of Tennessee, now near completion, is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world. Its cost is a million of dollars. It is built of solid limestone, taken from near the hill on which it stands. The roof is of Tennessee copper, and the speaker's stand of marble quarried in that state.

The hair dressers of Portland are to adopt a new tariff of prices, commencing on Thanksgiving day. Shave, 10 cents, cutting hair, 15, curling 25. In the proceedings of a meeting occupying nearly a column of the *Argus*, is the following effort of the muses:

Then fix our scale of prices,
And let the dealers fall;
Till due return for labor
Shall spread from pole to pole.

WHAT NEXT?—A Mr. Pocock has invented an artificial kite and hawk, which being made to hover over a flock of grouse or partridges so terrified them that instead of flying off they sit quivering awaiting the sportsman's advance, and submit to be shot without the slightest attempt to escape. An artificial spider for entrapping flies is now engaging Mr. Pocock's attention.

It is a good time now to plant nuts and plum stones. Spread them upon the surface of the ground, and spread over them vegetable muck two inches deep.

Three-fourths of the entire labor and capital of the United States are employed, either directly or indirectly, in agriculture.

Mrs. Margaret Dugless was tried in Norfolk, Va., Friday, for learning negro children to read and write. She pleaded her own case eloquently, and caused much sensation in the Court. Penalty for the "offense" is fine and imprisonment. Her daughter, who is indicted on the same charge, has fled to New York.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—A day or two since, Nelson Peak, 10 years old, and son of Mr. Horatio N. Peak, of Medford, fell from a shed to the ground, a distance of about twelve feet, fracturing one of his arms and his collar bone, besides severely injuring his back. The unfortunate youth will probably recover.

Rev. Alanson Rawson of New Boston, who was injured on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the time the son of Gen. Pierce was killed, has commenced an action against the road. His injury is so severe that he cannot preach, and he is partially blind.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

ACCIDENTS TO CHILDREN.—An infant, six weeks old, of a Mr. Hamilton, of South Boston, died on Wednesday in consequence of the servant girl giving it a large dose of paregoric.

At Chelsea, a day or two since, a child of George W. Burrill, five years of age, was so badly burned by its clothes taking fire, that there is little hope of its recovery.

At Georgetown, D. C., upwards of 10,000 weight of rool butter, brought by wagons, changed owners at \$24 per 100 pounds.

In Chicago, 25,163 cattle have been packed during the present year, the whole amounting to 14,369,427 pounds.

On Wednesday evening Catharine Dawton, aged 16 years, was run over and killed in Broadway, New York. She was to have gone to a ball on that evening.

Charles Edward Wedemayro, the commissioner of the German department of the Crystal Palace, was arrested yesterday for stealing a bottle of perfume from the French department. Many stolen articles were found at his lodgings.

The amount of the school fund, and estimated value of the public lands appropriated for schools and colleges in Wisconsin, is little less than ten million of dollars, the interest of which is to be forever appropriated for educational purposes.

COMPARATIVE.—Strong cheese is supposed to be the rankest thing alive, but hatred is rancor.

Dani L Taylor, a respectable citizen of Bridgeburg, was killed at Philadelphia on Saturday by coming in contact with the New York train. He was killed while walking on the track.

Elizabeth Harker has been sentenced to death in Huntingdon county, Pa., for poisoning her sister.

The Governor of Vermont has appointed Thursday, the 8th of December, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving.

Albert Jensen has been held to bail at Newton, charged with firing the house in which he lived. The house belonged to his wife, and had got it insured in his favor at the Concord office.

Perkins street Baptist Church in Somerville, was dedicated on Friday evening last. The consecration sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. N. M. Williams.

Spell murder backwards, and you have its cause. Spell red rum in the same manner, and you see its effect.

An English letter of a recent date remarks that 26 reformed criminals have been sent to the United States this week as free emigrants, by the London Reformatory Institute.

The Boston Herald states that Mrs. Martha Richardson of Stoneham, wife of Mr. Osborne Richardson, committed suicide on Sunday afternoon last, by going into the cellar, prying up a plank of the platform of the well and jumping in, and drowning herself.

The oldest preacher in the world is Rev. George Fletcher of London, who, in February next, will be one hundred and seven years of age.

There was sold at the Danville (Ill.) Land Office, during the month of September last, half a million of acres of land, a great portion of which was purchased a \$2.50 per acre.

On Friday last, the mercury in the thermometer at Montreal was down to zero. The sleighs were running merrily.

A bear was shot on Thanksgiving day, in a wood in New Jersey, by several sportsmen on a hunting excursion.

Rev. Joseph Banvard, of West Cambridge, has received a unanimous call from the Cannon Street Baptist Church, New York City, to become their Pastor.

A short time ago a negro man, the property of James Thornberry, near Louisville, drew a prize of \$2,100 in the State Lottery. He is now rich enough to buy himself.

Apples were selling at Bobaque, Iowa, on the 14th, at 50 per bushel.

The corner-stone of a new and splendid edifice for the institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, was laid on Tuesday, at Fort Washington, on the upper part of New York city.

A baker at Angouleme (France), in demolishing an old oven found nearly 200 live snakes. He also found nearly 400 eggs, about the size of pigeon's eggs, enclosing serpents almost ready to break the shell.

New York, Nov. 26.—Seven thousand immigrants arrived at this port during the week ending Nov. 24th.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demand of opinion.

Mrs. McBride, of Lowell, is in jail at New Haven, for leaving her babe, a male child about a fortnight old in the privy connected with the ladies' saloon, at the railroad depot in that city, on Thanksgiving day. Her husband is in California.

James M. Stevens, of Belchertown, has been fined \$5 and costs, and put under bonds in the sum of \$200 to keep the peace, for striking his wife in the face, in the public street.

The committee appointed for the purpose report about twenty-five million tons of guano remaining on the Chincha Islands.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE HERMIT.

I have just been abroad, enjoying one of the most lovely days of autumn. In the midst of the dense forest, surrounded by the leafless trees, and seated on my rural seat, I lived in the flood of thoughts which came up to my mind. Those visions of the past so peculiar to the aged mind, which rise like a mirror in the calm moments of retirement, when all around is still and quiet. How these little images of the mind play around us; the play ground of our youth, the companions of our school days, the scenes of riper years, and the more active stage of life, the meridian of manhood, and the decline of man's ambition, these are the old man's enjoyment, as he silently passes a few hours in the forest during the beautiful sunshine of these calm and heavenly days at the close of autumn.

In all my forest walks, I am sure to carry with me the *Woburn Journal*, and although I have never given you your just meed of my praise, I have not failed to whisper to myself the satisfaction which I always receive when I peruse its columns. This is sufficient for the old Hermit's tribute to your successful *Journal*.

Do any of my aged readers derive pleasure from the sparks of memory which light up, when meeting with incidents which carry them back to other days, and while the mind is refreshed with recollection, they can leave the present and follow some winding scene of the past, in which they were one of the prominent actors. If in these scenes, he they for weal or woe, we preferred our duty; if we turned an erring brother from a vicious path, or plead with honest eloquence the part of the widow and the orphan, our feeling will answer in the silent tear, as memory recalls the past. Shall I speak of the aged man who has never rankly chided his brother, or caused an untimely tear to flow, who has always extended the firm hand of friendship and lifted up his neighbor, who had fallen beneath the weight of the world's trials. Shall I point to the tear that winds its passage down the wrinkled cheek, that sparkling jewel from the good man's eye. Shall I draw the picture of the inhospitable home, desolate home. Shall the old Hermit ask his readers to follow him to a once happy, happy home, or one who in his youth he delighted to honor, made barren and desolate by the demon, rum. Never, never till the last sands of life have run, shall memory cease to bring around me, the days and hours passed with friends in youth, whose paths in life were early flowers, blasted by the rude and sharpened thorns of fashionable tipping.

Excuse my wanderings. In my last retired hours on that beautiful autumn day, I read in your *Journal* the communication of "Brain-train." Sir, I know the author, he is one of the last actors of an eventful age. He was the companion of the old Hermit's early years, and we have passed together through the active scenes of the last half century, and if he should ever read these feeble lines, he will remember me, when I refer to the many happy hours passed at the old mansion in Braintree, while he made the air vocal on his ivory flute, or sung the song of Belshazzar the old blind Roman General, which always drew tears from the eye of Gov. Brooks, when his "Aid" would sing it, on those military days, which, in olden times were so much valued. Long, long may the spark of memory continue to light up the path way of the Hermit's aged friend.

What a mystery is the human memory! How it carries us back to some well remembered scenes, and how it charms our feelings, and rivets them to the well recognized incidents, and we forget the present by the view from the mirror of the past, in it I saw the rise and progress of a val ed friend. Side by side we buffeted the storms of life. He was all that noble manhood asked for a model man. His mind was moulded to the purest form, and all that the world could give for a happy future was at his command. His home, shall I speak of it, as I saw it then, it was the dwelling of an earthly pair, which seemed destined to form a model of domestic happiness for all to copy. The wine cup was to us both considered as a ruthless invader of human happiness, and in all our intercourse with society we spurned it.

How the human passions flutter 'twixt hope and fear when they are flattered by high sounding names. The heart which has stood firm amidst the attractions of the gay world, and its possession, proud of his strength, may, and often has been captured by the siren song of the fashionable flatterer, and in an unguarded moment, surrounded by the high and leading associates of fashion, and under the influence of gentle persuasion, the first sip of the tempter was consummated and the barrier broken. Shall I mark the downfall? No. I could not avert it; years past, and that home became desolate, fortune and friends were swept off by that beam of destruction, rum.

One day, it is years ago, just at dusk of evening, I was passing through a lonely street in New York, when I was accosted by a man, who begged for bread. The hand of the "Hermit" was ever ready at the call of merited charity. I stepped to a baker's shop and purchased some loaves, and as he took them he pressed my hand and whispered a "God bless you." I saw his face by the dim light, and thought I knew him. I followed him to an alley, and saw him enter an old dwelling. My feelings urged me to follow, and there in a shattered room, with not a chair to sit on, a bed of straw, and a cold hearth, I found the friend of my youth. He was alone. This was the inhospitable home.

I could not reclaim him; the rum-seller had chained him to his infernal car, and his harness was riveted to his neck. I have seen sad sights during my passage through life, but I cannot recall a sadder one than the destruction of a noble mind, with the fairest prospects by that curse of the human race, Rum. The man who deals out poison by the dose, is suffered to live and flourish amongst us, and is flattered for his wealth, while the poor beggar, made so by his draughts of rum, is sent to a cold prison, for taking a loaf of bread to relieve his hunger.

You must pardon these wanderings from my usual theme. My old friend from Braintree, has called up reminiscences of the past, in which I could not resist the strong impulse of my old heart, in sending to you my warning voice against the first temptation of the young. Beware of the fashionable wine cup, and resist with all your actions and influence the traffic of the rum seller.

"I could suck poison from the cold and speckled toad, And as I draw the venom, Think I sip honey from the mountain bee, As smother in my bosom the rooted hatred I bear the loathing traffic in the poison rum."

HERMIT.

Written for the Journal.

MUSINGS OF A BUSY MAN ABOUT TOWN. I have sometimes felt a strong degree of curiosity, to note down the doings and saying of every day life. I am at a loss, where to begin; for in my walks, I meet with all sorts of human beings, each taking a different road in pursuit of different objects, and each thinking, no doubt, that they are better and more capable of performing their daily duties than their neighbors. What a strange idea, and yet how prevalent.

I have found some strange characters amongst men in my daily intercourse, and I am, at times, completely nonplussed to make out what some men mean by their curious actions, and after watching them for a time, I discover their motives, by the result of their strange movements, and they are really curious. I found one man who was poor, but ambitious, and restless, he was always mingling with his neighbors, and, although his poverty was well known, yet, by his assumed important airs and his free offers of advice on all occasions, he made an impression of some sort. I watched him close, and soon he appeared with evident signs of money. He assumed a habit of keeping both hands in his pantaloons pockets, in each of which he managed to keep a few coppers, and, when talking to a neighbor, kept a jingling of these coppers in each pocket, forcing, in this manner, his credit as a moneyed man. This was a strange and cheap way to get up in the world; but it was successful.

The sound of money always has a peculiar charm, no matter whether brass or gold, it effects its purpose. The constant jingling of coppers in a man's pockets, carries the idea to outsiders, that the man that can jingle thus, must be rich; so thought this man's neighbors. His credit became good, he always kept his pockets filled with coppers, and by this means, raised himself from poverty to wealth. I did not blame the man for his ingenious jingling. He deserved credit for the invention, and I put it down in my "musings about town."

I am a very inquisitive character, and have been led into many hair breadth escapes, by asking questions which could not consistently be answered except by a *rap*. There are all sorts of people in this wide world, and the more I see of them, the more puzzled I am to make out what they are born for; for they all seem to be taking so many directions, and turn so many summersets, and professing at the same time so much honesty, that a careful observer might as well attempt to catch a Frenchman's flea when he put his finger on him and he wasn't there, as to catch the prominent idea, of one of these mysterious beings, called man.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a busy roving character about town. I don't mean Woburn in particular, and when I get a subject worth jotting down you shall hear the jingling.

JOTIAN.

LARGE YIELD OF CORN.

The *Journal* states that several acres planted with corn at Brook Farm of Roxbury, situated in West Roxbury, yielded at the rate of one hundred and five bushels, and a half of shelled corn to the acre.

The above, Mr. Editor is taken from the *New England Farmer* of last week, and the produce of Roxbury cornfield must, we think, have been satisfactory to all concerned. We not unfrequently here of as large, and even larger yields of corn to the acre, in the newspapers, and we would not dispute the truth of the statements, but how it is done is more than we can conceive. We have never succeeded, as yet, in raising more than about sixty bushels to the acre, on good land in favorable seasons. The land in Woburn, and vicinity is well adapted to the growth of this truly valuable; reduction, and we doubt not many of your Agricultural friends have raised this year as profitable crop; as of corn as have our Roxbury neighbors, altho' the yield on the same extent of ground may not have been as large. And we hope, Mr. Editor, that you will extend an invitation to them to give the *Journal* the "full particulars," in regard to these crops, the manner in which they prepared their ground, with the amount of manure used, at what distance apart they planted the hills, how many stalks they let remain in each hill, &c. &c. In short, let the "fraternal" know who raised the best and most profitable field of "the bright golden Maize," about these "digging" the present season. Winchester, Nov., 1853. I. W.

New cars have just been built for the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, intended to be used as ladies' sleeping cars. They are furnished with patent spring seats.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Twenty or thirty years ago, says our best physicians, no such disease as *mania potu*, or delirium tremens, was known. The disease is caused principally by the poisonous drugs with which all the wines and liquors of the present day are so abundantly dozed.

Publications Received.
BROOKFIELD ACADEMY, MAINE.—We have received, from the Editor of the People's Press, the Catalogue of the officers and students, belonging to this Academy. The departments for learning appear to be well filled, and we have no doubt, it is a model institution. The style of the Catalogue is creditable to the printer.

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—Annual report.—We have read it, with much satisfaction. This is one of the best associations in existence for the young, and we are much pleased to learn of its complete success. It has nearly eight hundred members. Such a society, in a large city, cannot be too highly appreciated by parents; and all young men, who visit Boston for employment should become members.

GONEY FOR DECEMBER.—Some friend purchased from our table, the December number before we could open it—such is the eagerness to get this popular Magazine. Goney spares no expense for embellishment. The colored fashion plates in this number will dazzle our fair readers eyes. "Christ healing the Sick" is worth a year's subscription. Fowle has it.

LADIES CHRISTIAN ANNUAL, for Dec.—We strongly recommend this annual to our Lady readers. It is filled with moral readings, many of which are equal to the best writings of the day. Published in Philadelphia by James Challan, at the low price of \$1.00 per year.

GLEASON, is read by the million. The superior engravings, and popular subjects are ahead of all others of the kind.

J. Russell Spalding's Rosemary and Castor Oil, is universally approved of as a superior article for improving and beautifying the hair. The valuable preparation is sold at the low price of 25 cents per bottle. See advertisement.

Special Notices.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture will be delivered, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, by **PROF. J. G. HOYT.** Subject—"Education."

JUVENILE CONCERT REPEATED.
 On next Monday evening, the JUVENILE CONCERT, which was attended with so great success and satisfaction last week, will, by special request, be repeated in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church, commencing at half past seven o'clock.

Single Admission, 12 cts. Children in charge of their parents half price.

E. CUTTER, Conductor.

Woburn, Dec. 3d, 1853.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The following Lectures have been engaged—
 E. A. Whipple, Esq., Rev. John Pierpont,
 Dr. W. Holmes, Madame Lesclapart,
 Prof. R. C. Hitchcock, Prof. J. G. Hoyt,
 Rev. A. L. Stone, John H. A. Bolles,
 Richard H. Dana, Esq., Wendell Phillips, Esq.,
 Rev. R. C. Waterman, Hon. Albert H. Nelson,
 Rev. Mr. Becker, Mr. Geo. C. Chapman.
 Others will be engaged, and will be duly announced.

The open lecture, in the Vestry Room of Rev. N. E. Ward's Church, will be delivered Monday evening, Nov. 7, by E. A. Whipple, Esq., subject, "Eccentricity of character."
 A season ticket, admitting a gentleman, will be 75 cents; admitting lady, 50 cents.
 Tickets for sale at the Woburn Book Store, and at the usual places.

MAIRIES.

"There are moments in our fleeting life When every pulse beats faster, and the soft air full of fragrance from a purer climate."

In Lynn, on Thursday, the 24th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Shackford, Mr. Samuel H. Barnes, of Boston, to Miss Maria A. daughter of Isaac H. Bean, Esq., of Lynn.
 In Newbury, Vt., Nov. 29th, by Rev. C. C. Dean, Mr. John J. Ladd, A. B., Principal of Woburn Academy, to Woburn, to Miss Sophia Stephens, of Newbury.

DEATHS.

"And what a life! the glorious army Of the great summer meadow, which to day Wear her green plaid, and is tomorrow hay."
 Nov. 30, Mrs. Lydia Pierce, aged 40.
 Nov. 30, Miss Elizabeth, aged 40.
 Nov. 14, at Melrose Mary Elizabeth, Daughter of Mr. Stephen Brown, aged 17 years and 10 months.
 [Embossed, N. H. Paper, please copy.]

GREAT SALE OF WOOD AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Auction, in lots, on MONDAY, Dec. 13th, at 9 o'clock A. M., all the wood standing on 25 acres of land, situated in Burlington, Vt., and known as the "Wood Lot," north-west from the house of Mr. Taylor, and 3 1/2 miles from Woburn Centre. Said wood consists of a good growth of Oak, Walnut, Maple, Pine, and Birch, of good quality.
 This sale affords a good opportunity for persons living in the vicinity of Woburn Centre and North Woburn, to supply themselves with wood for their own fires.
 P. S. It is hereby notified, that the sale will be on the first day of the year, 1854.
 W. H. WINN JR., Auctioneer.
 Burlington, Dec. 3d, 1853.

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 W. H. WINN JR., Auctioneer.
 Burlington, Dec. 3d, 1853.

WARREN ACADEMY.

The WINTER TERM will commence Dec. 7th, and continue fourteen weeks, with the following board of instructors—
JOHN J. LADD, Principal, and teacher in Latin, Greek, and English Languages.
Miss MARY A. GARDNER, teacher of French, Italian, every variety of Painting and Drawing, and Embroidery. An experienced teacher has been provided for giving instruction upon the Piano Forte.

In announcing the present board of instructors, the Trustees feel assured they have combined extensive experience with genuine scholarship.
 B. CUTTER, Secretary.

Assignees Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed Assignee of the estate of William Maxwell, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Yeoman, an insolvent debtor.
 The second Meeting of the Creditors of said Maxwell is appointed to be held, before Asa F. Lawrence, Esq., Commissioner of Insolvency of said County, at the office of Messrs. Dana and Cobb, in Charlestown, in said County, on the thirty-first day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which meeting creditors may prove their claims.
 JONATHAN TIDD, Assignee.
 North Woburn, Nov. 29th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Seth F. Kimball, late of Winchester in the County of Middlesex, housewright, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to SAMUEL S. RICHARDSON, Adm., Winchester, Nov. 15th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of William C. Todd, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, trader, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to HOWES BUCKMAN, Adm., Woburn, November 8th, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor to the last will and testament of Barthw. Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, yeoman, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to BARTHOLOMEW RICHARDSON, Exr., Woburn, Nov. 15th, 1853.

MONEY IS UP.

DRY GOODS ARE DOWN.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.

WILL OFFER THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

SAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS,

SILK GOODS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS,

RAW SILK & DRESS PLAIDS,

CLOTHS, THIBETS, MERINOS,

CASIMERES,

MOURNING ARTICLES,

EMBROIDERIES,

LACES, TRIMMINGS,

Gent's Shawls, Shirting Linens,

Blankets, Quilts, Domestic,

Hosiery, Gloves, &c.,

AT PRICES CORRESPONDING TO THE INCREASED VALUE OF MONEY.

Bargains May be Expected.

As we never allow our customers to be drawn away from us by better bargains than we offer them ourselves.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

No. 192 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

November 19, 1853.

4w

VIENNA AND PARIS CASHMERE SHAWLS.

CHANDLER & CO.,

Live now in store, of their own importation, an assortment of

Cashmere Long and Square Shawls

of medium and fine qualities, and in the newest styles.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at

No. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

nov 4

CHANDLER & CO.

PLAIN CASHMERES, &c. &c.

Have now opened their entire importation of

3-4 CASHMERES for Ladies' Dresses.

Of the most approved styles of goods, and in the most fashionable shades of color, many of which are quite new.

We invite the attention of purchasers, both at wholesale and retail, to our very large and complete assortment of these goods, assuring them that

A More Full and Desirable Assortment

IS NOT TO BE FOUND.

Our assortment of HIGH COLORED CASHMERES, of the most approved styles of goods, and in the most fashionable shades of color, many of which are quite new.

We have also in store, of our own importation, a fine assortment of FINEST CLOTHS and plain MOUSSELINE DE LAINE.

Chandler & Co.

No. 6 & 8 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

nov 5

CHANDLER & CO.

Have received their entire importation of

LADIES' CLOAKS AND DRESSES.

Comprising various grades, from medium to the finest quality manufactured, and in shades of color unsurpassed in beauty.

The assortment of the above goods now being complete, purchasers are reminded that the present is the most favorable time to make satisfactory selections.

For Sale at Wholesale and Retail,

6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

nov 5

CHANDLER & CO.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

The largest and best assortment in the city, all other establishments combined not excepted. This branch of our business is conducted in a separate building, entrance directly opposite the American House. Ladies will find good and moderate prices and prompt attention.

Good quality well-made clothing at the lowest prices.

No deviation.

Garments made to order for boys from 4 to 16 years.

nov 5

J. W. HAMMOND.

Cheap for Cash.

THE following varieties, viz.—Fitch, Mount, Main, Maudslayi, Fitch, and Cooney, at

J. W. HAMMOND.

Nov 5

J. W. HAMMOND.

Nov 5

J. W. HAMMOND.

Nov 5

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J. W. HAMMOND.

Nov 5

Farm for Sale in Winchester,

ABOUT one mile from the Depot, consisting of 13 acres of choice land, with a good 2 story house, barn and shed, an aqueduct of spring water that never fails. There is on this land an orchard of about two acres, containing apple, pear, peach, plum and cherry trees of about 15 years growth, all in bearing. This land is of the border of Winter Pond, and pleasantly situated for building purposes.
 For further particulars inquire of GEORGE WYMAN, on the premises, or of GARDNER SYMMES, Main street, Winchester, Nov. 15th, 1853.

CALF BOOTS.

GENTS' French Calf Boots; ANCHOR BRAND

Smythe's make. For sale by A. ROUNDY,

nov 12 Cor. of Railroad and Main st.

Fletcher's Boots.

JUST received a limited supply of the justly celebrated Calf Boots, manufactured by J. Fletcher, at the Boot and Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY, nov 12

Sale of Real Estate by Assignee of Mortgage.

PURSUANT to a power of sale, and for breaches of the conditions contained in a mortgage of real estate, given to Samuel S. Richardson, by Jonathan A. Vickery, of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Housewright, dated the twenty-sixth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 594, Page 199, and assigned to me by said Samuel S. Richardson, which assignment is dated the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 594, Page 199, I shall sell at Public Auction on Tuesday, the sixth day of December next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, all the right, title, and interest, in and to said premises, which are conveyed by said mortgage, and all the right, title, and interest, in the same premises, remaining in the said Jonathan A. Vickery, upon the giving of said mortgage; such sale to be made for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consist of a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Southern part of said Winchester, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the North Easterly corner of the premises of a street leading from Washington street to land of Charles Pressey, and called Myrtle street, and running South Easterly by said Pressey's land, to the corner of said street, to land of J. B. Fairfield, thence Westerly as the west side of said Fairfield's land, one hundred and seven feet, (107) to a corner, to the fence, thence by other land as the fence stands in part, thirty-four and a half feet, (34 1/2) in a westerly direction, thence North by other land, eighty-eight feet, (88) more or less to the above mentioned street, thence Easterly on said street, one hundred, forty-one and a half feet, (141 1/2) to place of beginning, containing 10153 feet, more or less, being the same piece of land conveyed to said Vickery by A. N. Shepherd, by deed dated January 5th, 1853, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 593, Page 623, with the building thereon standing.

Terms and conditions of sale, made known at the time and place of sale.

SAMUEL S. RICHARDSON, Assignee.

WILLIAM WINS, Jr., Auctioneer.

Woburn, November 12th, 1853.

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NO. 9.

SELECTED

PAUL HOLTON,

PAUL HOLTON,

In the fourth volume of that most delightful series of tales and sketches, entitled "OUR VILLAGE," occurs the story of Paul Holton, a wealthy young farmer, who was likely to have obtained for his wife Letty Dale, a tanner's pretty daughter, till some ill-timed but not ill-intentioned railleury on her part, respecting his ill success at cricket, made him part in dudgeon, resolved to live no longer in that part of the country. The tale thus proceeds:—

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity; how much more so when he who goes—goes never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

"And gentle wishes long subdued—

Poor, poor Letty !

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount: the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray, come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see the match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodlwy men have consented to our taking in another mate who practices the new Sussex bowling—I want to see the new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their some time friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was taken quite by surprise, when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recent lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her, just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes, her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white; but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alteration of paleness and blushes. The blue eyes were still as bright, but they were often cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gait was gone but it was replaced by womanly sweetness,—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket, and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with strange mixture of feeling delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. — "We should not have called this a cricket in my day," said he; "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when the identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton—we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings aind, savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up a few hundred dollars she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villian had brought her to wait."

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits up on me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlor, and the flowery garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tanyard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! he used to be a little quick tempered!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex ricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He did not catch sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's, was all but caught out by Sam Newton, and East Woodway triumphed, and Hazell sat quaking when a sudden glimpse of Lotzy, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering him-

The father and daughter, and this time she did not run away. "Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But, Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the pleasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but give me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after, the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honor of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The anecdote was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school—neglected simply because he was poor, and comparatively friendless.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his rattled primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was occluded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, he was so rough that he was soon shoved out of the

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead" because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness bred a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more he was whipped, the more idle and careless he became. He knew he was neglected by the teacher simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feelings, and it was evident that the great turn point of his life had come from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, and a careful observer of human nature and really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance. But he evidently made little of him during the first year, but the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then while your coun-

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher saw that he had something besides and idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand upon the boy's head, and in a kind tone, he said:

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked up wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tones of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strange to him, and he thought too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know how it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody helps me sir," replied the boy. "Nobody cares for me, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said :

"You have been wrongly treated, George, —very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—O, yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school room, his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and we walked with him to his house, but his own heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radical and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example; the result was, that we found in the unfortunate youth, one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he. And all is the result of one teacher's having done his duty.

You who are school teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you.—In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavors to lift him up and aid him.—*Gleason's Pictorial*.

Dogs.—A man who loves dogs will appreciate the following:

"I say, Squar, what'll you take for that dog o' yours?" said a Yankee pedlar to an old Dutch farmer, in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pa. "What'll you take for him?" "He aint a very good lookin' dog, but what was you cal'atin' may be'd fetch?" "Ah!"

responded the Dutchman, "dat dog isn't wort noting most; he ishn't wort you to buy him." "Guess tew dollars about would get him, wouldn't it? I'll give yeou that now or him." "Yaas, he ishn't wort dat." "Waal, I'll take him," said the pedlar.—"Shlop!" said the Dutchman, "dere's one

ing about dat dog I gan't sell." "O, take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested de pedlar. "'Tain't dat," replied Myunheer, "he's a boof dog; but I gan't sell de wag of is tail when I comes home!"

Mr. Douglas travelled over the principal parts of Russia in a long carriage, night and day, at the rate of eight and ten miles an hour. It contained a sleeping room and kitchen, so that he seldom left it. He penetrated to the confines of Tartary, where there were 300,000 persons, Siberians, Russians, Austrians, Calmuk Tartars, Circassians, Georgians, Turks and Persians.

PETRIFIED MAN—The Morris, Ill. Yeoman, states that not long since, while some men were digging in a coal bank near the canal, they exhumed the body of a man in a perfect state of petrification. From the carbon

cloth in which the legs were encased, the cords and seams of which are perfectly defined, it is supposed to be the body of one of the Irish laborers engaged in the construction of the canal. The limbs are nearly perfect, and are completely transformed to stone.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED

Wyman Lucy, d. of Ezra and Eunice, born
April 29.
Converse Lydia, d. Samuel and Mary, born
March 8.
Cummings Samuel, s. of David and Joanna
born Aug. 12.
Carter Manning, s. of Simon and Susan
born July 21.
Walker Lucy, d. of Josiah and Mary, born
May 27.
Simonds Azel, s. of Azel and Mary, born
Aug. 31.
Center Benard, s. of Bill and Hannah, born
March 9.
Wyman Abigail, d. of Samuel and Catharine
born Oct. 26.
Evans Asaph, s. of Andrew and Sarah, born
Aug. 17.
Fowle Benjamin, s. of James and Rehamah
born March 31.
Thompson Ruth, d. of Jabez and Kezia, born
Nov. 2.
Bruce Sarah, d. of John and Sarah, born Feb.
12.
Smith Abijah, s. of Abijah and Mary, born
June 12.
Brown Josiah, s. of Josiah and Judith, born
July 13.
Reed Mirah, s. of Micah and Elizabeth, born
Oct. 17.
Johnson Hannah, d. of Isaac and Judith, born
Aug. 25.
Johnson William, s. of Jonathan and Elizabeth,
born Jan. 1.
Wyman Elizabeth, d. of Abel and Ruth, born
July 25.
Baldwin James, s. of Ruel and Kezia, born
Oct. 7.
Richardson Reuben, s. of Reuben and Mar-
born March 10.
Caldwell Samuel, s. of John and Sarah, born
Aug. 21.
Belknap Seth, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born
March 23.
Ranger Samuel, s. of Nehemiah and Lydia
born Oct. 24.
Edgel Benjamin, s. of Benjamin and Susanna
born Sept. 13.
Baldwin Cyrus, s. of Loammah and Mary, born
June 22.
Winn Kezia, d. of David and Hannah, born
June 17.
Winn Timothy, s. of Timothy and Mary, born
Sept. 20.
Winn Mary, d. of Jacob and Mary, born June
17.
Skinner Sarah, d. of Joseph and Sarah, born
July 16.
Richardson Jesse, d. of Stephen and Martha
born Feb. 24.
Richardson John, s. of Eleazer and Catharine
born Dec. 22.
Wood Ruth, d. of John and Dorcas.
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Wright Lydia, d. of Jesse and Lydia, born
Jan. 6.
Wright Josiah, s. of Josiah and Lydia, born
Jan. 7.
Winn Samuel, s. of Samuel and Melitabe,
born March 26.
Simonds Jesse, s. of Jesse and Elizabeth,
born June 11.
Eaton Thomas, s. of Jonathan and Lucy, born
Feb. 12.
Dix Nathan, s. of Nathan and Elizabeth, born
Feb. 3.
Richardson Lucretia, s. of Zebulon and Ab-
gail, born Feb. 19.
Reed John, s. of Giles and Sarah, born
March 31.
Reed Francis, d. of Samuel and Joanna, born
Feb. 5.
Kendall William, s. of Joshua and Susanna,
born July 14.
Peter Betty, d. of Jabez and Lydia, born
Sept. 20.
Richardson Luther, s. of Jeduthan and Mar-
born Aug. 25.
Fowle Mary, d. of Benjamin and Mary, born
Dec. 12.
Hay Pamela, d. of John and Sarah, born
Jan. 11.
Thompson Benjamin, s. of Hiram and Bridget,
born Nov. 15.
Johnson Sarah, d. of Azel and Rebecca.
Richardson Rebecca, d. of Barnabas and Re-
becca, born Sept. 19.
Dix James, s. of James and Mary, born Aug. 2.
Andrews Abraham, s. of Abraham and Eliza-
beth, born Aug. 10.
Richardson Nathan, s. of Nathan and Lydia,
born May 6.
Alexander Mary, d. of Abraham and Jerusha,
born Feb. 13.
Snow Joseph, s. of James and Perie, born
July 12.
Winn Benjamin, s. of Joseph and Betty, born
April 9.
Wyman Asa, s. of Nathaniel and Sarah, born
June 6.
Winnquith Isaac, s. of Isaac and Ursula, born
Jan. 10.
Twist Sarah, d. of Edward and Sarah, born
April 4.
Richardson Mary, d. of Simson and Meresah,
born Feb. 17.
Walker Josiah, s. of Josiah and Hannah, born
Nov. 6.
Skinner Martha, d. of John and Susanna,
born Dec. 30.
Center Roland, s. of Cotton and Fannie, born
Jan. 27.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wills & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youmans.
Hemelham—Mr. G. W. Dyer.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TELEGRAPH.—Your remarks on the High School, its advantages and value as a prominent institution for learning, are judicious and worthy of attention. We fully agree with you in calling on the public to sustain the school and its teacher. Your Latin quotation seems to us to mar the interest of your conclusion, because, to a majority of our readers, it will not be understood. Better use the English tongue at all an understanding. Excuse our remark—we plead for the million.

N. H. M. D.—A well written tribute to the memory of a mother, by one, who, after a long absence, returns to his home, in expectation of enjoying his Thanksgiving with parents and friends, and finds his mother's seat without its usual occupant. It has reference to the death of Mrs. Dudley, published in the Journal a few weeks since.

JOSEPH.—We guess you will get the rape yet, if you are not careful. The secrets of State, street are worth knowing. Your musings are interesting, especially on the subject of editors. We should be pleased to have you call, if you don't stay too long.

L.—Your interesting article on agriculture shall appear next week. We will have a few words to say in answer to your enquiries.

EDITORIAL.

THE MESSAGE.

Most, if not all of our readers, have, no doubt, seen this anxiously looked-for document; but we cannot suppose all will think alike, as to its merits as a state paper, and one which fully comes up to general expectation. It is the common custom, in this age of party principles, to find fault with every document emanating from political opponents, no matter how true and meritorious it may be, opposition must come, of course; and a man who predicated his opinions on what he reads in our party papers, will hardly be able to form a just opinion, and we advise all such to read President Pierce's message and judge for themselves.

We have read it attentively, and have very little to say against it. We cannot find room for it. The message is long, and might have been comprehended in one half its length. The remarks about the interests of the people, in the assembling of Congress, are true. Our foreign relations are unchanged. The Kozma affair is strongly noticed, and Capt. Ingraham's conduct fully approved.

The finances of the country are prosperous—the revenue far exceeding the expenditure. Our navy is deficient and needs particular notice. The army needs modification. The Postoffice is in debt, caused by the exorbitant demands of Railroad companies, and must be remedied. The land system needs no essential change. Internal improvements receive a cautious approbation. The Pacific Railroad is commended, but not exactly as a government measure.

Much is said on the future prosperity of our country; its rapid growth, and its countless millions, and alludes, with much propriety, to members cultivating mutual respect, forbearance and friendship. It speaks of official integrity and purity—two great essentials in the successful administration of our government. The message will be read with much interest throughout the World. Its tone is high. It will brighten the hearts of the friends of Liberty abroad, and create an unpleasant sensation in the minds of millions in the Old World, who are waiting and wishing that our model Republic would fall of establishing the fact, that the freest and happiest government in the world is that in which the people's voice is the ruling monarch, and the standing army is the sheaves of grain in the agricultural fields—where the cheerful song of the working man, and the echo of the mechanic's hammer, are the sure emblems of National Liberty.

We have some objections to the message—some omissions which we may notice.

FOREIGN NEWS. We have seven days later news from Europe, the Europa having arrived at New York, and the Humboldt put in at Halifax, for a supply of coal. The gist of news from the seat of war is, that the Turks have recrossed the Danube, thus retiring before the Russians, although in good order and unmolested by their opponents. This is supposed to be a feint to cover some concealed plan of operation. The Turks have fortified Kalafat, where it is expected an engagement will shortly take place. There is a report that the Russians have evacuated Lower Wallachia. Louis Napoleon is reported to have 100,000 men ready to march for Constantinople at five days warning;—also that he has informed Austria that he will consider it a cause for war if she harbors armed Russians.

A telegraph dispatch via Paris announces that Donna Maria Seconda de Glorice, Queen of Portugal, died on the 15th ult., at noon, in childhood. The King was immediately declared Regent until the majority of the Prince, according to the laws of that kingdom.

The Duke of Braganza, the eldest son and successor of the late Queen, is in his 17th year.

The steamer "Humboldt," bound from Southampton to New York, was wrecked at Halifax, N. S., last Monday. She had ninety passengers with a large and valuable cargo. Steamer valued at \$450,000. No lives were lost—cargo partly insured. Steamer a total wreck—partly insured.

Christmas and New Year's are close at hand, and we are waiting for the advertisements of our friends to refer our readers. Send them in for next week.

CONGRESS. Congress assembled on Monday, at noon, and both Houses organized without delay. In the House the officers of the last Congress, and the members of the Democratic caucus, were all elected. The following are the officers of the House: Speaker—Linn Boyd; Clerk—John W. Forney; Sergeant-at-arms—Z. W. McNew; Post-master—H. H. Johnson.

Officers of the Senate—David R. Atchison, President; Ashbury Dickson, Secretary. It will be seen by the report that the Senators took time by the forelock, and notices of bills giving public lands for the construction of railroads were plenty.

THE Winter Term of Warren Academy opens this week under most flattering auspices. We are pleased to know that this old time-worn institution is fast ranking among the first Academies of New England.

In future the modern languages are to be faithfully taught, together with all the varieties of ornamental instruction. Miss Cole, the Preceptress, instructs in speaking French, a very desirable attainment for those pursuing this language.

The course of instruction here given is admirably calculated to make practical scholars and independent thinkers. Mr. Ladd has already distinguished himself here as truly an efficient teacher, reducing all instruction to the comprehension and tastes of his pupils. We wish him the success which his previous reputation so reasonably promises.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

On Thursday several hundred persons were in pursuit of the escaped prisoners in the vicinity above Groton.

Col. Hugh Mercer died at Fredericksburg, Va., last week, aged 78; sole survivor of the revolutionary generals.

At Memphis, the judge of a criminal court sent the lawyer to jail for quibbling, and giving him evasive answers.

Asa Hoxie was frozen to death on the night of Thursday, November 24, on his way from Augusta to his home in Sidney, Me.

It is rumored that the Queen of Spain contemplates bestowing upon President Santa Anna the Order of the Golden Fleece.

A mad dog from Milton was killed in Concord, Mass., a few days since, after he had bitten a man, a heifer and several dogs.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, in his late Thanksgiving sermon, said that more than a fourth of a man's salary ought not to be paid for his house-rent.

Among the reports from Washington is one stating the official advisers render it very certain that Great Britain will soon declare war against Russia!

A negro in Petersburg, Va., took up and "toted" on his shoulder a hoghead of tobacco from the depot to the centre warehouse. It weighed 385 pounds.

The coinage at the U. S. Mint during the month of November amounted to \$2,632,176. Total coinage for the eleven months of the present year, \$52,089,037.

A splendid new paper mill, at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, was burnt on Saturday evening. Loss \$20,000. No insurance. It was owned by Smith & Handford.

The sixth volume of Mr. Bancroft's American History is nearly ready for the press, and is soon to make its appearance. It terminates the colonial history, and enters upon that of the revolution.

The waves from the wake of the steamer Allegheny, at Cincinnati, on Saturday last, caused a coal boat, laden with 8000 bushels of coal, the property of Mr. Banfield, to sink at its moorings.

The Atlas publishes a revised list of members elect to the Legislature, classified according to their politics.—The result is 197 Whigs, 11 Democrats, and 101 Coalition—giving a Whig majority of 85.

The proprietors of the Irving House in New York, are the owners of a farm in Vermont, where they intended to raise their own vegetables and poultry, and thus avoid the extortionate New York prices.

A despatch from Washington says intelligence has reached the department from our Minister in England, that the fishery treaty sent out a few weeks since, would be ratified by the British Government.

A freight train of 26 cars ran over a cow near Whitehall, N. Y., throwing the engine and several of the cars from the track. The engineer, Mr. McMullen, was killed, two cars full of hogs pitched into the canal.

Quite a curiosity was found in Swanton Vt., on the 2d. inst., about four feet under ground; it being a piece of lead pipe with parchment inside, upon which were writings dated November 20th, 1664—nearly 300 years ago.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:—"Slave stampedes in Kentucky, are becoming alarmingly frequent. On the night of the 12th ult., three more escaped, by means of flat boat skiffs, across the river, this side of Mayaville."

It is reported from Washington that about two hundred armed Californians have landed from the brig California, at the port of La Paz, in Lower California, taken possession of the town, put the local governor in prison, and "declared Lower California independent."

It is stated by the N. Y. Tribune that his Dutch Majesty refused to receive Mr. Belmont, the American Charge to the Hague, unless he put on the court costume. Mr. Belmont replied that unless he was received in citizen's dress, he would not be received at all, and he was received accordingly.

COMMUNICATIONS.

(For the Journal.)

WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

The Fall Term of the Woburn High School closed on Friday of last week, with a public examination of the several classes in the studies pursued by them during the term. A goodly number of our citizens and the friends of the school were present to witness the exercises of the day. Among that number was the writer of this notice, and seldom has he had the opportunity of listening to an examination so satisfactory, in all respects, as this. This school needs no high sounding commendation from me, or any one else. There it is; it speaks for itself. Its merits are already appreciated by our intelligent citizens, and its value so well understood by them, that it may be regarded as established upon an immovable basis.

During the term just closed, the studies pursued have been Reading, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Composition, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry, and the Greek and Latin Languages. Taking into account the age of the scholars, their intellectual habits and attainments previous to their connection with this school, the manner in which they acquitted themselves, especially in the severer studies pursued, was in the highest degree honorable and praiseworthy. The recitations were all excellent. The scholars were called upon to give reasons, rather than simple facts. There were two classes, the class in Geometry, and the first class in Algebra. The class in Algebra has been through the text-book, and has completed that study in the regular course. They exhibited great familiarity with the more difficult principles of the science, and solved the most complicated problems with great facility. The class in Geometry was put to a severe test by the Committee. Each member had the number of a Proposition given him by the Committee, and he was required to go to the black-board, draw the diagram, and then give the demonstration. Even with this test, there was not a single failure, but all the Propositions given out were demonstrated promptly and accurately. The mental discipline consequent upon such training, cannot fail to be in the highest degree valuable, and if continued sufficiently long, will result in making prompt and accurate thinkers and reasoners. A characteristic observable in all the exercises was promptness. The teacher has been eminently successful in securing mental activity. What a scholar really knows, he can state at once; what is but half known, will come forth in uncertain, dragging manner. The exercises in mental arithmetic were admirably calculated to secure attention and rapidity of thought. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Mr. Stone, the able Principal of this school. He is ardently devoted to his chosen profession, and is very successful in adapting his instruction to the precise wants of each individual mind. Adopting the rule of leaving nothing until it is fully understood and comprehended, he is enabled to keep his pupils continually advancing. They are so guided and assisted as to lead them to rely upon their own powers, almost entirely, in overcoming difficulties.

With the present condition of this school our citizens may justly be proud. It is their school, under the direction of a board of officers chosen by themselves. Here their sons and daughters may pursue those studies which shall discipline their minds and prepare them thoroughly for the business and duties of life. It is certainly worthy the highest efforts of the scholars in our Grammar schools, to fit themselves for admission to that school. But let them ever remember that, were they to enter this school without the requisite qualifications, they would be but little benefited themselves, while they would occasion great injury to those better qualified. It is hoped that the greatest vigilance will ever be exercised, lest this school, now so excellent in all respects, should become reduced to a level with the common Grammar schools. Let the standard for admission be kept up and even raised higher, and let all the examinations of candidates be strict and impartial. In this way, and in this way alone, can this High School maintain the position it was designed to hold, and which it now occupies.

There is no good reason why this town should not furnish its own teachers for the Primary schools. There are scholars in our High School, possessing the natural abilities requisite to make them excellent teachers. Let them qualify themselves thoroughly for the business of teaching, and they will find our Prudential Committees ready to employ them for a liberal compensation. But let them never imagine that they, or any one else, can succeed well as a teacher, without the most accurate and thorough preparation. The student who would be successful must pursue his studies, not as a task, but as a pleasure and a delight. Science confers upon her votaries her own rich rewards. Her lofty heights are inaccessible to those who will not ascend her rugged steep. The pathway thither is open to every one who will walk therein. It is no royal road. There the rich and the poor may walk side by side. A pure light ever shines to guide the student in his upward course—the light of truth and certainty. In that elevated region—above the damps and fogs of ignorance—remote from the sordid pursuits of life, how pure the air, how ennobling the prospect. Thither may many of our youth direct their steps with courage and with confidence. True is it that

*Labore omnia vincit,
Potent, quia posse videtur.*

Adopting and carrying out this motto, success is certain, not only in the pursuit of science, but in business and in all the affairs of life.

Written for the Journal.

Musings of a Busy Man about Town.

So you don't want me to visit your "sanctum," for you don't encourage busy-bodies, and if I should happen to "pass in" I may expect a rap. Don't be alarmed. I never should think of being inquisitive to an "editor." I could never read their "motive." I never could find one who was not in hot water with somebody, which ends with "stop my paper!" and then the subscriber has to take a dressing for his arrogance. I am not partial to getting my name in the papers, and shall keep clear of your "sanctum."

I have been "busy" in State street for the past few weeks, and as I have a small lump of California gold, on deposit, I can draw for the amount, when I find a tight case, and such cases have been very plenty lately. I have found many who "jingle a few coppers" to keep up appearances, and some which they, that is the brokers, call "lame ducks;" these are a species who "readdle" when they are short, and exhibit signs of drawing short breath, as the clock in the old State House verges towards 2 P. M.

I am not a "Bank Director," and therefore have no privilege behind the counter, but have a prominent idea of the management of the banking institutions. Chartered for the benefit of the community at large, but in most cases used for the benefit of the few, partiality is the order of the day, and in times of great pressure, in the commercial department of trade, directors and privileged parties are easy, and the poor shorts have to streak it up and down State street, until they are well lathered for a shave just before two.

I never see a hard-pressed fellow on the "curb-stone" without feeling for his "latter end," and in some cases, of a friend, I have ventured to "overdraw," but always found a "notice" in my P. O. box the next day.

I did get behind a bank counter last week, and had a good peep into the directors private room. It was "discount day," a large pile of notes was before them for discount, each applicant's character, for responsibility and correct banking account, was fully discussed. Money was very hard, and only a few could be accommodated, and those few were regular customers, and must have a preference. I thought I saw one or two pieces of paper designated as good, but they were offered by new customers, and must find discounts in the street.

I have the Yankee propensity for "guessing," and I frequently "guess" to myself, so after leaving the bank, I loitered in State street to gather the news, inquiring of a friend who stood near the "Broker's Alley," (some are well acquainted with its location,) the news of the day; he answered me in a very feeble mood, that money was dreadful hard to-day, and said, "have you any over?" said he was waiting for a discount at the Bank, and feared it would not be done, as he was not a "new customer." By being rather inquisitive, I found I had heard my friend's paper passed upon. While I was "musin'" on these Bank uncertainties, a "director" happened to step across the street, directly in front of us, and with his bland smile talked about the pressure. I heard my friend tell him his pressure; after a significant look they parted, and my friend hastened to the bank and received his—paper.

I can't be mistaken in some men's movements, and so I watched this "director." He made for "Broker's Alley," but soon made his appearance with a long face, indicating "money is hard." He met his victim just before two. My friend was relieved with the notes of the same bank who refused his offerings at 6 per cent. The director came from the same bank, and my puzzle was, whether the director passed his check in the drawer as cash on hand, or drew his private funds for this accommodation, show just before two P. M. there is some "jingling" here, so I "jotted it down."

(For the Journal.)

HOME.

Did you ever leave it? Did you ever take the long farewell kiss of a circle of fond sisters, of dear brothers? Have you felt the warm grasp and the shake of a mother's hand, as you watched the hot and sparkling tear, as it traced its course down the care-worn and furrowed cheek of that mother, and listened to her "God bless you?" Have you roamed far away from that spot, home, and lived among strangers in a strange land? Have oceans rolled their angry billows and hills and mountains lifted their hoary heads heavenwards between you and Home? Have years of toil, trials and sorrows passed away during your wanderings? Has it been your lot to lay on the sick bed, with no hand save that of the stranger's to administer to you the cooling draught? In your wild and delirious moments, when parched and burning up with fever, have you called in vain for a sister's or a mother's care and attention? If not, you know not the value of Home. Only those that have been deprived of the comforts, and denied the care and sympathy of the inmates of that sacred spot, can fully appreciate the meaning of the word. How often has the writer sighed, on the return of an annual "Thanksgiving Day," to be at Home, as the mind for the moment left its tenement and travelled back, and passed into the old family circle, or in imagination gazed on the familiar faces of earlier days and youthful associations.

Seven years have rolled away since we set at the annual Thanksgiving festive board. The hand that has preserved the writer in the storm at sea, from the knife of the savage in the wilds of the rugged mountains, that has shielded me from the shafts of the epidemic, has brought me back to that circle once more. But how changed from the last meeting. When together last, a mother occupied the seat at the head of the table. She is not in her place now. She acts as another festival

to-day. She has gone to that final Thanksgiving, where separations, sorrows and pains are unknown. But she is not lost to us. Her years of patience and devotion, to that new broken circle, stand forth as a stimulant for each to live for the other. Will her last words be forgotten! "Live, children, so when you come to lay here you will feel as reconciled as I do." "Be temperate, and you will do always right." In each there is no common sermon, but sufficient to carry all safely through the world. Home and Mother are synonymous words—they follow us the wide world over—the heart must be hard and callous indeed that does not beat more quickly at the mention of either. They are not wiped from the heart until all the finer feelings of our being are crushed and gone, and even then, there are moments when the master's influence will linger around our wanderings and recall by-gone hours of happier days. The novelty of new scenes, mingling with strange faces, and all the excitements usually attendant upon a traveler's life, cannot erase the recollections and influences of the Home of our youth.

N. H. M. D.

Boston, November, 1853.

The interior of Australia—a barren sandy desert—has been found to be considerably below the level of the sea. It is now proposed to employ British convicts in cutting a narrow canal from the ocean to the desert, a distance of about 250 miles, when it is expected that the rush of water would be so great as to widen the canal and cause the formation of an inland sea almost as large as the Mediterranean, to the incalculable benefit of a vast extent of territory at present wholly useless.

Squires, the depot robber, who escaped from the Concord, N. H., state prison, was rearrested at his residence in Concord on Saturday. He left his clothes upon the bank of the river and fled into the woods, where he stayed for two days, and supposing that the search for him at his own residence was over, returned to it. His feet are badly frozen that it is feared they will have to be amputated.

Policeman Patterson and Sweeney, on Saturday afternoon, arrested a man calling himself John K. Seymour, M. D., charged with having, by aid of his wife Jane, a professed clairvoyant and curer of diseases, by means of a conspiracy defrauded John R. Stuyvesant out of a deed for a house and lot, in 16th street, worth \$8,000 or \$10,000. The accused man was committed to prison.—New York Express.

The good folks of the city of Mexico have been engaged in an exposition of the products of the country, and from all accounts it would seem to have been an excellent one. On the 6th inst., the President himself, with great ceremony, in the presence of Ministers and a large assemblage of the beauty and fashion of the city of the Montezumas, presented the various prizes.

Between four and five o'clock Sunday morning, a chimney, about 70 feet in height, and containing about 30,000 bricks, connected with the Steam Cordage Manufactory of the Messrs. Webbs, corner of Plymouth and Hunneman streets, Roxbury, fell with a tremendous crash, on account of the settling of the foundation.

Twenty-three thousand and seventeen persons came passengers in the three hundred and thirteen vessels which arrived here from foreign ports during the month of November. In addition, we learn that four thousand four hundred and fifteen persons have arrived within the last three days.—N. Y. Herald, 3d.

Two men by the name of Bugby and Sanderson were tried before Justice Willis, of So. Reading, yesterday, for selling liquor in Melrose, and plead guilty. They were fined \$10 and costs, amounting in all to about \$30, and gave bonds in the sum of \$1000 to sell no more liquor for one year.

An Irishman employed at Reed's brewery, in Troy, N. Y., fell into a vat containing two hundred barrels of boiling beer, about 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and was not discovered till three hours after. All the beer was turned off into the sewer in presence of a coroner's jury.

Mr. Isaac Page, well known in Billerica, committed suicide on Saturday last, by hanging in his barn. The cause of this act was insanity. Mr. Page was well known in Billerica, and leaves a wife and four children. He was about 50 years old.

Mr. Adams, now 96 years of age, informs the Boston Gazette that this will be a very mild winter. He has observed the changes for eighty years, and never failed in his predictions. Coal dealers are advised to lower the tariff at once.

The contributions received at the Washington National Monument office from November 2 to December 2, amounted to \$2,472.82. Amount of expenditures \$2,622.36.

At Albany, on Sunday, a verdant Canadian, from Woodstock, was swindled out of \$500 by two chaps playing the magic hall game upon him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Houghton has been sent to the lunatic asylum at Worcester, crazed by the spirit rapping humbug in Chicopee.

In the dead letter office last week, a letter was found containing \$200.

We expected some Lyeon reports from "Franklin." Shall we have them? We learn they are well attended.

When shall we have the meeting to adopt measures for building the Lyceum Hall?

"FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE."—How much is comprehended in that short petition, yet how often it is passed over carelessly by those unmindful of its extensive import. It is the prayer "our Father" taught us, and it teaches us to place implicit confidence and reliance in "Him who ordereth all things well."

The dispensation of Providence may sometimes seem severe and unjust to us, especially when we cannot discover "the silver lining to the cloud;" yet we should not murmur, for it is evident that the will of a supremely wise and beneficent Creator is different from the creatures of earth.

How sweet from human lips sound the words: "Father, thy will be done," when almost bowed down with woe and sorrow, weak and erring man breathes that pathetic petition. I heard the orisons of a lone widow, when at nightfall her earnest supplications ascended to the Throne of Grace for the preservation of her only son, who was a mariner tossed on the restless billows of the tempestuous ocean: "Father, may thine own angels hover near him; to watch over him and keep him from evil; may his life be preserved so that he may make glad the heart of her who truly loves him; yet, Father, if it is thy will that he should find in the coral depths of ocean a grave,—then, Father, not my will, but thine, be done."

Oh! the trusting confidence of that humble suppliant's prayer! Closely did the heart of that mother cling to her child—her only child. She had watched in its infancy the unfolding of new beauties and the budding of his bright intellect, and she looked with brilliant anticipations to the future when that youth should become a noble man.

He roamed far from home and his native land, visited the shores of Italy's sunny clime, the home of poetry and of song; and then sped away over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, which were destined to be his resting place forever. Ocean received another deposit, and

"Down countless fathoms, down he sunk to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."
Yet the mother, sorrow-stricken and bereaved, was comforted, for she knew that it was her heavenly Father that chastened her; and with subdued spirit she softly said: "Father, thy will be done."

Confiding and trusting is thy faith, forlorn mother, and may we be led to follow thy example, so that if we are immersed in a sea of sorrow we may be endowed with strength to say: "Father, thy will be done."—Albany Transcript.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A year or two ago, as the steamer Southamer was on the departure from Charleston, S. C., for New York, our attention was attracted by a number of passengers on board, and the excitement of a large crowd which had gathered at a particular place on the vessel's deck. We made our way into the throng behind the captain, and soon found a man dressed in the garb of a Quaker, seated on what appeared to be a chest, declaring it should not be opened unless those who opened it killed him. While he was thus acting, a voice from the chest, (as if from a colored person in distress,) said in a smothered tone: "Let me out—I'd rather go to mass; oh, mercy! dis chile can't stan dis no longer!" "Look here, my friend," said the captain, "you'll please get off that chest."

"I'll do no such thing," he replied coolly.

"Oh dear! luff me out dis!" came distinctly from the chest, as if the speaker was suffocating.

"Mate," said the captain, "bring some men here, and take that person off that chest, and break it open."

The Quaker resisted, was seized by the passengers,—all believing he was stealing a dandy, contrary to the laws of the South—and held uncomfortably. The mate took an axe and forced the lid loose from the chest.

"Oh, don't! you'll kill me," said the stifled voice. "I want to get out; I want to go back; oh dear! I shall die."

"Hold on a few minutes longer," said a good natured person, stepping out; "you shall soon be released."

Quite an intense feeling was now raised in the crowd, when the mate forced off the lid, and as it came from the box, an unearthly demonic laugh rang from the old clothes with which the chest was filled, and no sign of any living thing was in there. Amusement appeared on the faces of the before angry, bewildered lookers on. We were shortly after let into the mystery, by the captain saying that he had forgotten that Wyman the ventriloquist was on board.—That genius was standing near, and nearly choking with laughter at the anxious faces of the spectators, and the excitement he had raised by thus waking up a nigger in the box.

Publications Received.

LADIES' WRITERS, for December, is full of entertaining and useful reading. The embellishment of the "Reprimand" is a picture of life, drawn so perfect that it looks like reality. We commend this annual to our fair readers. Published in New York by Burdick & Reed.

GODEY, for January.—We have this number now before us. The beauty of the steel plates is superior to any we have ever seen. The reading matter and the wood engravings make up the most splendid number of this old and popular magazine. Godey has fully redeemed his promise. There will be a rush for this number, and now is the time to subscribe. We tell our lady readers that the fashion plates will surprise them. Fowle has it.

HORTICULTURIST for December—the last number for 1853.—The editor promises that the

Horticulturalist, for 1854. "will be better than ever." Farmers, and every lover of Fruits and Flowers, we advise you to send for the Horticulturalist at Fowle's Bookstore.

GLENN'S PICTORIAL.—As usual—and we cannot say more.

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life when every pulse beats free, and the soft air is full of fragrance from a pure clime."

In Newbury, N. H., Dec. 10, by Rev. Henry Johnson, John S. Ladd, of Warren Academy, of Woburn, Mass., to Miss Sophia W. daughter of the Hon. Tappan Stevens, of Newbury, N. H.

DEATHS.

"And what a life! the flourishing array Of the proud summer meadow, which to day Weeds her green plume, and is tomorrow hay."

In this town, 24 inst., Lydia Almira, daughter of L. W. Fernham, aged 4 years, 3 months and 17 days. Weep not for your child so dear, For in heaven she's at rest; She's joined with angels there, To sing the songs of the blest.

Dec. 6, William R. H. Tourist, aged 1 year, 3 months, son of Russell and Mary Tourist.

Dec. 7, Wm. Emerson, aged 60 years.

Special Notices.

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

THE Ladies will hold their Festival next Thursday evening, in the Town Hall. The Hall will be opened at 5 P. M. There will be music and refreshments. Tickets 15 cts. The public are respectfully invited.

The next Lecture will be delivered, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 13, by Dr. W. HOLMES.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture will be delivered, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 13, by Dr. W. HOLMES.

Collector's Sale for Taxes.

WILL be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on MONDAY, the 13th day of January next, at two o'clock P. M., at the Selectmen's Room in Wade's Block, in Woburn, some of the Real Estate, (situated in said Woburn), belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the Taxes assessed thereon for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and all legal costs and charges. Said residents, real estate, and taxes, are as follows, viz: Daniel Wright, 34—About one-fourth of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Washington street, in the eastern part of said Woburn, and bounded south-westerly by said Washington street, north-westerly by a private way leading out of said street, and easterly by another private way leading out of said street. State, County and Town Taxes, \$2.75.

Peter Bigne, 34—About one-fourth of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Church street, near the centre village in said Woburn, and bounded westerly by said Church street, northerly by land of James A. Mann, and easterly and southerly by land of George Plagg. State, County and Town Taxes, \$2.75.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold at Public Auction, so much of the Real Estate, situated in the southern part of said Woburn, belonging to the following non-residents, as shall be sufficient to pay the taxes assessed thereon, for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and all legal costs and charges. Said non-residents, real estate and taxes, are as follows, viz: Charles Bddy—About one-fourth of an acre of land, situated in the southern part of said Woburn, on Canal street, and bounded southerly by said street, westerly by land of John R. Vining, and northerly and easterly by land of Thomas Richardson. State, County and Town Tax, \$1.50. School District Tax, in District No. 6, 10 cts.

If said Taxes, and all legal costs and charges, shall not be paid on or before said time of sale, so much of said Real Estate will then and there be sold as shall be sufficient to pay the same.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector of Taxes for Woburn.

Dec. 8th, 1853.

Baskets and Baskets.

A VARIETY of Ladies Baskets and Baskets, of the latest styles, for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

DRY GOODS,

GLASS, CROCKERY,

EARTHEN-WARE, &c.,

AUCTION.

WILL be sold on SATURDAY next, Dec. 10th, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the store of the subscriber, in Fowle's Building, the remainder of the subscriber's stock of Goods, consisting in part as follows, viz: Cotton, Linen, Prints, Brown, White, and Colored Table Covers, Long and Square Shawls, Hoods, Sacks, Patch, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Also, a variety of Crockery and Earthen-ware, and an almost endless assortment of the various kinds of goods usually found in a variety store.

The above goods will be sold in small lots, to accommodate those who buy for their own use.

HIRAM FLAGG, WM. WINN JR. Auctioneer.

Woburn, Dec. 10th, 1853.

Weymas, the Wizard King!

THE Professor would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that he will give an exhibition in the ART OF MAGIC, on Wednesday Evening, Dec. 13, at the Town Hall, in which he will display some of the most remarkable tricks in the magical world.

Admission, 25 cents. Children half price.

Dec. 13

LOST!

A SMALL black and white DOG, with a piece of small around his neck, and answering to the name of "SPOT." Whoever will give information concerning him, or return him to the subscriber, shall be amply rewarded.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD, dec. 3

BOOK BINDING.

NOW is the time to have your magazines bound, by leaving them at the Woburn Book Store.

GREAT SALE OF WOOD AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at Auction, on MONDAY, Dec. 13th, at 9 o'clock A. M., all the wood standing on 30 acres of land, situated in Burlington, on Wood Hill, so called, in said Burlington, and north-west from the house of Mr. Taylor, and 31 miles from Woburn Centre. Said wood consists of a good growth of Oak, Walnut, Maple, Pine, and Birch, of a good quality.

This sale affords a good opportunity to persons living in the vicinity of Woburn and Burlington, to supply themselves with wood for their own use.

P. S. If stormy on said day, the sale will be on the same day at the same hour.

WM. WINN JR. Auctioneer.

Burlington, Dec. 24, 1853.

COY. T. B. B. S.

A 50 CENTS PER GALLON, in large or small quantities.

A. P. O'NEIL, Woburn, Dec. 24, 1853.

S. C. SWEETSER,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and the adjoining towns that he has thoroughly revised his well-known volume for the accommodation of the public generally; and thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to satisfy those who may give him a call.

Assignees Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed Assignee of the estate of William Maxwell, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Yeoman, an insolvent debtor.

The next meeting of the Creditors of said Maxwell is appointed to be held, before Asa F. Lawrence, Esq., Commissioner of the Court of Probate, in the office of Messrs. Davis and Cobb, in Charlestown, in said County, on the thirty-first day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which meeting creditors may prove their claims to SAUL S. RICHARDSON, Assignee.

North Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Retire F. Kimball, late of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, housewright, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to SAUL S. RICHARDSON, Administrator.

Winchester, Nov. 15th, 1853.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of Retire C. Tild, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, trader, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to ROWEN BUCKMAN, Administrator.

Woburn, November 8th, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor to the last will and testament of Barth'w Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, yeoman, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons, having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to BARTHOLOMEW RICHARDSON, Executor.

Woburn, Nov. 15th, 1853.

MONEY IS UP,

DRY GOODS

ARE DOWN.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.

WILL OFFER THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

MANTILLAS,

SILK GOODS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS,

RAW SILK & DRESS PLAIDS,

CLOTHS, THIBETS, MERINOS,

CASHMERES,

MOURNING ARTICLES,

EMBROIDERIES,

LACES, TRIMMINGS,

Gent's Shawls, Shirting Linens,

Blankets, Quilts, Domestics,

Hosiery, Gloves, &c.,

AT PRICES CORRESPONDING TO THE INCREASED VALUE OF MONEY.

Bargains May be Expected,

As we never allow our customers to be drawn away from us by better bargains than we offer them ourselves.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,

No. 192 Washington street,

BOSTON.

CHANDLER & CO.,

Have now in store, of their own importation, an assortment of

Cashmere Long and Square Shawls

In medium and fine qualities, and in the newest styles, for sale, wholesale and retail, at

No. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

PLAIN CASHMERES, &c. &c.

CHANDLER & CO.

Have now opened their entire importation of

6-4 CASHMERES for Ladies' Dresses.

Of the most approved styles of goods, and in the most fashionable shades of color, many of which are quite new.

We invite the attention of purchasers, both at wholesale and retail, to our large and complete assortment of these goods, assuring them that

A More Full and Desirable Assortment IS NOT TO BE FOUND.

Our assortment of HIGH COLORED CASHMERES, for Children's wear is large, and contains many of the choicest colors.

We have also in store, of our own importation, a fine assortment of THIBET CLOTHS and plain MOUSSELINE DE LAINES.

Chandler & Co.

No. 6 & 8 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.

CHANDLER & CO.

Have received a handsome assortment of

SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.

Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For sale at

No. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

New Stock of Ladies' Cloths.

CHANDLER & CO.,

FALL AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

Gentlemen's Youths' & Boys

CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

RECENTLY MANUFACTURED, ALSO,

Rich Piece Goods, &c.

JUST RECEIVED NO FOR BLE ON THE LO

One Price Cash System.

—AT—

OAK HALL

CLOTHING HOUSE,

NORTH STREET,

BOSTON.

—OF—

PAID GOODS! PAID GOODS!

CHANDLER & CO.

Invite the Attention of Purchasers to their Large and

Fine Assortment of

ALL WOOL PLAIDS,

COTTON AND WOOL PLAIDS,

SPUN SILK PLAIDS.

6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

CASH STORE!

MR. B. F. WYER having sold his stock of goods and real estate, and having retired from business, he respectfully informs the former patrons and the public, that he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Ladies', Misses', and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

Also a good assortment of Gent's, Boys' and Youths' Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, and Carriage Bags. A complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings.

Ladies' and Misses' Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Hosiery neatly repaired.

ARTHUR WOOD, Jr., (Successor of B. F. WYER), Wade's Building.

Woburn, Oct. 27, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the subscriber, are requested to call at Edward E. Cooper's, and make payment for the same, as he will continue to hold a great favor if those indebted will call and settle.

HIRAM FLAGG.

THE REPRESENTATIVE.

A Year's experience has decided that hitherto difficult question, Which is the best stove of the season? It is the Representative Air Tight Cooking Stove, unsurpassed for beauty of model, or convenience and economy of operation, with either wood or coal.

The above, together with a good assortment of Parlor Grates, Patent Cooks and Fancy Air Rights for wood or coal, may be seen at the Hardware Store of

L. THOMPSON, JR.,

at Knight's Building, Main street.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, having moved from his former residence on Pleasant street, to Thomas J. Porter's house, and boards with P. E. Bernard, where he will continue to insure Real and Personal Property, in good Mutual and Stock Companies, on favorable terms can be obtained.

Woburn, Oct. 26th, 1853.

Mrs. C. C. Stimpson

RESPECTFULLY announces to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has purchased the stock of Mrs. Augustus Kennedy, and opened a shop in Allen's Building, 34 door north of the depot, for the transaction of Millinery and Dress Making business. She intends to keep a small but choice stock of millinery and dress trimmings, as well as all the latest styles of hats.

All orders will be promptly attended to and neatly executed.

Woburn, Oct. 27th, 1853.

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!!

Gent's Rubber Boots, Ladies' Rubber Boots, Ladies' Rubber Shoes, Ladies' Rubber Slippers, Ladies' Rubber Socks, Ladies' Rubber Gaiters, Ladies' Rubber Mitts, Ladies' Rubber Gloves, Ladies' Rubber Hosiery, Ladies' Rubber Stockings, Ladies' Rubber Undershirts, Ladies' Rubber Drawers, Ladies' Rubber Petticoats, Ladies' Rubber Corsets, Ladies' Rubber Caps, Ladies' Rubber Hats, Ladies' Rubber Trunks, Ladies' Rubber Valises, Ladies' Rubber Umbrellas, Ladies' Rubber Carriage Bags, Ladies' Rubber Findings.

At the Store of A. Roundy.

CALROW & CO.,

FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

HANOVER, corner of Elm St.,

OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HAVE received their full supply of FALL GOODS

for Gentlemen's wear, and are now opening a branch of their business in a separate building, entrance on the corner of Elm and Main streets, and are at pains to suit the most exacting taste.

—ALSO—

BOYS' CLOTHING,

The largest and best assortment in the city, all other establishments combined not excepted. The branch of our business is conducted in a separate building, entrance directly opposite the American House. Ladies will find good accommodations and polite attendance.

Good genteel well-made Clothing at the lowest prices. No deviation.

Garments made to order for boys from 4 to 16 years.

PORTER'S PATENT COMPOSITION

BURNING FLUID.

—ALSO—

Superior camphene and alcohol.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Fluid and Oil Chandeliers,

ASTRAL, HANGING AND SIDE LAMPS.

Portable and Study Lamps of every description.

Ghazoles, Candelabras, and Hall Lanterns.

China and Terra-Cotta Vases, Colognes,

Card-Receipts, &c. Also,

Globes, Shades, Glass Prisms,

and every article pertaining to the Lamp Department

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NOS. 8 AND 9 TREMONT ROW,

(Opposite the Head of Hanover St.)

BOSTON.

Bay State and Waterloo Shawls!

CHANDLER & CO.

Have now in store BAY STATE and WATERLOO

Long and Square Shawls.

In the new and desirable styles. Likewise, a good

assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S TRAVELLING SHAWLS,

To which they invite the attention of purchasers.

NOS. 6 & 8 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

62 CENTS

FOR GENUINE JOCKEY ROGERS & SON'S

FOUR BLADE STAG "KILLER" KNIVES, with

fine blades, Ivory Handles, &c. for 70 cents. Also, a

large assortment of "POCKET" & "WIVES," with one of

blades, from the best English and American makers—

Rogers, Braithwaite's (Lux), and other good makers'—

SCISSORS of every description. B. H. HENNING'S, and

Leather, &c. &c.

TAILOR'S SHEARS AND COSSORS.

Knives and Forks, and Table Cutlery

Of all kinds—RAZORS in great variety. English,

German and American SKATERS—LADIES

SKATES, and a general assortment of American and

Foreign Goods at Wholesale and Retail, by

MARTIN L. BRADFORD,

142 Washington Street,

Three doors North of the Old South Church,

BOSTON.

ONIONS AND POTATOES.

000 Bushels Potatoes; 250 Bushels Onions.

Produce of France, Edward Island, &c. For sale by

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,

FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON.

DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. S. WHITE takes pleasure in announcing to his

friends and the public, that he will commence an

Evening School, for instruction in dancing, at the Cen-

tral House, on Monday Evening, Oct. 21, 1853.

Mr. W. would also give notice that he will commence

a course of **Assemblies** at the above named Hall, on

Friday Evening, Oct. 21st.

Tickets 75 cents; to be had at the Central House Bar.

Music, 5 pieces.

Woburn, Oct. 15th, 1853.

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS

Dr. William Ingalls,

LATE Physician and Surgeon to the U. S. Marine

Hospital at Chelsea, offers his professional services to

the inhabitants of Winchester and vicinity. His

residence is that lately owned and occupied by Col. S.

B. White.

Winchester, September 10, 1853.

COAL! COAL!!

THE Subscriber has recently received a full supply

of very superior Red and White ash coal, prepared

expressly for family use, and are ready to furnish families

in Winchester and vicinity, at the lowest market price.

Also, about 300 tons of White ash broken coal, for steam

engines and large furnaces.

Winchester, Sept. 1, 1853.

NOTICE.

The subscriber, having disposed of her millinery busi-

ness to Mrs. C. C. Stimpson, formerly of Boston, would

cheerfully recommend her to the favor of her friends in

W

BUSINESS CARDS.

MARK ALLEN,
Manufacturer of
Pen Holders.
Rooms at Woburn Machine Shop,
Woburn, Mass.
Orders for various styles of Penholders, respec-
tively solicited. July 25 if

AMOS HUBBARD, JR.
(Successor to Amos Hubbs, Jr.)
—DEALER IN—
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Wade's Block, Woburn,
June 4 if

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church).
P. F. Libby. BOSTON. S. H. Libby

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit. dec11 if

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
—AND—
JOB PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth Building,
WOBURN.
Oct 18 if

OTIS & BAILEY,
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.
GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.
DEALERS IN
Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and Glass.
Geo. H. Otis, WOBURN. James B. Bailey.

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Burlington, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to. Oct 18

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON.
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and
sold. Orders left at Fowle's Block, Woburn, will
be sent to them. Nov 15 if

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs.
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth Building,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For-
eign Lotions constantly on hand. May 27 if

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARETAKING.
Brooches, Caskets, Trunks, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMING).
No. 45 Washington Street, BOSTON.
Feb 21 if

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c. if

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot.
Main St., WOBURN. Feb 14 if

J. H. EVANS,
NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,
Cambridgeport, Mass.
Orders left at Amos White's, 43 State St., Boston,
or Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms. Jan 31

MERRIS & WHITE,
—DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
271 Washington Street,
Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.
G. Merris. H. M. White.
On Price. All Representations Warranted.
Jan 24 if

HUTTING & HAYES,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 27 North Market Street,
BOSTON.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. 21

Isaac Hahnd's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
B. B. & CO., PROPRIETORS.
No. 123 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASH-
ING POWDERS, manufactured and sold by the
Manufacturers, Woburn, and Mass. July 9 if

MORRIS & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and
Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or
made to order at short notice. Also, Repair
all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MORRIS. Dealers are invited to
call and examine.
Oct. 18. 1 year

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY GOODS.
OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England
that a single word in their favor seems needless. We
would merely remind the public that we still continue to
manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of
Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Silver,
is not equalled in New England.
We also keep constantly on hand a complete and well
assorted of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER
WATCHES, AND FANCY GOODS, of every description,
all of which we warrant to be the most reasonable
terms.
WILMARTH & BROTHER,
9 Court St., Boston—4 doors from Washington Street
P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or
taken in exchange. Oct 16 if

JOHN MILLER,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to. Sept 30.

Hair Dye Applied Satisfactorily,
OR NO CHARGE. The best Dye in the market,
for sale by the subscriber, and applied on his premises,
to ladies and gentlemen, so as to give perfect satis-
faction, or no charge will be made. Call on the Comb and
Perfumery Store of A. S. JORDAN, 121 Washington St.,
six doors North of Bromfield Street. Aug 30—if

IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.
GENTLEMEN of Woburn and vicinity, who are in
want of Clothing, (a good article made to order),
are invited to call and examine my goods. They will
always find a large assortment to select from.
The plan which has been adopted at this establishment
works well; it is not to charge cash customers 25
percent off what is due; but those who pay cash,
have the benefit of cash.
I find many who like the plan. In a word you will
be dealt with as if I expect to see you again. Try me
once and see if these things be true.
ROOMS, 66 Washington St., Boston.
July 30. GEO. N. NICHOLS.

NICHOLS' REED ORGANS.
GENTLEMEN of Woburn and vicinity, who are in
want of Clothing, (a good article made to order),
are invited to call and examine my goods. They will
always find a large assortment to select from.
The plan which has been adopted at this establishment
works well; it is not to charge cash customers 25
percent off what is due; but those who pay cash,
have the benefit of cash.
I find many who like the plan. In a word you will
be dealt with as if I expect to see you again. Try me
once and see if these things be true.
ROOMS, 66 Washington St., Boston.
July 30. GEO. N. NICHOLS.

Potter's
HAIR BALM.
A VEGETABLE HAIR COMPOUND FOR REAU-
TIFYING AND RESTORING THE HAIR.
THIS article has been long and extensively used,
and is considered one of the best preparations for the
hair.
Ladies will find this Balm to be a great addition to the
toilet, both on account of its delicate and agreeable per-
fume—free from all ingredients injurious to the hair—
and its keeping the hair in place and curl.
When the hair is moist with Balm, it may be dressed
in any form required. Previous to curling the hair,
moisten it slightly with the Balm, which will give it a
beautiful appearance. Price, 25 cents.
For Sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

COCHITUATE
WATER.
SOLD BY THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

PLUMBING.
LOCKWOOD & LUMB,
34 School street, Boston,
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

Messrs. L. & L. would say through the columns of the
Journal, that they are now located at above-
where they will be happy to receive orders for any-
thing in their line, which will be faithfully attended to.
LOCKWOOD & LUMB.

PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,
142 Washington St., Boston.
PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS with charts and
written description of character, are furnished at all
hours, including directions as to suitable occupations, the
selection of partners in business, and congenial compan-
ies for life, the correction of faults, &c., &c.
Also, all books on Phrenology, Physiology, Water
Cure, Photography, Psychology and kindred subjects, for
he wholesale and retail.

REMOVAL.
Dr. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in
the first building south of Tremont Temple, and
nearly opposite the Tremont house, where he will be happy
to see his friends and all those who may need the service
of a Dentist. Jan 22 if

A. L. SHATTUCK,
(Successor to T. J. Porter.)
Woburn & Boston Express,
Woburn & Boston Express, has taken rooms in
the first building south of Tremont Temple, and
nearly opposite the Tremont house, where he will be happy
to see his friends and all those who may need the service
of a Dentist. Jan 22 if

S. C. SWEETSER,
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Wo-
burn and the adjoining towns, that he has through-
ly revised his book on the "Woburn and Boston Ex-
press," and is now publishing it at a very low price,
for the public generally; and thankful for past favors, he
trusts by strict attention to satisfy those who may give
him a call. Jan 24 if

IRON SINKS.
CART IRON SINKS for Drivings Houses and Slugs,
very strong, and never lack, for sale at the Hardware
Store of
L. THOMPSON, JR.

DR. H. S. SWEETSER,
Black, and other, Drowsy Sinks,
a good assortment, at
W. WOODBERRY'S.

ROSEWELL THOMPSON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
ELM STREET, NORTH WOBURN.
Watches and clocks cleaned and repaired. Also,
Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Parlor, Fans, &c., re-
paired.
27 N. B. All work done promptly, and in the best
possible manner. July 22. 6m

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH
DRY GOODS!
The subscribers have just received a large stock of
house-keeping goods, and staple articles, which they offer
for sale at fair and honest prices. Their stock consists in
part of
Sheeting and Shirtings, Hoosier all kinds,
White and Colored Cambrics, Ribbons all varieties,
Towelling, all qualities, Shawls,
Table Linens, Fine Needles, Pins, &c.,
Table Covers, Brown Boots, Tweeds,
Bed Tickings, Cassimeres & Doankins,
Business and Counters, Goods for Summer Clothing,
with a large variety of small articles for the sewing ta-
ble and nursery. We are confident of offering to our
country customers just such goods as they desire to pur-
chase, and at fair prices, and are pleased at all times to
show out goods. LIBBY & BROTHERS,
No. 206 and 208 Hanover Street,
Boston, Apr 23. 1m

A New Article for Travellers.
**VALISE AND DRESSING CASE COM-
BINED.**—The best article for convenience, com-
pactness, and cheapness, now in the market. The above
article is very desirable for all persons traveling, who
would avoid the trouble of carrying a valise, and a
dressing case, and at the same time, at S. J. JORDAN'S
Comb, Toilet and Perfumery Store, 121 Washington
Street, six doors north of Bromfield Street. Aug 30—if

Lead, Copper, and Brass.
CASH paid for Lead, Copper, and Brass, at the Pump
No. 28 if JOHN ASH.

Persian Sherbet,
A New and healthy drink, for sale by SAMUEL C.
SWEETSER. my 21 if

Never Failing Remedy!
Hear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most ex-
traordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and
Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted
with the sufferer. About 10 years since, Mr. W. Cummings
of Salisbury Street, in this town, was thrown from his
horse, whereby he received several injuries; he had the
best of medical advice at the time, and was after-
wards attended by several eminent Physicians, and phy-
sicians generally, are not lost. We are about introduc-
ing a new prior instrument, called the
FLUTE MELODEON.
It will be what its name indicates. PRICE, \$75 to
\$100. Terms liberal. N. O. NICHOLS,
106 Washington St., and 99 Tremont Street, Boston.
July 30

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
A Cripple Sets Aside his Crutches after Ten
Years Suffering.
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist,
Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,
Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most ex-
traordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and
Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted
with the sufferer. About 10 years since, Mr. W. Cummings
of Salisbury Street, in this town, was thrown from his
horse, whereby he received several injuries; he had the
best of medical advice at the time, and was after-
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142 Washington St., Boston.
PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS with charts and
written description of character, are furnished at all
hours, including directions as to suitable occupations, the
selection of partners in business, and congenial compan-
ies for life, the correction of faults, &c., &c.
Also, all books on Phrenology, Physiology, Water
Cure, Photography, Psychology and kindred subjects, for
he wholesale and retail.

REMOVAL.
Dr. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in
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IRON SINKS.
CART IRON SINKS for Drivings Houses and Slugs,
very strong, and never lack, for sale at the Hardware
Store of
L. THOMPSON, JR.

DR. H. S. SWEETSER,
Black, and other, Drowsy Sinks,
a good assortment, at
W. WOODBERRY'S.

FUN FOR THE BOYS!
WINTER AT HAND!
Get out your FURIES!—put on the FURIES!—bright-
en your SKATES!—go to
OAK HALL ROTUNDA!
The Largest
BOYS' CLOTHING!
Establishment in the United States!!

THE
RUSSIA SALVE
VEGETABLE OINTMENT
Has been used and sold in Boston for the last Thirty
Years, and its virtues have stood the test of time.

THE
RUSSIA SALVE
VEGETABLE OINTMENT
Has been used and sold in Boston for the last Thirty
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POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.
1850.
THE subscriber
has had in use
for several months
a new improvement
in their COOKING
RANGE, which
they have thor-
oughly tested, and
are prepared to offer
them to the trade, and
to set them for the use
of families, board-
ing houses, hotels,
&c., &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and
are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both
large and small establishments. The principal improve-
ment we have made in this Range, are the placing of the
oven on either side of the fire at pleasure, rendering it
perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over
the fire when baking, and in bringing the boilers in im-
mediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily.
The oven is large and roomy, and the flues are so ar-
ranged that it will warrant it to bake with great
economy, and at a moderate rate of fuel, and to ex-
ercise it perfectly simple in operation, (there being but
one damper), and one of the most durable and economical
Ranges ever made.

Also, FURNACES, or heating houses, and RAIL-
ROAD GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, in great
variety of patterns: MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY
PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of
Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c., &c., we offer for sale
at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30
Merchants' Row, Boston, at wholesale and retail, at the
lowest market prices.

Their Ranges are used by quite a number of families
in Woburn, and for a description of their beauty and
superiority, they would refer to the house
just erected by Mr. J. A. FOWLE, corner of Warren
and Summer streets, Academy Hill, Woburn.
Personal attention given to settling Ranges and Fur-
naces. oct 18

MARRIAGE,
HAPPINESS AND COMPETENCE.
WHY IS IT
That we behold many families, scarce in the meridian of life
broken in health and spirits with a complication of diseases
and misery, despite their early use of medicine, and the
life of an age when physical health, buoyancy of spirits,
and vigor of mind, arising from a condition of health,
should be predominant.

Many of the causes of our sufferings at first—perhaps years
before, during childhood, or the first years of manhood,
were in their origin so slight as to pass unnoticed, and of course
neglected.

IN AFTER YEARS,
When too late to be benefited by our knowledge, we look
back and mourn, and regret the full consequences of our
neglect.

What would we not give to possess, in early life, the
knowledge we obtain in after years? And what would we
not give to avoid the sufferings we endure in after years,
which we might have avoided, if we had but known the
knowledge we possess in after years?

MELANCHOLY AND STARTLING
To behold the sickness and suffering endured by many a wife
for many years, from causes simple and controllable, easily
remedied—no better still, not incurred, if every
woman possessed the information contained in a little volume, (with
in the reach of all) which would spare to herself
YEARS OF MISERY.

And to her husband the constant toil and anxiety of mind,
arising from the knowledge of the state of his wife,
without giving him the opportunity of acquiring that compe-
tence which his exertions are entitled, and the possession
of which would secure the happiness of himself, wife, and
children.

WIFE AND MOTHER
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WIFE AND MOTHER

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 3.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

NO. 10.

POETRY.

THE EDITOR'S ADVISERS.

Says one, your subjects are too grave,
Too much mortality you have—
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fine and scales,
Or fustians like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fadismable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of lies, and quacks, and bards,
Of border wars and gaudy herds,
That used to live in barbers.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-stick stuff,
To cross the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russian, Turk, the Greek and Jews,
Or any other nation.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A riddle or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some, for worldly carnal views,
Would like to hear a riddle.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
A miscellaneous lodge-podge print,
Composed—only to give that hint—
Of multifarious small things—

I want, says one, no marriage news, says one,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of wedding plenty,
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain—
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of death, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a private wish
For now and then a savory fish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest in perfect ease,
For should they answer the moon was cheese,
We never would dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble,
And every editorial right
Has naught to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

ORIGINAL.

AGRICULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—Some dozen years since a certain editor of an agricultural paper called at our residence to solicit subscribers for his paper, and in the course of his remarks he said the farmers had long been despised, they and their interests were looked down upon by almost every other grade or class of professions; that their interests in political assemblies was but little cared for; hence their cause has been gradually descending, step by step, so that they are approaching the base of their declivity. Now, says he, we propose to drive away this cloud which has so long kept you in obscurity, to break the dogma, in some measure, of party lines and selfish ends, and have agriculture looked upon with some degree of interest and magnitude.

Compare the present facilities for promoting agriculture with those of many years ago, and you will say that the farmer's interest has not been well considered. What has wrought this change? We reply that it has been done chiefly through the establishment and instrumentality of agricultural journals. Through these mediums agriculture has received some attention from the Legislature; they were also the means, in some measure, of forming county agricultural societies, as well as in diffusing much useful and interesting knowledge.

Mr. Editor, what has become of your agricultural department? As your paper is located in the vicinity of farmers and devoted to science, news and matters in general, even debatable, political matters, it appears as though agriculture should be worthy a corner in your paper. We could instance persons whose worthy effusions on agriculture have been of much interest and magnitude. As such persons are inhabitants of your town and of those bordering upon it, we trust that original matter could be furnished, ample and worthy of public interest, which would keep an agricultural department in your paper, if allowed, enthusiastically alive. What employment is there which deserves better attention, and the knowledge of which should be more extended than agriculture? As this is the grand nucleus, the centre, the first and grand employment, and man and should ever be considered how essential it is that its knowledge should be made a theme of the first importance and magnitude; for to abandon it is indispensable. If others will wield their pen in furnishing effusions on agriculture we will endeavor to co-operate with them.

P. S. Mr. Editor, we noticed in your paper a short time since that you attributed the origin of the Baldwin apple in North Woburn, on that well known homestead, the "Baldwin Place." As such a calculation conveys a wrong impression and undue respect, allow me to say that the Woburn apple, or Baldwin apple, more properly called Butters' apple, originated in Burlington, on an elevated section called Woodhill, afterwards transplanted by Wm. Butters on the Wilmington side of the boundary line. For further particulars see N. E. Farmer, vol. 4, p. 190, 191. J. Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1853.

SELECTED.

A WOMAN OF 1775.

Tradition says, at the time the British army occupied Boston, in the Spring of 1775, a resident of the city, an influential Tory, in the confidence of Gage, was blessed with a wife who was a strong Whig, (women in those early, stirring times—those times which tried the souls of men—even as some women do now, dabbled in party politics.) The lady we have here introduced belonged, by birth and the station she occupied as wife of an influential loyal citizen, to that cast in the community then commonly called "quality folk,"—we now use the word aristocracy to denote the same meaning—and in nobleness of soul, in love of her native land and the rights of her countrymen, she was a true aristocrat, and at the same time a true republican.

Usually a kind, affectionate and confiding wife, whenever the political condition of her country was the subject of controversy between herself and her liege lord, she took her side of the argument and maintained her ground with firmness. This was the only bone of contention between them, but it was a bone they often picked, at which contests the husband generally came off second best.

During the first weeks of April her husband was in consultation with Governor Gage and the chief officers of the British army, nearly every evening, coming home late at night, and in spite of the ingenuity of his wife, kept his own counsel while at home, (what few men of our day can do.) She knew some plans were being laid to crush the Whigs, perhaps to attack the citizens with slaughter, and pour their blood upon the altar of freedom, until the flame enkindled there should be extinguished.

On the night of the 17th of April, he came home later than usual, his lip curled with a haughty smile, and in reply to the importunities of his wife, he said, with an air of triumph, "To-morrow night the blow will be struck: your rebel friends will be crushed." In answer, the lady made some common-place remark, and with apparent unconcern, proposed, as it was late, "twere best they should retire. The husband was soon fast asleep, the eye of the wife was wide awake. As soon as she was sure his sleep was too sound to be easily disturbed, she arose, dressed herself hastily, and went out into the street. 'Twas two o'clock; the watchman paused, as he called the hour, to look after the retreating form of a woman who passed him with hurried step—then closed his sentence with the well known cry, "all's well." At that hour of the night and alone, this woman, the associate of the "grandaes" of Boston, walked through the dusky streets, until she found a man whom she could trust. She told him to avoid the guards at the entrances of the city; to haste to Concord, (where she conjectured the blow was to be struck), and spread the alarm that on the following night the British forces would attack the place and attempt to destroy the arms and stores collected there; and that if Sam Adams and John Hancock were anywhere in the neighborhood, they must be on their guard, or they would be taken prisoners. She then went home and resumed her accustomed pillow, by the side of her still slumbering husband. That man did pass the guard; did give the alarm; and the night of the 18th of April found the minute-men of Lexington assembled at the old tavern near the common. They stationed their outposts a mile or two below the town, towards what was then Menotomy, now West Cambridge, and regaled themselves with flip, cards, and song, and story, till early in the morning. The morning of the 19th, the shout came up the deile, "to arms, the red-coats are coming," when every one of that hardy band assembled ready, if I may use the term, "to face the music."

John Hancock and Sam Adams slept with one eye open, on the night of the 18th, at the mansion of the Rev. Mr. Clark, in Lexington. At any rate they had both open early next morning, and as they walked across the fields toward Woburn, in the early dawn of that beautiful day, they scented the sweet perfume of the peach blossom, which has never bloomed so early since; and one speaking to the other in view of the dawn of American freedom said, "what an ever-glorious morning is this."

When Gen. Washington fortified Dorchester Heights, (every vestige of whose ancient honored mounds our city authorities are so anxious to efface, in this office-seeking, money making age,) Gen. Gage, by the permit of the American commander, sailed from our beautiful harbor, carrying in one of his ships our Tory hero and his noble-minded wife. They went to England—her ashes lie buried, beside those of her husband, among strangers; far from the home of her childhood, and the country of her love. No monument, though it towered to the heavens, could tell of the greatness of her patriot heart. S. G. D.

A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, asked a lad that he found one day reading the Old Testament, "Who was the most wicked man?" "Moses," said the boy. "Moses?" exclaimed the parson, "how can that be?" "Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments of God."

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

"I was about three years old when my sister Adellah died, who was two years older than I. I remember her as being a child of a sweet disposition, who never tired of playing with me, and seeking to make me happy. She died suddenly; and I recollect well that my father had struck her a severe blow a few days before, but why I knew not. Alas, I but too soon learned the cause! I looked at her as she lay in her little coffin, and her face was like marble: the rose had fled from her cheeks, the flaxen hair was combed smoothly back, and the laughing blue eyes were closed. Her feet, dimpled hands were folded upon her breast; I thought she looked sweetly, as she lay there, so still, in that spotless white dress. Alas! I did not know that it was the shroud of death. I put my hand upon her face and it was as cold as ice! I could not comprehend it. When they laid her in the grave I was sorrowful and lonely; they told me she was in Heaven, but I wanted her here. Why should God take her then? She was not necessary to His happiness, but she was to mine.

"At this time we lived in a large, well furnished house, and all our outward wants were abundantly supplied. My mother was a weakly woman, and, I fancied, very unhappy. We lived in a country village, and my father kept store. I soon began to notice that he was very different at times; to-day, good-natured, speaking kindly to mother, and bestowing a kiss on me; to-morrow, moody and cross. The dinner was not half cooked, and the supper spoiled. I was afraid to go near him; for he sometimes struck me, or pushed me roughly to the floor. When he would leave the house, my mother would sit down and weep, as though her heart would break. How often have I put my hands around her neck, and begged her to tell me why she cried! She would kiss me, and say, 'Poor Ernest! don't ask me now; you are too young yet. Alas! that you should ever know.'

"Adellah had been dead but a few months, when a little tiny thing was brought to me, one morning, as I lay in my bed, and I was told that God had sent me another sister. How happy I was! My young heart was brimful of joy; now I should be happy again. That young dream was never fulfilled; for the horrid truth soon forced itself upon me, that my father was a drunkard! I but half realized my misfortune then; but my deeply sensitive nature, it was enough to make the world, bright and lovely as it is, look dark. It would have darkened Paradise!

"Put your hand upon my head; you see I have but little reverence. The reason your veneration is so small, is because I never loved and revered a father. I could not love him, for he was not always kind and gentle to his children, as a father should be; he abused my mother, and almost broke her heart, ere the calamity happened which stripped us of all we possessed. Parents complain of the want of reverence in their children; who is to blame? Let them conduct themselves in such a manner that their children cannot help loving and venerating them, and then will they reverence the aged, God and all good. How could I have reverence for men or God, when my father was intemperate? The little child sees his heavenly Father through his earthly parent, as we look through nature up to nature's God. But I am moralizing; and it is no wonder, when I have so suffered from the effects of intemperance, and have seen so much ruin caused by the accursed vice. Hours and hours have I dwelt upon this theme, and thought how different would have been my life, if my father had not been a drunkard—how different I should have been—how much misery I should have escaped, and happiness enjoyed."

"It is not well," I remarked, "to let your mind dwell so much upon such painful subjects." "You are right, and I have done it too long; but I will briefly tell you all, and try to think less of them hereafter. When I was five years old an orphan child was born, a little girl, who afterwards resembled Adellah; but she was a pale, weakly thing, and she remained with us but a few years. Soon after her birth, I was told, by my weeping mother, that my father had failed; I did not know what failing meant; but I was certain that a great calamity had befallen us. We soon after removed to an unclapboarded house, containing only three small and unfinished rooms; our carpets, our nice chairs, our best beds and looking-glasses were all gone. O, how desolate and gloomy seemed the old house! I shall never forget, to my dying day, how woe-begone my mother looked, as she entered that building with little Laura in her arms. We had but few comforts now, and the world looked dark enough.

"My father, instead of forsaking his cups, and trying to retrieve his fallen fortunes, sank rapidly to the lowest depths of the detestable inebriate; he worked at different places, spending part of his earnings for rum, and with the rest buying the cheapest and coarsest articles of food. My mother, who was keenly sensitive and high-spirited, labored hard to keep her children clean and decent. Two other children were afterwards added to our family, both boys. Father became intemperate and ragged, and as selfish as sin; intemperance blasted and swelled his body, but shrivelled up his soul. He wanted so much money for rum, that he was ever anxious that

his children should not consume any more food than nature required. This, and other things, made us as voracious as swine; and we all became selfish and mean, each one striving to get the largest share of the poor food provided for us.

"I tremble to think what we might have been, if we had not had a good mother, who carefully looked after our welfare, and sought to instil good principles into our minds. Our home was, nevertheless, often the scene of bitter altercations, and mutual upbraidings, until I came to dread my father's approach; the dull echo of his heavy footsteps fell upon my young heart like the death-knell of happiness. How horrid is the thought that a father should so conduct himself as to make his presence hateful to his children!

"I soon learned, and to my sorrow, that the sins of the father were visited upon his children in a way that made my life a still greater burden; my play-mates and school-mates looked down upon me. O, heavens! I knew they regarded me as a drunkard's child; I felt that the finger of scorn was pointed at me, and it burnt into my heart as though it had been fire! I quailed beneath it, and could no longer hold up my head. The more I bent under the heavy weight that was laid upon me, the more was I scorned. You have a nature keenly sensitive, Henri, and you judge what I have suffered. I was naturally very fond of the beautiful; every flower talked to me, and every tree waved me a welcome, and looked compassionate upon me, as if bending in benediction. I gazed into the blue sky by day and by night, and loved it; for all its starry eyes beamed with holy smiles. I delighted to quench my spirit's thirst with the airy waters which floated in light and beauty in the limitless ocean above me. But I could not live on these alone; what little child can? I craved the love, and sympathy, and respect, of my fellow beings; I wanted to be on equality with children of my own age. But of what avail was this wish in my young and bleeding heart? How could I be considered equal, when I was so poor, and my father a drunkard? I could not dress like them—I had no books, as they had. They have spirit upon me to show their contempt! How often have I wished for a lightning-bolt, that might crush them, and be repressed! Had I been made of sterner stuff, I should have possessed a less sensitive nature, I might have escaped much of this, and returned scorn for scorn, insult for insult, and blow for blow; but, as it was, I suffered with an intensity corresponding with my sensitiveness. The poisonous tooth of scorn cut into my heart's core, and the fountain of life was made bitter as gall. O, God! the time came when not a star smiled for me, not a spire of grass sprung up to carpet my rough and uneven way, not a flower tossed me a fragrant kiss with its rosy fingers, and the bow in the clouds, with its seven beautiful colors, embracing the earth, as the seven attributes of the Almighty encircle the children of His love, had no attractive loveliness for me; all was dark, dismal, and black as death! The light which had shone for me, when a little child, had grown fainter and fainter, until the flickering flame had expired.

"When my sister Laura died I shed no tears, for I never wept now; yet still I mourned her loss, but at the same time I thought how much better it was for her than to live, and suffer as I did. One of the most harrowing thoughts which continually beset me was, that people looked upon me as little better than a fool; I fancied they regarded me as a half-witted boy. So much did I dwell upon this, that the e were times when I thought they were right. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not like other children. I am imposed upon daily. Why should I be, if I am not a fool? O, what thoughts were these? How they racked my brain, and lay like lead upon my heart!

"All this time there were deep feelings in my breast, intense as the burning rays of the meridian sun, in July's hottest days. There were passions sleeping like lava fires, and sympathies warm and truthful, which had often broke the icy wall around them, and leaped forth, like the torrent down the mountain-side; but so cold, so freezing, was their reception, that they were ever sent back, quivering and gasping, upon my heart! My mother still loved me, and labored for my good; and this was one bright spot in my dark life. What should I not have become, if it had not been for her? I am mistaken! The world was not all dark, all sorrow, all gloom. One star did shine for me." [Web and Woof of Life, by W. G. Colebridge.]

TO CORRECT SOURCES IN MILK, CREAM AND BUTTER.—It is not generally known that the sourness in milk and cream may be immediately corrected by the addition of a small quantity of the common carbonate of magnesia, in powder. Half a tea spoonful (about equal to four grains) may be added to a pint of milk or cream, if only slightly sour—a larger quantity in proportion to the degree of sourness. From two to three grains may be added to every pound of flour, to prevent sourness in bread, so injurious to some constitutions. Carbonate of soda is sometimes employed for the same purpose, but it communicates an unpleasant flavor to the bread, and in the case of milk and cream, is worse than disease.

CROMWELL'S REMAINS.

"On the thirteenth day of January, 1660, Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were drawn to Tyburn on three several sledges, and, being taken from their coffins, hanged at the several angles; afterward their heads were cut off, and set on Westminster Hall. The following is a transcript from a MS. diary of Edward Balnathill, a Spanish merchant of those times, and preserved by his descendants: 'The 30th of January, being that day twelve years from the death of the king, the odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Major General Ireton and Bradshaw, were drawn to Tyburn on three several sledges, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four in the afternoon. Cromwell in a green sate-cloth, very fresh, embalmed; Ireton having been buried long, hung like a dried rat. Bradshaw in his winding-sheet, the fingers of his right hand and his nose perished, having wet the sheet through; the rest very perfect, inasmuch as I knew his face, when the hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up; of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which the 'practises' had cut off. Their bodies were thrown into an hole under the gallows, in their sate-cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four, being sate-cloths, and their heads were set up on the south end of Westminster Hall.' In a marginal note is a drawing of Tyburn (by the same hand) with the bodies hanging, and the grave underneath. Cromwell is represented like a mummy, swathed up, with no visible legs or feet. To this memorandum is added:

'Ireton, died 26th of November, 1651.'
'Cromwell, 3d of September, 1658.'
'Bradshaw, 31st of October, 1659.'

In the same diary are the following articles: 'January 8th, 1661, Sir A. Hazlerigg, that cholerick rebel, died in the Tower. The 17th Vender and his accomplice hanged—he had another in Coleman street; the other seventeen in other places of the city. Sept. 3d, 1662, Cromwell's glorious and yet fatal day, died that long speaker of the Long Parliament; William Lenthall, very penitent.' Yet, according to other accounts, the body of Oliver has been differently disposed of. Some say that it was sunk in the Thames; others that it was buried in Naseby field. But the most romantic story of all is, that his corpse was privately taken to Windsor, and put in King Charles' coffin; while the body of the King was buried in state in Oliver's, and consequently, afterwards hanged at Tyburn, and the head exposed at Westminster Hall. These idle reports might arise from the necessity there was of interring the Protector's body before the funeral rites were performed; for it appears to have been deposited in Westminster Abbey, in the place now occupied by the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham. The engraved plate on his coffin is still in being. Sir John Breckinridge, in his Republica, tells us, that Cromwell's remains were privately interred in a small paddock, near Holborn, on the spot where the obelisk in Red Lion Square stood."

History relates that the body of Cromwell was interred in Westminster Abbey, and that the corpse, by command of Charles II., was dug up in 1661, hanged and buried under the gallows. It is singular, however, that neither Hume nor Macaulay mentions this fact. January 6, 1853.

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do you know? You never saw a lion." "O, yes, massa, I seed one down to Massa Jenks, in his stable." "Down to Jenks, Pompey! Why you great fool, Jenks hasn't a lion; that's a jack-ass." "Can't help it, massa, you look just like him."

A common civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one many unforeseen troubles; and, if one does not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy.—Addison.

Wit is brushwood—judgment is timber.—The former makes the brightest flame, but the latter makes the most lasting heat.

The lady who treats the husbandman with scorn, because he is a farmer, contributes something towards increasing the number of candidates for the State prison and the gallows.

BOARDING-HOUSE COLLOQUY.—Boarder.—What large chickens these are? Landlady.—Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we could not get them so large as these. Boarder, innocently.—No, I suppose not; they must have grown some in that time! (Landlady looks as though she thought she had been misunderstood.) Portland Eclectic.

The rails of the Connecticut River Railroad bridge, over the Deerfield River, a mile south of Greenfield, are over 75 feet above low water mark. That bridge is therefore some 25 feet higher than the one over the Kennebec, at Kendall's Mills.

The number of licensed taverns in Philadelphia is 1,945, which is one tavern to every forty-four and a half of the 86,943 taxable inhabitants of the city and districts.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Tay Abigail, d. of William and Hannah, born March 12.
Johnson Ann, d. of Abijah and Mary, born Nov. 23.

MARRIAGES CONTINUED.

1750 none on Record.
1751.

Heuben Barrot and Sarah Fletcher, both of Chelmsford, married June 19.
Jacob Gould and Elizabeth Holding, both of Stoneham, m. Nov. 24.
Samuel Johnson and Hannah Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 26.
Ed Wyman and Mary Johnson, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 31.
John Lewis, Jr. of Lynn and Abigail Brooks of Woburn, m. July 24.
Joseph Pierce and Susanna Gleason, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 21.
Benjamin Bigelow of Cambridge and Mary Wyman of Woburn, m. June 13.
Thomas Lock and Rebecca Laurence, both of Woburn, m. June 27.
Simcon Spaulding of Chelmsford and Abigail Willson of Woburn, m. Nov. 13.
Thomas Ross, Jr. of Bellicre and Peggy Turner of Woburn, m. Dec. 11.
Ammi Cutter of Cambridge and Esther Peiera m. May —.

1752.

Joseph Wyman, Jr. of Pelham and Mary Johnson, both of Woburn, April 10.
Solomon Wood and Martha Johnson, both of Woburn, m. Sept. 20.
Aaron Mason and Abigail Reed, both of Woburn, m. Oct. 24.

1753.

William Duck and Mary Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Jan. 11.
Elkanah Welch of Cambridge and Mary Skilton of Woburn, m. Jan. 18.
Benjamin Flegg and Hannah Thompson both of Woburn, m. March 8.
Thomas Smith and Sarah Raymond, both of Lexington, m. April 12.
Joshua Kendall and Susanna Johnson, both of Woburn, m. May 2.
Josiah Walker and Mary New, both of Woburn, m. May 3.
Elipha Reed and Sarah Newell of Lexington, m. May 24.
Isiah Tag of Woburn and Abigail Simonis of Lexington, m. May 29.
Phineas Blaggett of Lexington and Joanna Lock of Woburn, m. Oct. 10.
Samuel Thompson and Abigail Tidd, m. May 15.

1754.

Joseph Brown and Desire Batchelder both of Bedford m. Nov. 5.
William Prentice of Sutton and Abigail Willson of Bedford, m. Oct. 19.
John Nutting and Hannah Reed, both of Bedford, m. July 10.
Samuel Preston and Hannah Frost, both of Wilmington, May 27.
Amos Wyman and Elizabeth Pierce, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 21.
William Hopkins of Wilmington, and Rebecca Reed of Woburn, m. March 28.
DeLot Brywater and Lucy Reed, both of Woburn, m. April 5.
Joshua Danforth and Kezia Reed, both of Woburn, m. July 25.
Jonathan Fowle and Mehitable Hasmer, both of Woburn, Aug. 1.
John Kendall and Sarah Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Nov. 12.

1755.

Des. Edward Johnson and Sarah Willson, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 19.
John Tay and Susannah Peirce, both of Woburn, m. March 11.
James Hunnewell and Esther Reed, both of Woburn, March 27.
Jabez Damon of Reading and Lucy Wyman of Woburn, m. April 3.
Noah Wyman and Ruth Thompson, both of Woburn, m. June 18.
David Willen of Bedford and Judith Johnson of Woburn, m. July 9.
Jonathan Fisk of Lexington and Abigail Lock of Woburn, m. Sept. 4.
Ebenezer Farley of Bellicre and Hephelia Wyman of Woburn, m. Oct. 16.

1756.

Thomas Wright and Elizabeth Chandler, both of Woburn, m. March 2.
Abraham Osburn and Elizabeth Reed, m. March 16.
Oliver Richardson and Eunice Wynn, m. March 2.
Ebenezer Osburn and Sarah Lilly, m. March 18.
John Giles of Medford and Lydia Atwood of Woburn, m. Nov. 26.
James Snow and Penie Gomp, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 28.
James Carr of Boston and Lois Carvers of Woburn, m. Oct. 4.
Jesse Richardson and Joanna Brooks both of Woburn, Dec. 29.
Nathaniel Brooks, Jr. and Esther Wyman both of Woburn, m. Jan. 16.
Ebenezer Johnson and Deborah Bowls of Woburn, m. April 30.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1853.

NO. 11.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

LYRIS

Suggested on hearing of the sudden death of one who had been a bride but one week.

One week—no single week of happiness,—oh God!
and is it so?
Meet my bright dreams of life and in such bitter woe?
Dreams that no earthly power, however high, could
quell—
The bolt that dashed my buoyant hopes, from heaven's
chambers fell.
'Tis maddening! and I cannot bear
The stroke, so sternly sent—
Backward I look,—there's misery there;
Below me—clouds without one ray,
Through which a ray with mercy blent
Can shine, to keep me from despair.
Would I could say, "I'll wait"—and so,
With stoic calmness bear the blow!
Father, upon my knees lay thy hand,
Let every blessed memory be blotted o'er,
Forgetfulness be mine—and never more
May thought its vigil keep along the shore
Of heart and soul, now made a desert land.

Let me forget that such a being lived and died,
That such a one was given to my keeping,
That Thou who lent in mercy, soon denied
The treasure—and e'en to me the power of weeping;
Methinks my tears are buried in her grave,
Who, when she here, would find her own
My burning, fevered brow to lave!
No wife! no tears! alone, alone!
Till I tell me that the darkest hour
Is just before the dawn is breaking;
They bid me hope, from grief's stem power,
My weary soul will soon be waking;
They say that sorrow earthly born,
Will find on earth the art of healing.
But, oh! for me there is no morn,
Time cannot cure this bitter feeling.

Time cannot! and beyond? blest thought!
Eternity is there! Eternity, and heaven,
And Thou who to my life this cup has given,
This cup no freight
With woe's excess,—and yet with mercy blent,
For through the blackness a ray of light is sent.
O, pardon, Lord, my blindness,—nor blot my reason
out,
Make life within more patient,—and brighten it with
out;
Teach me to live for heaven, that when this life is past,
I may gain its happy shores—
I bid my wife at last,
I bid her there with me,—but humbly now I go,
And bless the One who loved me, e'en while he gave
the blow.
I bid her there in agony, without the power to weep,
I leave her there with God,—His angels watch shall
keep.
Peace, peace at last, a mourning peace, my Father, Thou
hast given,
Her gentle light has pointed me the way to home and
heaven.

H. A. KING.

A VALUABLE DOG. The editor of the Portsmouth Journal gives an account of a recent visit to Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, New York, and thus details a conversation with that gentleman, whose scientific attainments and labors are well understood in this vicinity, through the medium of our neighbor's press:

"But, sir, how do you manage to keep your record through the night hours?—you would seem to want some time to sleep—how do you manage?"

"One member of the family keeps the record," said he, "from 7 in the morning till 7 in the evening. Another keeps it from 7 till 11 in the evening, and I and my dog keep it the other eight hours. I retire regularly, my dog is stationed in the entry by the clock, and at its striking immediately scratches the door. I rise, make the record, and in a few minutes am regularly asleep again until the dog gives notice of another hour."

We saw the intelligent animal which has been so faithful in aiding his master in his scientific researches, and also the evidence of labor performed on the door of the sleeping room of his master. His regular night services for three years are deeply recorded in the panel of the door by an hourly scratch.

PUNISHMENT OF PERJURY IN TURKEY. A rather singular scene took place on the 22d of September, at Adrianople. Two men, the chiefs of a neighboring village, who had been found guilty of perjury, were promenade through the bazaar, mounted on donkeys, with their faces turned towards the tails of the animals, and having their heads dressed out in a grotesque manner, with the hairy part of a sweeping brush on their forehead, and some cloves of garlic round their neck. They were preceded by the public crier, who announced the crime of which they had been guilty. After being thus for some time exposed to the hoistings of the people, they were taken to the court of the palace, where they were dismissed, and declared incapable of ever holding any public office. The offenders had been obliged to give evidence that the widow of a Turk recently dead, had been delivered of a child, afterwards, and which circumstances of the birth would make the widow the sole heir of all her late husband's property. The relations of the husband, however, interfered, and clearly proved the guilt of the witnesses, and they were condemned to the punishment above mentioned.

COVINA. It was said that so extraordinary was the skill of Covina, that if he only saw the tooth of an animal, he could not only give the class and order of the animal in question, but a history of its habits. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, musingly, "Mama, ho! Gramercy! Needn't be afraid of him!"

SELECTED.

THE PALE FACED GIRL OF PHILADELPHIA.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

SIR—The following tale appears to be too romantic for reality. Yet there is not one imaginative incident in it. It was related to me by one of the Marshal's police of Philadelphia, after a visit of inspection to "Duffy's Cottages," in one of the most health-forsaken streets of that city. The hovels alluded to were thus described by the writer, in a recent number of the New York Daily Tribune:

"Duffy's Cottages are situated in an alley, about a yard in width, and which is paved with putrid filth. The stench arising from these accumulations, as we passed from one alley to another, was intolerable; and the souls of the women who spoke to us as we passed onward, seemed to have been formed from the putrescent pavement we walked upon."

"Duffy's rooms are twelve feet square; but in consequence of the space occupied by the stairs, they are actually not more than ten feet by twelve. Yet each room, almost every night, contains eight or nine human beings, white and black, of both sexes, and of nearly all ages. They are locked in at a certain hour, and released by the proprietor of the place in the morning. 'The vast majority of the people who frequent these rooms,' said the officer, 'have as little sense of shame as beasts have.'"

"Yours, &c.,

"JAMES REDAPPE."

"The vast majority," he said, "but not all." And then he told the story of the Pale-Faced Girl:

Some time ago, a handsome young woman often slept in Duffy's rooms. Her name and history were unknown. She seldom spoke, and had no confidant. But from her intellectual look, the refinement exhibited in her conversational remarks, and in her cultivated manners, it was believed that she had not been reared in the same rank as that which she now occupied in common with the wretched creatures around her.

Her companions called her the Pale-Faced Girl.

One day some Quaker ladies, engaged in distributing religious periodicals, entered into a conversation with her. They asked her if she would go to the House of Refuge. She answered she would willingly do so, if she could obtain admission.

By the interest of the ladies, she was soon an inmate of the institution alluded to. The effect of the change upon her physical constitution was considered almost miraculous. The haggard, Pale-Faced Girl of Duffy's dens was suddenly transformed into a healthy, finely proportioned person, whose manners and conversation pleased all who saw her. But to none would she reveal her undiscoverable history, and, like a disappointed lover, she was never seen to smile. Her care-worn look did not leave her.

Her story spread. A great interest was created in her behalf. Daily were carriages to be seen hurrying onward from the residences of the richest citizens of Philadelphia to the House of Refuge. Ladies of station, laden with gifts and words of consolation—perhaps, also, with inquiries relating to her personal career—were constantly to be found in the levees of the Pale-Faced Girl.

This kindness overcame her resolution. She told the sad story of her fall. She said that she was the wife of a wealthy merchant of New York. A seducer had fled with her from her happy home to Philadelphia, and then—as is so often the case—had abandoned her. She found herself without money and friendless. From one station to another she had gradually descended, until the extremity of her poverty prevented her from paying for a better covering from the inclemency of a winter's night than Duffy's wretched rooms afforded.

The ladies wrote to her husband. They informed him of his wife's position, and of her penitence. Did he reply that their account of her sufferings had afforded him exquisite delight? That he was extremely sorry that she was not still one of Duffy's tenants? He forgave her then? No.

He was a noble soul. He imitated the clemency of his God; and his reward has been divine.

He never spoke of forgiveness. He wooed her again, and asked her once more to bless him with her affections. He succeeded.

In the happiest of the many happy houses of New York may now be found a merchant, whose life is made a perpetual feast by the fond attentions of a doing wife—the Pale-Faced Girl of Philadelphia.

A man named Samuel Dexter went to Chatham Four Corners, a few weeks since, and built a cabin on the mountain—having left Massachusetts as he said to get clear of the way of the liquor law. On the twenty-eighth of November he was found burned to death in his cabin, with a jug by his side. He had probably got drunk, set his hat on fire and perished in the flames; after which the fire had gone out of its own accord. It is said that the deceased had a wife and children at North Wilbraham.

THRILLING SKETCH.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since in Maine:

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a number of the townsmen had assembled at the store of Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over matters and things, smoke, drink, and, in short, do almost anything to kill time.

Three hours had passed away. They had laughed, talked, drank and chatted, and had a good time generally; so that, about the usual time for shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of the party—"let's liquor and then have a game of high-low-jack!"

"So say I," exclaimed another; "who's got the cards?"

"Fetch on your keeds," drawled out a third, his eyes half closed through the effects of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire-place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, crackling and throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up around the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which, from their weight, were supposed to contain nails.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk was busy behind the counter, and had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half past nine Mr. Putnam thought he would stop over to the store and see that everything was safe.

As he went in he walked up towards the fire. When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back with horror.

Before him sat seven men half crazed with drink and the excitement of playing cards. They were within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them seated on kegs of powder.

Barclay, who was a very heavy man, had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing out the powder through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered the space all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was toward the door, but recovering himself he walked up toward the fire. Should any of them attempt to rise, he thought, and scatter a few grains a little farther into the fire-place, where lay a large quantity of live coals.

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam's face deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed:

"Good God, Putnam! what ails you?" and at the same time he made a motion to rise.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not rise," said Mr. Putnam, "four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar; but keep your seats for one moment and you are safe, move and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was sobered; not a limb moved; each seemed paralyzed. In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely wet the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that the explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken.

Before these seven men left the store that very night, they pledged themselves never to drink any more liquor, or play another game of cards. (American Union.)

ANOTHER WHITE OWL. The New Haven Register says: "Mr. Smith of Northford, was lately sitting in his house, when he heard a great commotion among the fowls in his barnyard, and picking up a billet of wood, went out to discover the cause. He found that a monstrous white owl had succeeded in carrying a large Chitagon rooster over the fence, when, finding that he had 'caught a Tartar,' had commenced a battle with chivalry. Mr. Smith soon settled the combat with a few vigorous blows with his cudgel. The owl was one of the finest specimens of the kind ever seen, and measured five feet four inches from the tips of its wings."

"Will you do me the favor to lend me a hundred pounds?" says a young lady to a prudent old gentleman.

"What security, with you give?" said the latter.

"My own personal security, sir."

"Get in there," said the old gentleman, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest, "that is the place where I keep my securities."

A child died near Trenton from the bite of a spider, and Mr. Richard Hamford has been at the point of death in that city from the same cause.

The sum already expended in vessels sent in search of Sir John Franklin amounts to over five millions of dollars.

One of our exchanges, under the head of "latest news," gives "further particulars of the deluge."

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

One evening, the curate of a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, the result of a refusal on the part of his housekeeper to pay what she considered an exorbitant charge for the transportation of a small, but heavy package.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of his housekeeper an ingot of pure gold, and a slip of paper, on which the following was written:

"To Monsieur —, the Curate of B. A slight token of eternal gratitude in remembrance of August 28th, 1848. CHARLES F., formerly Sergeant-Major in the —th Regiment; now a gold digger in California."

The circumstances were these: Three years before the curate was returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier, with a haggard countenance, and wild, bloodshot eyes, about to plunge himself into a river. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke kindly to him.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate, fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company.

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but, by the grace of God, you will change your habits, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which, indeed, belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and, after a pause, said:

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Three years passed away, and the ingot, worth three thousand francs, proved to the poor curate a substantial means of support during life.

"WAS'NT MUCH ON FINGERS.—An old crone keeping a so-called 'cookey stand,' was one day accosted by a wag with,

"How do you sell oranges?"

"Two cents."

"Well," said he, taking one up and turning it over in his hand, "How do you sell this cake?"

"The same price, sir."

"Supposing I give you back the orange and take the cake."

"Very well, sir."

"Is this pie two cents?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think I'll take this pie after all, instead of the cake; what do you ask for cider?"

"Two cents a glass."

"Take the pie back and give me a drink of it."

A glass was filled and handed to the customer, who, after swallowing the same and smacking his lips with great gusto, was deliberately walking off, when he was arrested with,

"Please Mr., you haven't paid for the cider!"

Our friend coolly observed, "What should I pay for?"

"The cider, to be sure."

"Didn't I give you the pie for it?"

"Yes, but you didn't pay for the pie."

"Yory well, I exchanged the cake for it."

"Yes, but you haven't paid for that."

"I gave you the orange for it."

"The orange is two cents."

"Well, why should I pay for it; I didn't eat it, did I?"

"No matter," exclaimed the dame, "no matter; there's a mistake somewhere, but I dun know; I never was much on figgers; you needn't call again."

The Territory of Minnesota is about four times the size of the State of Ohio, extending over an area of 100,000,000 of acres.

LONG LIVED PEOPLE. Let us now be permitted to delineate the portrait of a man destined for long life. He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid, at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long, his abdomen does not project, and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He also has a broad arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general there is a perfect harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they turn his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasures which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and aversion. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honor or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow. [The Art of Prolonging Life.]

PERPETUAL THIRST. Some years ago we gave a detailed account of the condition and appearance of a man who was then supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is yet living in excellent health at the age of 55 years, and still remains in a state of perpetual thirst. This individual alluded to, is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined, it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy, the quantity of water which he consumed was so great as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through the night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into his stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits. We leave the statement of these curious facts, unembarrassed by comment, and simply ask of learned editorial friends: the probable cause of this unsatisfied thirst. [Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

A Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, in a passion, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the expression with an oath. "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou forgettest thyself."

SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR FATHERS. The Berkshire Eagle states that as one of the citizens of Pittsfield was cutting down a large button-wood tree a short time since, he found imbedded in it a quantity of human hair and pieces of finger nails, enveloped in paper, on which was an illegible inscription. They must have been placed there half a century ago. There was in days of yore, a superstition that if a person suffering from toothache, cut his hair and nails on a Friday, enveloped them in a paper marked with the date and birth of the sufferer, placed them in a hole in a tree, and plugged up the hole tightly, the pain would not occur so long as the tree lived. This was probably the origin of the above mentioned deposit.

OXYGEN GAS. A London paper states that M. Boussingault has invented a process by which pure oxygen gas may be obtained from the atmosphere in unlimited quantities and at a trifling expense. His process depends upon a peculiar property possessed by earth barytes, of absorbing the atmospheric oxygen at one temperature, and evolving it at another. The barytes must be mixed with magnesia in order to prevent fusion. This mixture is placed in a heated earthen tube, and is then oxidized by passing a current of dry atmospheric air over it. As soon as the oxydation is completed, a jet of steam is poured upon the barytes, reconverts it to its original state—the excess of oxygen being in the meantime given off and collected in the gas holder. The inventor thinks that in this manner one thousand cubic feet of gas can be obtained every twenty-four hours, by the use of a thousand pounds of barytes; and the barytes would never need replenishing.

WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES CONTINUED.

1767.

James Carter and Lydia Dean, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 17.
Reuben Richardson and Jerusha Kendall, m. March 3.
Nathaniel Gowing of Sutton and Patience Richardson of Woburn, m. March 17.
Ephraim Flagg of Wilmington and Ruth Converse of Woburn, m. March 31.
Eliaser Carter, Jr. of Wilmington and Esther Wood of Woburn, m. March 31.
Joseph Kendall and Sarah Johnson, both of Woburn, m. Aug. 18.
Seth Brewster of Wrentham and Hannah Carter of Woburn, m. Sept. 18.
Azel Johnson and Rebecca Wilson, both of Woburn, m. Oct. 13.
John Wyman of Cambridge and Mary Johnson of Woburn, m. Nov. 17.
Jonathan Laurence, Jr. and Elizabeth Johnson, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 13.
Rev. Josiah Sherman of Woburn and Martha Minot of Concord, m. Jan. 24.

1768.

Josiah Conners and Hephzibah Brook, both of Woburn, m. March 28.
Nathaniel Evans and Mary Tidd, both of Woburn, m. April 18.
Barnabas Richardson and Rebecca Tidd, both of Woburn, m. June 14.
Nathaniel Cutter and Sarah Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Oct. 24.
John Cutter, Jr., and Martha Richardson, both of Woburn, m. Nov. 28th.
Edward Wier of Charlestown and Abigail Reed of Woburn, m. Nov. 30.
Walter Russell of Charlestown and Mary Wyman of Woburn, m. Dec. 14.
Joseph Bruce and Abigail Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 20.
Ezra Wyman and Eunice Perkins, both of Woburn, m. May 3.
Nathaniel Dunklee of Billerica and Ruth Johnson of Woburn, Nov. 23.

1769.

Isaac Belknap and Bridget Richardson, both of Woburn, Jan. —.
Phineas Richardson and Hannah Richardson both of Woburn, m. Feb. 27.
Edward Winn and Joanna Carter, both of Woburn, m. July 5.
Ezra Thompson of Dunstable and Mary Wyman of Woburn, m. July 31.
Benjamin Richardson, Jr. and Rebecca Wyman, both of Woburn, m. Aug. 16.
Jonathan Wyman, Jr. and Abigail Wright, both of Woburn, m. Nov. 29.
Abigail Thompson and Esther Snow, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 13.
Silas Richardson and Mary Cochran, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 20.
John Fowle, Jr. and Mrs. Bridget Burbeare, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 28.
Ebenezer Lock, 3d and Lucy Wood, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 27.
Jonathan Haywood of Chelmsford and Judith Reed of Woburn, m. May 2.
Abraham Alexander and Jerusha Thompson both of Woburn, m. July 4.
Joseph Johnson 3d and Hannah Snow, both of Woburn, m. July 26.
Joshua Reed, Jr. and Rachel Wyman, both of Woburn, Nov. 28.

1760.

Bartholomew Richardson and Sarah Conners, both of Woburn, m. April 10.
Joshua Wyman, Jr. and Mary Fowle, both of Woburn, m. April 24.
Jesse Wyman and Esther Burbeare, both of Woburn, m. May 1.
Reuben Willson of Billerica and Sarah Mann of Woburn, m. Feb. 21.
Joseph Johnson, Jr. of Billerica and wid. Ruth Kendall of Wilmington, m. April 10.
William Cutler and Mary Trask, both of Woburn, m. April 17.
Ezekiel Reed and widow Mary Lock, both of Woburn, June 17.
John Trull of Tewksbury and Esther Wyman of Woburn, m. July 3.
William Johnson, Jr. and Sarah Kendall, both of Woburn, July 9.
Daniel Thompson and Phebe Snow, both of Woburn, Oct. 29.
Samuel Conners and Mary Tyler, both of Woburn, m. Oct. 9.
Andrew Evans, Jr. and Sarah Centre, both of Woburn, m. Nov. 25.
Josiah Johnson, Jr. of Woburn and Sarah Gardner of Charlestown, m. Dec. 2.
Shubal Johnson and Mary Cutler, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 9.
Timothy Willson and Rebecca Johnson, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 11.

Corrections for the last number of the Journal.

1761, for Rebecca Laurence read Rebecca Laurence.
1768, for April 10 read April 16.
1763 for Leah Tay read Leah Tay.
For 1764 read 1764.
For De Lot Brewster read Dr. Lot.
For Hamers read Hosmer.
1760, Oliver Richardson's marriage, for March 3 read March 30, for March 13 read March 28.
For Ebenezer Johnson and Deborah Boule of Woburn, read Ebenezer Johnson of Woburn and Deborah Bowles of Ipswich.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wines & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Younman.
Stoneham—Mr. G. W. Dins.
Travelling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondent.—We have been very long, but it will be read with interest. Our young friend is determined to see the "light and shadow of life." We have another to follow this when we have room.

A Colonel.—This valuable letter, from an esteemed friend, is very acceptable. We hope to hear from him on the "fisheries." The position of the British provinces are but little understood by us Yankees. The subject will claim attention. Received too late for this week.

Jordan.—There is something very queer, and at the same time true, in your musings. We hope you will keep out of those traces for the present. You talk firm—but bank vaults contain a powerful charm.

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTMAS.

What a bright and beautiful picture is presented to our view in the approach of the Christmas and New Year holidays. The heart is made glad by the cheerful smile and fervent wish of our honored parents, as they arrange the precious gifts which are to crown our holiday pleasures, and we go into the busy crowd with feelings impelled by the occasion, and mingle with the joyful outbursts of youthful innocence, and the merry gambols of the urchins, with rosy cheeks and buoyant hearts, who in these days of Santa Claus, engage in all the sports of the house and field.

The morning of a Christmas day, who has not realized its joyous scenes, who has not gone through the operation of "hanging up the stocking" with a fork, in a fair position at the fire place, so as to make sure that Santa Claus will not pass over the chimney, but at a certain hour of the night he will come down with his basket filled and have some for their stocking, they don't imagine that he must be very active to visit all the chimneys in one night.

It should be the duty of parents in these holidays to make home joyful and happy by indulging children in a full participation in the moral and intellectual sports of the occasion, never if possible disappointing them in something for the stocking, for they have the most implicit confidence and faith in the mysterious dispenser of toys, sugar plums and playthings generally, and such a thing as disappointment on a Christmas morning is not even dreamed of. Children, on these occasions, should not be disappointed, and every good parent will not fail to provide for their gratification, and while distributing these gifts many may ask in youthful innocence, "what is the cause of these merry rejoicings and precious gifts?" What a beautiful impression could be made on that young mind if a parent or friend could place before it the great truth.

Our stores appear to be well supplied with articles for Christmas and New Year; and although the variety is not equal to what may be found in the city, yet we believe all may be satisfied if their desires are not too extravagant, and we think that our own merchants, who purchase articles for these occasions, should be patronized in preference to going to the city,—but we have no doubt that these things will be all right without any of our advice.

We wish all our readers a merry and happy Christmas, we wish every young heart may leap with joy on Christmas morning at a full stocking, and fully enjoy the sports and cheerful gatherings of a merry Christmas day.

But amidst all these good wishes and enjoyments where are the poor, the cold bleak hearth, the empty room, the sick bed, the famished children, the poor widow and the lonely orphan. Charity is an unfading wreath, and we wish it could deck the brow of every reader who can lighten up the hearts of the poor and friendless on this great and glorious day, when the "stars sang together," and the shepherd proclaimed "Peace on earth and good will to man."

THE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION OF WOBURN.

This society, which was organized a few months since, is in a fine condition. Its object is the mental improvement of the working men of Woburn. At the weekly meetings upon each evening a question is discussed by members of the association only. We bid God speed to this worthy enterprise, and we hope to hear that its members are increasing. We had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on Monday evening, from one of the Woburn mechanics, a member of the association, Mr. Seth Reed, and we should do him injustice by passing his lecture in silence. He opened with the proposition that man must have some employment, else he must of necessity be found in mischief. Our lecturer then pressed upon his audience the importance of wisdom in the selection of our several callings. "Man, know thyself," seemed to be the burden of his argument in this division of his subject. His manner was agreeable,—there was palpable indications of native eloquence and independent thought. This effort of our Woburn citizen might well go the routine of lyceum audiences, and we doubt not would find a willing reception even in our own,—notwithstanding "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Holiday presents in great varieties will be found at Fowle's Book Store. All the different kinds of Toys were made or thought of, and Books for all ages, besides a thousand other articles, are waiting for purchasers at his counter.

We take the following from the Boston Journal. Our old correspondent, we trust, has not gone to the almshouse. There may be other "hermits" in Woburn. The one mentioned below had no "Harp" to cheer his lonely hours. We hope to hear from our old friend soon, and if Deputy Sheriff Porter has stopped and led him away, we shall take advice on the subject:—

HERMIT ARRESTED. Saturday afternoon Deputy Sheriff Porter, of Woburn, arrested in the woods, in the town of Burlington, an old man between 60 and 70 years of age, who for the last two or three months has occupied a hut or cabin which he had constructed of dried leaves and sticks; the materials were curiously arranged, and the work was made with as much care and labor as that of the famed Robinson Crusoe. In the interior was a large quantity of dried leaves, which served the purpose of a bed; there was no article of furniture in or about the place, but the entrance was protected by a curtain, which was also formed of dried leaves. At the time the lonely occupant was arrested he was upon the point of retiring to bed, having divested himself of his hat, boots and coat. He did not seem to feel very much pleased with the prospect of being taken away from his home, but as he is a German, and could not speak a word of English, the officer did not attempt to explain the cause of his intrusion. Who he is, no one knows, but that he is intelligent and well educated is believed by those whom he has visited during his residence there, for the purpose of begging food and clothing. He is a quiet man, and the cause of his arrest was only to render him more comfortable. He has been sent to the almshouse.

LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY GATHERING. The Town Hall was very well filled with a miscellaneous company of old and young. Curtains arose at 8 o'clock, displaying all the luxuries of the season. The company were entertained with music of different kinds. Miss Sullivan performed upon the pianoforte, and the Kimball Brothers performed two Quartettes in their usual beautiful and much admired style. We have seldom heard better harmony and finish of tone and expression than from these brothers. A song duet met much praise, performed by two young ladies, Misses Champney and Clough. Remarks were made by Messrs. Clough and Champney, the latter the President of the evening.

The gathering passed off much to the satisfaction of all concerned. When ladies stand at the helm the ship must sail.

STONEHAM BRANCH RAILROAD. Last week the Stoneham Branch Railroad Company commenced surveying through a part of the towns of Medford and Somerville. The line originally contemplated has in part been abandoned. Should the road pass through Somerville, it would accommodate a large number of persons who now have to walk more than a mile to obtain passage to Boston, either on the Lowell or Boston and Maine roads. The line now being surveyed passes through a part of the town where there is much occupied land, which is peculiarly favorable for the location of residences.

On Tuesday evening last, about nine o'clock, P. M., as a party of young people were amusing themselves on the ice, at Spy Pond, it broke and six of the party sank in the water, one of whom, Miss Persis Ann Peck, a young and interesting daughter of Mr. Abel G. Peck of Boston, aged 16 years, was drowned. Her body was recovered in about one hour. She was a pupil in the Rev. Mr. Wildes school at West Cambridge,—the others were saved through the exertions of Mr. Charles Griffiths. Will not our youths take warning by this sad accident, and be careful in their sports on the ice.

SUPERINTENDENT APPOINTED. We learn that William Parker, who lately resigned the superintendency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been appointed superintendent of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and that he has accepted the appointment. Mr. Parker is well known as an able and efficient railroad manager, and the Lowell road is fortunate in having secured his services.

Mr. Osgood, the late superintendent pro tem, gave general satisfaction and appeared very efficient in his duties.

We learn that the lot of land on the corner of Summer and Main streets has been purchased for the site of a Catholic Church, which is to be erected without delay. The price paid for the lot was about \$1,000.

We should think that the number of cases the last week of boys being drowned by breaking through the ice, would be sufficient warning for others to be careful while enjoying themselves in skating. It is a pleasant recreation, and at the same time a dangerous one in such an open season as this. We have counted about ten disasters of drowning of boys by falling through the ice. Will the boys remember this.

Many people like to present a gold ring, pencil case, gold watch and chain, or locket, as a holiday present, and Mr. Weston's glass cases are well filled with the right sort. Rings with magic power and Lockets for the encasing of something precious. Beautiful gifts for the season.

Our stores offer a great variety for the holiday season, and every one has smiles and good wishes,—these lighten up our hearts and make our cares lighter.

The annexation of Roxbury to Boston is again in agitation in Roxbury, with fair prospects of success.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

Musings of a Busy Man About Town.
Jones, said a friend of mine to me the other day, as I was rousing in front of the Exchange,—"Jones and Smith are very convenient names."—Jones, says he, do you live in Woburn. I gave him a knowing look for a moment, and said, yes—everybody knows where I live. I ride by the season; and Mr. Carter, the gentlemanly Conductor, will tell you he has no trouble with me. I come and go as I please, and in railroad riding am an independent man, paying for my ticket in advance. My friend was impatient, and seemed to be after something, and he expected to get it out of me. I thought I would listen to his questions and jot them down.

Jones, said he again, looking round to see that no one was near, who the deuce it is that writes in the Woburn Journal under the name of "Jotham;" he is a saucy fellow, and if we "curb-stone foxes" could find him, we would put him in the brambles. You must know something about it, and we must keep him still by a fee or an office; and, as you live there, we, that is the occupants by custom of the side walks in State street, thought best for me to ask you to point him out. If you can get him in the traces by promising a "seat at the Board," I will procure a bank share to be assigned him, and take it back as collateral security for the amount; the share, standing in his name on the books, gives him a voice and credit, and then he won't expose the secrets of the street. You know, Jones, it won't do to let every one know how we live. You must find him out—if you can.

This was a poser; but I promised to act and to keep the secret—if I could. I don't like these bribes to shut a man's mouth, and all for one "bank share," encumbered with an assignment as collateral for the first cost. I concluded to ask some more experienced person about these easy ways to raise a voice and credit in State street. While I was musing on the spot, a gentle tap on the shoulder, with a familiar "good morning," brought me face to face with a gentleman whom I had known for years, and do nothing sort of a being, but who lately had put on a good suit of olive brown with velvet collar and a confidential face, with an accelerating motive power very unusual for him, and as he seemed to be in the right mood, I inquired of his health and prospects. "All good," says he; "capital,—plenty of business, good 'references,' and picking up my crumbs fast, I assure you."

With a pull at my button-hole (which is considered very familiar) we returned to the convenient post-office arch. Now, said I, how did you recover from that bad position,—you know what I mean. He spoke feelingly on the subject, and related the same process, to begin with, as my friend wished me to offer "Jotham." He got from "one who knows" a share, pledged it as collateral, was booked a "stockholder," and initiated into the mysteries of raising a credit, based on a reputation, puffed up by the adroit management of these "foxes" in State street. References were abundant from those he owed, and now he found no difficulty in being recognized on "Change. This, thinks I to myself, is jingling coppers in each pocket to advantage.

I confess I was inquisitive, I am apt to be when I wish to discover motives which precede men's actions. I am a busy fellow, and I frequently hurry up the street with a piece of blank paper in my hand, or a pen behind my ear, it makes a business appearance, and I meet others on the same errand. A thought passed into my head about my last friend. He might have a generous tailor, a friend at the "board," with one bank share and good references, from whom he could purchase so long as he paid, by which he had forced his way from obscurity to a position on "Change. His inventory on the first of January would be,—Bank Stock and Sundries, at par.

Now "Jones" may be bought with a bank share as collateral, but "Jotham" never. That lump of California gold is still on deposit, and I can be busy about town so long as it lasts. I don't own any bank stock as yet, but it is likely some new banks may be chartered this winter, and I may subscribe for one share, which will entitle me to the name and credit of a "stockholder."

All is not gold that shines, and there is no telling what a man is worth till after he is in his grave; and so I jot it down.

JOTHAM.

[For the Journal.]

Mr. Editor:

Sir,—Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the Levee which is to be held by Rev. Joseph Bennett's Society, in East Cambridge, next Wednesday evening.

Cars leave Woburn at 7 o'clock and return at 11 o'clock on that evening, and I understand that passengers from Woburn, who go down to attend the Levee, will have a return ticket free of charge.

Mr. Bennett has shown remarkable energy, and has met with uncommon success in the attempt which has been made to beautify and enlarge the House of Worship, to furnish which this Levee is to be held. It is to be hoped that a large attendance from his native town will be present to express interest in, and to aid a most commendable object. P. Woburn, Dec. 21, 1853.

We are decided friends of the military, and we dislike to hear companies designated by rough and unnatural names. We cannot, for instance, learn why it is that the Boston Light Infantry should be called "Tigers." The announcement of a parade of the "Tigers," last fall, led a visitor from down East to ask, "If they really led tigers out of their cages in Boston." And then the "Tiger Assemblies." Nonsense,—go back to your old and creditable title, "Boston Light Infantry."

[For the Journal.]

HALIFAX, Dec. 19, 1853.

FRIEND EDITOR.—My last letter to you left me at Pictou, about to pay a visit to the Albion Coal Mines, situated about ten miles from the town. We crossed the harbor in a small horse-boat, and landed at the depot of the coal mines, the terminus of the railway from the mines, where we found a large number of vessels waiting for cargoes of coal, for various parts of the United States. The loading of these vessels is very rapid; the loaded cars run out on an extended railway to deep water over the vessels decks, when the bottom is let out, and the coal falls through a kind of hatch-way into the vessels below. As fast as the cars arrive from the mines they are discharged.

These rapid discharges threw up a cloud of coal dust, but I could not resist the interest I felt in this novel manner of loading vessels to running the risk of swallowing my share of coal dust in viewing them. I looked on with perfect astonishment at this great improvement in labor saving, by the ingenious invention of the human mind. I find it in all my travels, and in every department of mechanical labor, progress in the arts and sciences is the order of the day.

Taking the cars, I soon arrived at the mines. The tract containing the coal is large and level; the coal comes near the surface but does not possess any interesting feature to the eye. We found the agent at the mines, Mr. Pool, every inch a gentleman. He soon procured some lamps, and with a guide we entered the mine. By a large opening, descending in a narrow, wet winding passage, for some hundreds of feet, passing various stations of workmen, mining the coal with picks and shovels. The labor of these men in those dark and subterranean chambers must be severe; but they worked and sang as if they were full of enjoyment,—it was a dark one surely. At certain distances heavy shafts were opened from above, which let in a small ray of light from the upper regions, which was about two or three hundred feet above us.

The coal is drawn to these shafts by horses, on a railroad extending to the extreme points of these dark chambers, where the coal is loaded on cars and drawn up through the shafts by machinery above. I found a good stable and stalls regularly built, where these horses are kept in fine order; they very seldom seeing daylight, many of them get blind, but they work just as well, as it is difficult for them to get out of gearing. The men and horses understand each other perfectly, and everything seemed to work to a charm. But wint a life is that of a coal miner. I stood with perfect astonishment as I viewed these men, cheerfully laboring in this dark and smutty cavern of the earth, with a passage out so small and winding that the caving in of one large and heavy lump would shut them in perhaps forever. But so it is ordained, in all the avocations of this busy life, that minds and bodies suited to each should be prepared to fill them. But of all the thousand laborious and dark callings of life that of the coal miner is to me the most undesirable.

We were underground about three hours, and in approaching the mouth of these mines I had a strange feeling, which I cannot describe; and in entering this dark passage I had frequently to rest, as I could not see, even with a lamp, which always operated so, as the guide told me, on persons just entering the mines. I was glad to get into free air again, and after viewing the vast machinery used for keeping the mines clear of water and hoisting out the coal, we took our departure for Pictou, which we left the next morning by stage for Halifax.

These mines are owned by a company in England, who also own the mines at Sidney. They are all entrusted in the hands of the Hon. S. Canard, of Halifax, and like all other great corporations, pays but little revenue. Out of three dollars per chaldron, the value on shipboard, very little gets to England. These mines might be worked to great advantage, if managed with Yankee enterprise, but there appeared to me that something like an incubus rests on their prosperity, which can only be removed by an enlightened and economical policy, emanating from a spirit of freedom.

When you will hear from me again, and where from, is an enigma. I am bound to see the world, its lights and shadows.

COLLENS.

Affairs at Washington. In the political arrangements, are in somewhat of a troubled state. There are too many after the leaves and fishes, and those who don't get a share show symptoms of creating a "stampede" from the ranks of party dictators. We hope they will not impede the progress of Congress. Washington is becoming a great market for political traffic. It is disgraceful to the nation to find men who are sent there to legislate for the good of the people, engage in party tricks and squabbles about petty offices, and herald the results over the country as great triumphs of political honesty. Give us back the golden age of our republic, when the enquiry of an applicant for office was, "Is he honest? Is he capable?" What would be the answer to the question now?

DEATH OF TWO YOUNG FEMALES. Two young women named Abnette Sampter and Burnham, were found dead in their beds at the Merrimack House, in Newburyport, last week. These girls for a short time past have been in a house in Seabrook, N.H., kept by one John G. Chase. Their reputations have been bad, and some days since they were threatened by the neighbors that unless they left the town they would be complained of. They engaged lodgings at the Merrimack House, and as we understand, at 11 o'clock, called for peppermint cordial. In the morning their bodies were cold. The oldest was 22 years of age.

EASTERN RAILROAD. A temporary depot for the Eastern Railroad is in process of construction on Causeway street, near friend street, and will be completed in a few weeks. It will be built of wood, and will be sufficiently large and substantial to answer the purpose for which it is intended. It is not certain that the company will erect a depot on the site originally contemplated, as it will cost about \$400,000 to extend the road into the city to that place. The work of laying the rails will soon be commenced, and trains will doubtless run over the road by the last of January.

New Town. A meeting of the citizens of Watertown, West Cambridge and Waltham was held at the depot on Wellington Hill, last week, to hear the report of a committee appointed to procure a survey of a proposed town, and to choose a committee to petition the legis ture on the subject. The new town will embrace the land of the Waverly Co.

ACCIDENT. Last Monday morning, in Roxbury, a lady, while standing back by a fire which was under a small boiler, had the skirts of her dress drawn under it by the draft, and in a moment she was enveloped in flames. Fortunately, however, assistance was at hand, and her life was saved, although she is severely burned on her arms, hands and neck. The proper remedies were applied, and the sufferer was comfortable.

The Cholera is making rapid progress in Paris, and in Cork, Ireland. It is now in the Mississippi Valley and will no doubt visit our large cities,—it is a fearful disease. During the rage of the cholera in New York, lumps of camphor were suspended about the neck by a string, or tied in the corner of the handkerchief. It rose from fifty cents to five dollars per pound.

The arrival of the Sarah Sands at Portland will mark a new era in the commercial history of that city. A grand festival in commemoration of the event has been given at that place by the citizens, in connection with the city authorities.

The Genuine Rosemary and Castor Oil, as prepared by Mr. J. Russell Spalding, has never failed in a single instance to restore the hair and prevent its falling off. We know personally of its virtues for improving and beautifying the hair. We would advise all to try it—which they can do for 25 cents. [Boston Dec.

Street preaching was held in New York last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Mr. Parsons and three or four other speakers. No attempt was made to arrest them, and no disturbance occurred; 20,000 persons were present; three regiments were under arms all day. New York is a great city, containing a great many fools as well as wise men.

Senator Hamblin of Maine gave notice last week of a bill for paying the claimants for French Spoliations. We hope this long deferred and honest debt will soon be paid.

Steamer Humboldt, wrecked at Halifax, has gone entirely to pieces. Part of her cargo was saved.

The disturbance in New York last week, on account of street preaching, has caused the Mayor to issue a Proclamation against street gatherings.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser learns from several gentlemen returned from different quarters of France, that the distress, in consequence of the short crop, is very severe, much more than the newspapers dare affirm.

At Lowell, on Thursday, a man named Elbridge G. Wilson was arrested for passing several \$1 bills on the Atlantic Bank, Portland, altered to \$10's. A new counterfeit \$3 on the City Bank, New Haven, was also found in his possession.

It is stated that the money, \$110,000, necessary to pay off the Athenaeum debts, and put it upon a permanent basis, has all been raised, and \$10,000 more.

On the 10th inst. the flouring mill and distillery of Wm. H. McComber, in Niles, Mich., were burnt by an incendiary. Loss \$20,000; insurance \$10,000.

Eighty colored persons, principally from Tennessee, arrived at Savannah, last Saturday, per Central Railroad, en route for Liberia. The ship to take them to their destination was chartered, a few days ago, in Baltimore.

Judge Leigh, of Virginia, has decided that stage and railroad companies are responsible for the baggage of the passengers, notwithstanding notice is given "all baggage at the risk of the owner."

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has given a verdict to William Hillard against Josiah Richardson, of Cambridge. The plaintiff was thrown from his buggy and injured, his horse having taken fright at a pile of boards placed opposite to defendant's building. The damages assessed were \$7,700.

The New Jersey Railroad Company has offered a free passage over their road, to veterans of the war of 1812, who propose attending the Convention in Philadelphia, on the 9th January next.

Mr. Youatt says the horse will never drink hard water if he can get access to soft; he will leave the most transparent water of the well for a river, although the water may be turbid and even for the muddiest pool.

Publications Received.

Christian Parker Magazine.—The December number of this interesting magazine is received, and we strongly recommend it for a parlor companion. Its pages are always filled with moral and interesting readings, and its embellishments worthy of attention.

Graham, for January, is the commencement of a new volume, and the beginning of a superior one, for 1854. The "Muses Floral Wreath," an engraving, is a beautiful specimen of the art. Graham spares no expense to keep up with the times, and he deserves the fullest encouragement. "Heaver Brook Settlement," and "Giving a Dinner," are capital and worth a year's subscription.—Fowle has it.

Gleaner's Pictorial.—A good present for the holidays, for it is truly a valuable American companion.

Boston Almanac.—This valuable pocket Almanac and Directory is just out. We didn't get one last year, but that don't make it less valuable. It is worth double the price asked for it, 25 cents, at Fowle's.

Godey, for January.—Our notice last week was from a hasty look at it, when it disappeared from our table. We have heard this number spoken of as Godey's best effort. Will our good friend return ours and subscribe for the volume?

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats low, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a pure clime."

In Burlington, 17th inst. by Rev. Samuel Sewall, Mr. Charles Boutwell, to Miss Mary A. Parker, both of North Woburn.

Special Notices.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture will be delivered, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. L. STONE, of Boston. Subject—"Symptoms of Character."

SOCIAL LEVEE IN EAST CAMBRIDGE.

The Congregational Society at East Cambridge, will hold a Festival at their church, on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst., at 7 o'clock, P. M.

We learn that many persons from Woburn are intending to be present, and that arrangements have been made for their return by Railroad, free. A good supper will be provided. Music and speeches will be added to other attractions, to make a pleasant and agreeable gathering. The ladies propose to furnish the church, which has been recently repaired, with the proceeds. On such a call, and at this agreeable season, the church will be full.

Tickets for the occasion, 50 cents—may be purchased of Mr. G. R. Gage.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

By license of the Court of Probate, for the county of Middlesex, will be sold at Auction, on Monday, the 16th day of January, next, at 3 o'clock P. M., about 33,000 feet of land, situated on Academy Hill, on the corner of Warren and Summer streets. Also, one other lot of land, situated in Fulton Village, in the easterly part of Woburn, being lot numbered 17, on the plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing companies. The above land will be sold on the premises of the lot in the Academy Hill. CHARLES CHOLATE, Exr. Woburn, Dec. 22, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor to the last will and testament of Mary Clinton late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, single woman, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to JAMES TWEDD, Exr. Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1853.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A small house, situated on Court street, containing six rooms, wood-shed and shoe makers' shop; in every way convenient for a small family. Will be sold very cheap, and on easy terms, if applied for soon. Enquire of N. BOWEN, on the premises. dec24

Now is the Time

To subscribe for the **Phrenological and Water Cure Journals**, for 1854. The cheapest and best papers in the United States. 62 cents per year, each. R. H. HOWARD, Agent, Woburn, Mass. dec24

POTTER'S HAIR BALM.

A VEGETABLE HAIR COMPOUND FOR BEAUTIFYING AND RESTORING THE HAIR.

THIS article has been long and extensively used, and is considered one of the best preparations for the hair. Ladies will find this Balm to be a great addition to the toilet, both on account of its delicate and agreeable perfume—free from all ingredients injurious to the hair—and its keeping the "fair in place and curl." When the hair is moist with Balm, it may be dressed in any form required. Previous to curling the hair, moisten it slightly with the Balm, which will give it a beautiful appearance. Price, 25 cents. For Sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.

GENTLEMEN of Woburn and vicinity, who are in want of clothing, (a good article made to order,) are invited to call and examine my goods. They will always find a large assortment to select from. The plan which has been adopted at this establishment works well; which is not to charge cash customers 55 per cent. to offset bad debts; but those who pay cash, I find many who like the plan. In a word you will be dealt with as if I expect to see you again. Try me once and see if these things be true. ROOMS, 96 Washington St., Boston. GEO. N. NICHOLS. n530 1y

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

DRY GOODS!

The subscribers have just received a large stock of house-keeping goods, and staple article, which they offer for sale at fair and honest prices. Their stock consists in part of Sheetings and Shirtings, Ribbons all varieties, Towelling, all qualities, Shawls, Pins, Needles, Tapes, &c. Broadcloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres & Dressings, Table Linens, Red Tickings, Blankets and Counterpanes. Goods for Summer Clothing, with a large variety of small articles for the sewing table and nursery. We are confident of offering to our country customers just such goods as they desire to purchase, and at fair prices, and are pleased at all times to show our goods. No. 306 and 308 Hanover street. Boston, apr 23 mce

REMOVAL.

D. E. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in the last building south of Tremont Temple, and nearly opposite the Tremont house, where he will be happy to see his friends and all those who may need the services of a Dentist. Jan. 22

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 8.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

NO. 12.

1854 ALMANAC 1854

JANUARY.	MAY.	SEPTEMBER.
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POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

SPARK GENTLY.

Spark gently! let not words of thine
Call forth a burning tear,
Or bitter sigh, from out the hearts
Of those who love you dear.

Spark gently! that in after years,
Should they be called to rest,
And thou be left a lingering here,
No grief may swell thy breast;

That thy unkindness has caused
The burning tear to start
From out those eyes, now closed in death,
Or pained that pulsing heart.

Spark gently! that shouldst thou be called
Where life's pure waters flow,
Thy memory still may sweetly soothe
The loved ones left below.

Spark gently! that the erring one
Upon devotion's brink,
When memory brings thy words to mind,
Awhile may pause and think.

Spark gently! 'tis an easy thing,
To speak in tones of love;
The good that gentle words may do,
Will be revealed above.

PAULINA RIVERSIDE.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

December 24th.

It is time that I should redeem my promise of contributing to the columns of your valuable, and I have no doubt, highly useful journal, its usefulness, and much of the pleasure its readers will derive from its perusal, may justly be attributed to the firm and dignified manner in which you refrain from angling in the troubled waters of local politics.

I was just reflecting, as I watched the fitful blaze in my chimney corner flickering and hissing, while it emitted its cheerful warmth, of the dependent condition of a British Colonist, whose energies and talents are cramped, and to a very great extent rendered nugatory, in consequence of the paternal authority exercised by a government three thousand miles distant, and in whose councils he has no voice, although long since come to years of maturity, and asserted his manhood. This subject, of the highest importance both to us Colonists and to you Americans, will, with your permission, be "the burden of my song" for the present short letter.

A Colonist, as he is at present governed, has no national country, and consequently no national pride; no literature, science, no fine arts, nothing to which he can point and claim as a great colonial achievement, brought to perfection by colonial talents; learning, enterprise, or heroism. If he wishes for fame he must cross the broad Atlantic and clandestinely pluck a laurel from the well-wreathed brow of Britannia, or aid in further decorating England's symbolical goddess.

If a Colonist desires to put forth his energies in developing the resources of his country, he cannot more in his manly determination until after the whims of a gray-headed autocrat, sitting in his easy chair at Downing street, surrounded by drowsy clerks and obsequious officials, become perfectly satisfied that neither the private interests of a titled aristocrat, nor the public interests and influence of the British people, can in the slightest possible degree be interfered with or lessened, in which case he will give his ready approval. A colony is powerless to open up facilities for the benefit and extension of trade, or accord to the hard-working agriculturist, who wears out his life in clearing and tilling the forest, his right to the land he has watered with the sweat of his brow, unless the sanction of the Queen and her government be first obtained, and on the last question her majesty's ministers make the withholding justice to the poor farmer a virtue. A colony cannot build a railroad, even from its own funds; cannot incorporate a bank, a telegraph company, a life company, or any other company; cannot fix the salary of a petty official, whose pay has to come out of the colonial treasury; cannot authorize a constable to catch or sell a pig or impound a cow, when they are running abroad as public nuisances, without first procuring the royal sanction to this colonial act.

When British statesmen take it into their heads to legislate for the colonies,—which they very seldom do, and the less frequently the better,—they first carefully ascertain what will be for or against the interests of England; this point being clearly fixed they proceed, taking good care that whatever the probability may be of benefiting the colonies, England shall not suffer, but if possible gain by the interference.

It is true that England sends an armed fleet to prevent our fish being caught by United States poachers; and this is well, for it may have the effect of extending this branch among the colonies, who have been inert to its advantages, and making it highly profitable to them. It is also true that England keeps a considerable military force in the colonies; but this is for the support and protection of her own power, and at least to stay the northward flight of the American Eagle, and prevent her from elapsing within her claws the whole continent of the two Americas.

The commercial interests of England, and the commercial interests of the British Colonies, are antagonistic. What will benefit the one will injure and retard the other. The first is a country with every resource of wealth and industry fully developed,—with a large surplus population, and an over-stocked labor market; it therefore very properly seeks free trade in everything it can produce in abundance. The second is a new country, with its capabilities as yet undiscovered,—with a thin population, and vast fertile tracts uninhabited and unexplored,—and therefore needs protection for native products and native industry, which is forbidden by the commercial policy of Britain. The imperial acts of free trade and free navigation, by the latter of which the ships of any foreign nation receives British registry, while British or colonial ships are debarré from the same privilege in almost every foreign port of any importance, will suffice as an instance of this legislation which operates so ruinously for the colonies.

There are but three remedies for this state of colonial affairs. The first a partial and probable one; the second doubtful in accomplishment and doubtful in effect; the third a radical, but at present improbable one. Namely,—to make the colonies an integral part of the British Empire, and have them represented, in proportion to population, in the British Parliament; annexation to the United States; lastly, their independence as a nation, which may be accomplished if England should happen to be warmly embroiled in war with the European powers, in which case America would either make forcible annexation of these colonies,—which would be worth more to her than a score of California,—or become the ally of the colonists in declaring and maintaining their independence.

Yours, truly,

A COLONIST.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

We take from the Boston Journal the following report of a Lecture delivered by Timothy Bigelow, Esq., before the Mercantile Library Association. The subject at this time is of much interest, and we are sure our readers will be pleased with it:

The subject of the lecture was "The Ottoman Empire." The lecturer opened by a concise view of the history of the Turkish empire. Four centuries have elapsed since the heart of Europe and of Christendom was startled by the strange announcement that the queenly city of the Christian empire, which had been founded by Constantine, had at length yielded to the advancing power of the Turk. She who had been the pride of Christian princes had become the capital of the Moslem faith. Constantinople was conquered by the Turks in 1453.

The Ottoman empire well deserves our attention. Now a suppliant for the protection of the Western powers of Europe, it was once the terror of three continents. True, its territories are yet ample, but the allegiance by which they are held is slight. Once paramount over Greece, the home of Pericles and Demosthenes, it retains the birth-place of Philip and Alexander, Nineveh, Babylon, and the sites of the "Seven Churches of Asia," founded by the Apostles, are within the dominions of Turkey.

The cause of the present depressed condition of Turkey, and her lack of power, is owing partly to the character of her people and rulers, but mostly to her religion, which has no wisdom in matters of government. The religion of the Turk is a belief in an unalterable fate, which robs him of hope and paralyzes his energies, thus obstructing all progress. This belief gives him courage in the hour of battle, and he dies in the belief of entering a sensual paradise. It was this spirit that gave to the Turkish arms their great success in the early periods of the empire.

The Turkish empire was founded by Osman the first, about the year 1299. From that period the spread of the Turkish arms was rapid, and under the lead of Mohamed I. they captured Constantinople. Then followed their successes under Bolyman, the magnificent, which made all Europe tremble. It was under this great leader that the Turk reached the highest pinnacle of his glory.

At this time Turkish spirits kept watch by the Pyramids of Egypt, and by the Acropolis of Athens. Bolyman adorned his capital with the trophies of Oriental art and genius, which remain to-day to attest to his taste and refinement.

From the time of this great prince the fortunes of the Moslem empire have waned. The possession of fertile provinces induced habits of luxury and indolence on the part of her people, and their subsequent rulers were cruel, rapacious and unscrupulous tyrants, who hesitated not to sacrifice the lives of their parents to their ambition. They soon lost many provinces, and finally the peace of 1699 relieved Europe from all fear of a Turkish invasion.

At this period a powerful enemy to the Turks arose—a cruel, warlike nation from the cold north—Russia, whose name awakens indignation and scorn in the mind of every lover of freedom and justice. Ivan the Great, in 1547, united the Muscovite tribes under one head, and placed the double-headed eagle on his banner. As an impressive comparison of dates, the lecturer pointed out that in 1453 Constantinople fell; in 1492, Ivan consolidated the Muscovites; and in 1492, just thirty years later, a new continent was discovered on which was to be reared a republic which would array itself against tyranny everywhere, and give freedom to every serf on the globe.

From the time of Peter the Great commences the history of the spoils of Russia. In 1700 the borders of the Neva constituted the extent of the Russian territories on the south; now the mouths of the Danube are included in the possessions of the Czar. Provinces after provinces have been added to its dominions, and now it wants Constantinople as the means of building up a naval force with which to cope with the maritime powers of the earth. This is the object of the present war.

Russia does not seek this conquest that she may confer benefits on mankind, but only that she may extend the area of despotism, and make the sway of the house of Romanoff perpetual. The pretence of protecting the Greek Christians in Turkey is a sham. They are almost to a man opposed to the pretensions of the Czar, for they understand his motives, and can see the baneful effects which would be produced by the success of the Russians.

But this war of conquest cannot be successful. The powers of nature, in the first place, stand up in defense of the rights of the Ottoman empire. The Muscovite soldiers are accustomed to winter in a cold climate, and the warmer climate of the Turkish provinces sends disease and death through their ranks.

In the last war between Russia and Turkey in 1829, the former lost 180,000 men by disease, and now the cholera is sweeping them off like a scourge. England, too, will oppose the Czar, because the capture of Constantinople would place him within a few miles of the direct road to her East India possessions. France, too, will oppose it, from motives of personal safety, and will tell, in the voice of her cannon, that the lilies of her flag did not fade and die in the smoke of burning Moscow. And another, and yet more powerful foe to Russia, is to be found in the spirit of universal liberty.

Turkey must be saved for freedom. When Constantinople was once attacked by the Russians, it was saved by the Greek fire, which could not be quenched, burning even upon the water. The secret is now lost; but may we not hope to see the city saved again by a Greek fire—a fire from the altars of Sparta and Venice,—the fire of liberty, which burns as brightly upon the sea as upon the land?

Yet, while Russia cannot succeed, the destiny of Turkey is certain. She has our sympathies because she is weak, because the Sultan gloriously protected those Hungarian refugees, Kossuth and his compatriots; but we cannot forget that the Turk is an alien in Europe. The Mohammedans form only one-sixth of her European population, and there is no reason why one Turk should govern six Christians.

Turkey holds her possessions only by the right of conquest, and she cannot much longer continue to govern them. She has fulfilled her mission. The sinews of the country are in the hands of its Christian citizens, for the Moslem is idle and satisfied with his degradation. Christianity and liberty unite in demanding Turkey from the Ottomans. They turn their backs on all improvements, and any reform not in accordance with the Koran is scouted, and the reformer endangers the safety of his head.

The Turk has many noble qualities. He is hospitable, brave and chivalric; but he has also other qualities—cruelty, deceit and pride, and all his losses have not altered his superciliousness. If he again had the power he would become the terror of Christianity. There have been many reforms introduced by the present Sultan, but they exist more in theory than in practice; and if, as he is at any moment liable, the present Sultan should fall by the hand of the assassin, a successor may appear who will go back to the habits of his ancestors, and nullify all reforms.

The Turk, too, is guilty of many offenses—of neglecting the great resources of his country—of cruelty when he wielded power—of insulting and degrading women. He must leave his possessions and go back to Asia. And he will doubtless submit to the transition with his accustomed stoicism and belief in fate. It will be to him the fulfillment of a tradition. The Turks of Constantinople have long been in the habit of transporting their dead to the shores of Asia, that the Christians who are at some time to drive them from their capital, may not despoil the sacred remains.

The lecturer believed that Turkey would one day be peopled by a race of freemen, and become an independent nation of Christians. The Turk can only avert his fate by throwing away the Koran and embracing the Bible; for Christianity and freedom must ultimately triumph.

SURFING IN MINNESOTA.

It is well known that the extensive pineries along the Wisconsin, Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, in Minnesota, are annually visited by troops of stout lumbermen, who spend the winter in chopping and hauling logs, which in the spring, when the ice breaks up, are launched upon the turbulent waters and floated down to a market. They ascend the river in batteaux, taking with them all their supplies for the winter. By dint of poiling and pushing they arrive at their destination about the first of November. Their first business is to build a cabin, say 20 by 40 feet in size. The cabin is constructed of logs, daubed with mud inside and out, and covered with slabs of pine. A chimney is built in the middle of the room, a long table at one end, and bunks for the men are arranged on either side. We gather the following description of the wild and exciting, although laborious life of the lumberman, from an interesting article furnished by the correspondent of the New York Tribune:

"Each man has his blankets and straw, if he can get them, and makes up his own bed, if it is made at all. A cook, usually a man, is employed. The oxen and teamsters arrive, hay is hauled up from the 'bottoms,' where it was cut the summer before, and our men are ready to commence the work in earnest. Two or three hands are set to chopping. The trees are felled, cut off at the top and root, and thus hauled along; three or four hands go to 'swamping,' or clearing roads for the teams; one or two persons peel the bark from the trees, which enables us to pull it more easily; three or four act regularly as teamsters; a few extra hands to assist them when ever they are needed. Breakfast is prepared at an early hour. As soon as it is light in the morning, the hands are started off for work. The time to quit in the winter is at dark, but as the days lengthen in the spring, the men are allowed to leave off at sundown. Every man knows his place and business and expects to keep 'up his end.' A good crew of men will put into the river from 5000 to 10,000 logs in a winter. No where can a fuller set of men be found than these same woodmen. During the long winter evenings, tales and songs, and jests and laughter, are heard in the rude cabin, and every man is expected to furnish his mite to make up the social repast. A good tale is considered none the worse for being twice told, and songs are sung over and over again. Whatever books are owned by individuals become common property, and are looked upon as a kind of free circulating library. It is not uncommon to have debates. At almost any hour of an evening you will find the men, some standing, some sitting, some reclining, and all talking, laughing, reading or singing, as though work and hardship had gone to return no more. Socially there is no happier circle to be found than that which is formed around the chimney fire in the rude log cabin in the woods. The very soul of good fellowship is there. Sunday is a listless day with woodmen. They are glad to escape its onerous by going to work on Monday. The hours of Sunday are killed in many different ways. Those who are religiously inclined, employ themselves at reading, writing, &c.; some are to be seen washing their clothes; a few are asleep, and others are off hunting. In the evening they retire at an early hour, and are up bright and early on Monday morning to begin again their week's labor."

Thus passes the time till winter and snow are gone; then the work of the logs begins. The men keep the logs in the stream by poles and often ride them in the stream for considerable distances. It is amusing to see 'green hands' attempt to ride logs; for they often tumble into the river and swim, panting and frightened, to the shore. Where the streams are shallow large booms are built into them to draw up the water, so that the logs can be got to the mills. About the end of June the logs arrive at the mills, when they are rapidly sawed and rafted down the river.

Common rafts in the woods at present receive from \$25 to \$30 per month; teamsters, \$50 to \$60. Men on the 'drive,' as it is called, get \$2 and \$2.50 per day—Sundays included.

THE CALORIC SHIP. The repairs on the caloric ship Ericsson are nearly completed, and she will probably make a trial trip next week. Some experiments already made here, her owners are confident that she will attain at least 9 miles per hour. She is to be placed on the route between this city and Havre, temporarily to replace the Humboldt.

COAL IN ABUNDANCE. Here is a paragraph from the Fairbanks Virginian: "It would astonish people who pay twenty cents a bushel for coal, to see that article dug out of our streets in grading them. Such was the case last week. In grading the street leading to the bridge, Mr. Martin, the contractor, struck a vein, from which he allowed persons to dig and haul away what they wanted, at the rate of 10 cents per bushel."

AN AFFECTING SCENE. Lieut. Parsons in his "Nelsonian Reminiscences," relates the following:

Richard Bennett, when mortally wounded in one of Nelson's great battles, had requested that a miniature and lock of his hair should be given by Lieut. P. to his sweetheart, Susette, in Scotland. The gallant lieutenant thus describes the interview:

It was at the close of a day, when a bright July sun was setting, that I arrived at the pretty cottage of Susette's mother. I tremulously stated who I was to the most respectable looking matron I ever saw of French extraction. In broken, bitter accents of heartfelt grief, she told me her daughter's death was daily expected, and requested time to prepare her to see me.

At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennett, and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve, and I found the world unequal to her in charms. She was propped up with pillows, near the open lattice of her bed-room, that was clustered with roses. Her white dress and the drapery of the room accorded with the angelic vision, who now turned her lustrous eyes upon me, veiled in long, fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine as I stooped to kiss it; and as she felt my tears fall on it, softly murmured:—"I wish I could cry; it would relieve my poor heart." She gasped for breath and respired with difficulty.—"The lock of hair, quickly, let me see it!" She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her heart and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted, but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN CAMBRIDGE.—The citizens of Cambridge, after enjoying the benefits of rum for a long season, have, we understand, at last decided to take energetic measures to have some legal check put upon the sale of intoxicating liquors in that city. There are, it is estimated, about two hundred places where ardent spirits can be obtained, and the evil consequences of the traffic have been heavily felt.

It having been intimated that Mayor Green would take steps to have the liquor law put in force, provided he could be assured that such was the desire of the citizens, a meeting of the prominent temperance men and the clergy of the city, assembled last week to devise means to have a decided stand taken in the matter.

The result of the conference has been that during the past week, the following petition has been circulated in every Ward in the city:

To the Hon. Mayor of Cambridge:
The undersigned, citizens of Cambridge, respectfully request that you will use all the lawful means in your power, to put a stop to the unlicensed sale of intoxicating drinks in this city.

This petition has been signed by about five hundred citizens, including the whole of the Faculty of Harvard College. It will be presented on Monday next for the action of the Mayor and Aldermen, and will undoubtedly lead to some definite course of action in regard to the unlicensed sale of spirituous liquors at Cambridge.

Public sentiment is strongly in favor of a strict enforcement of the statute, and a complete check of the unlawful traffic. A committee of three, consisting of Prof. Horsford, Rev. Dr. Parker of Ward 2, and Alonzo Stewart, Esq. of Ward 3, has been appointed to present the petition.

A clerk in the house of Drake & Co., at Matanzas, an American, had been seized, and imprisoned in a dungeon, for having a New York paper in his possession. Mr. Baker, of New York, who had been imprisoned six months for speaking some words against the queen, had just been released. Every American who lands is followed and watched by spies. The Pirr was to have sailed from Havana on the 14th with the war steamer December for St. Jago, to watch some secret movements of the insurgents.

A "Carson League" has been formed in Greenfield, Mass., for the purpose of enforcing the law against the sale of intoxicating drinks. The sum of \$40,000 has been subscribed, on the plan recommended a few weeks ago by a committee of the State Temperance Convention, to meet any expenses that may be incurred in the prosecution of this purpose.

NOVEL THEORY. A book has been published in England by Dr. Stowell, in which he undertakes to prove that "the forbidden fruit" was the tobacco plant.

SCANDAL AS TO A NICK NAME. Under the rule of law that there is not a wrong without a remedy, a suit for slander, we understand, has been entered against a party for general and special damages, arising from fastening upon him a nick name, as it is called, whereby the plaintiff charges that he was unjustly brought into ridicule, and sustained much injury. The damages, we understand, are placed at a large amount. [N. Y. Express.]

Twelve thousand barrels of apples have been sent from Canada this season, by railroad to eastern markets.

WOBURN RECORDS.

MARRIAGES CONTINUED.

1761.

Ebenezer Frost of Cambridge and Ruth Wright of Woburn, in March 18.
Jeduthan Richardson and Mary Wright, both of Woburn, in March 24.
Nathaniel Wyman of Lancaster and Submit Brooks of Woburn, in March 14.
Titus Vespasian of Sandown and Peggy Origorie of Woburn, (negroes) June 2.
Jacob Watson of Cambridge and Melitable Skinner of Woburn, June 4.
William Patten and Rebecca Bowers, both of Billerica, June 18.
John Wright, Jr. and Phoebe Tidd, both of Woburn, June 18.
William Abbot, Jr. of Andover, and Elizabeth Tay of Woburn, June 18.
Jacob Caldwell and Sarah Perry, both of Woburn, Feb. 24.
David Tweed and Mary Rose, both of Woburn, Nov. 3.
Abel Richardson and Mary Thompson, both of Woburn, Nov. 26.
John Parker of Discourt and Lydia Reed of Woburn, Nov. 26.
James Johnson and Judith Wilson, both of Woburn, Dec. 2.
Simon Blaggett of Lexington and Susanna Skilton of Woburn, Dec. 21.

1762.

Jonathan Brooks and Ruth Fox, both of Woburn, in Feb. 18.
Amos Richardson and Bethiah Richardson, both of Woburn, April 16.
Zadok Richardson of Reading and Sally Brooks of Woburn, April 27.
John Weston of Reading and Mary Atwood of Woburn, July 8.
Joshua Tay and Hannah Richardson, both of Woburn, Dec. 3.
Abigail Thompson and Abigail Wyman, both of Woburn.
William Barron of Wilmington and Olive Johnson of Woburn, March 16.
Benjamin Mann and Martha Dean, both of Woburn, March 18.
Nathan Simonds and Abigail Cutter, both of Woburn, April 22.
Simon Eames and Sarah Wilson, both of Woburn, Sept. 22.
Reuben Kimball and Sarah Kendall, both of Woburn, Nov. 25.
Silas Wyman and Susanna Wood, both of Woburn, Dec. 30.

1763.

Bill Center and Hannah Evans, both of Woburn, in March 22.
Joseph Boutwell of Wilmington and Hannah Eaton of Woburn, April 18.
Josiah Brooks and Betty Flegg, both of Woburn, Aug. 11.
Edward Richardson and Sarah Tidd, both of Woburn, Oct. 6.
Zachariah Brooks and Hannah Wilde, both of Woburn, Oct. 13.
Samuel Belknap and Abigail Flegg, both of Woburn, Oct. 20.
Nathaniel Hutchinson of Charlestown and Rebecca Center of Woburn, Dec. 15.
William Belknap and Mary Flegg, both of Woburn.
Samuel Richardson and Esther Simonds, both of Woburn.
Stephen Twist and Sybil Wyman, both of Woburn, Jan. 11.
Thomas Fox and Elizabeth Reed, both of Woburn, March 31.
John Townsend of Wilmington and Mary Reed of Woburn, April 12.
Nathan Simonds and Abigail Reed, both of Woburn, June 2.
James Bruce and Mary Russell, both of Woburn, Jan. 13.

1764.

Zobadiah Wyman and Elizabeth Brooks, both of Woburn, Jan. 6.
Lazarus Hubbard and Abigail Gilmore, both of Woburn, Feb. 24.
Jason Winsap of Cambridge and Ruth Corro of Woburn, April 26.
Samuel Wilson, Jr. of Newton and Martha Wyman of Woburn, Oct. 6.
Nathaniel Haywood of Woburn and Amy Richardson of Billerica, July 19.
Jesse Wyman of Billerica and Abigail Johnson of Woburn, Sept. 15.
William Bruce of Marlborough and Sarah Kendall of Woburn, Oct. 25.
Ebenezer Wade and Phoebe Wyman, both of Woburn, Nov. 25.
John Kimball and Abigail Wyman, both of Woburn, Dec. 18.

1765.

David Johnson and Mary Richardson, both of Woburn, Jan. 10.
Simon Carter and Susannah Richardson, both of Woburn, Feb. 14.
William Fox and Abigail Wyman, both of Woburn, June 6.
Jonathan Wright and Ruth Wyman, both of Woburn, June 6.
Thomas Reed, Jr. and Hannah Richardson, both of Woburn, Aug. 22.
Abel Belknap of Newborough and Melville Richardson of Woburn, Oct. 6.
John Williams of New Marlborough and Sarah Testingham of Woburn, Oct. 6.
Loth of Woburn, Oct. 31.
Isaac Burton and Rebecca Johnson, both of Woburn, Jan. 26.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1853.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wier & Co.
Woburn—Dr. David T. Newman.
Stoughton—Mr. G. W. Davis.
Traveling Agent—GEORGE THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Woburn—congratulate who is "John." We can only answer, a "Happy New Year."
A. B. Your poetry is evidently from the beginner of the alphabet. You have no more in your lessons, for the present, in poetry. The standard is good—the poetry bad. You may yet succeed—improve your writing.
B. D.—We are pleased to hear from you again. Your "Happy New Year" is a gem of a greeting and forthright. They convey good moral lessons, and as such, we like them. In next week's issue.
Mrs. Q. A. New—Your remarks on the New Year are very acceptable. The contents are worthy of attention, and will claim a fair share. We have again revised our correspondence not to write on both sides of a sheet. Not in time for this week.
Two in the Column—Is rather too soft an article for us to handle with; it has no point, and the attempt at wit is a failure.
R. from Woburn—Is full of local news. Your promise for more news is very acceptable—in next paper.

EDITORIAL.

NEW YEAR.
We wish all our readers a happy New Year, and many more for the future. To-morrow dawn ushers in another year, the past one will have departed forever.

The past, what shall we say of the past, as we review the various scenes in which we have each acted our parts in the great drama of life. Not one of us but has passed through difficulties and trials, which, if we could have foreseen, we should have dreaded the hour of their approach. The future is shrouded in obscurity, and we know not what a day may bring forth. It is well for us that it is so, or many of us would be worse than walking "skeletons" on the earth.

But we were speaking of the past; the year which is just closing on us "forever." Ponder on that wonderful word "forever," and mark its deep meaning, and where will you place the events of the past. We do not wish to check the joyful feeling of youth, the merry laugh, the morning wish, the fond and social feelings of those gathered on the new year; but it is fitting that we all should remember what we have done and what we have left undone, ere we enter into the greetings and pleasures of the present and the future. The picture of human life is at best a rough and varied one; but there are spots on which the memory dwells with infinite delight; these may relieve the future by their remembrance, but must not be singled out as a sure guide for the future. Our life is mingled with the bitter and the sweet. Experience of the past, if properly viewed, should guide us for the future.

Christmas and New Year are seasons of rejoicing. The anniversary of the natal day of our Saviour and the birth of a New Year. The Christian world have celebrated this season in all the pleasures and sports of youth, and the more reserved expressions of joy and gratitude of those in mature years. It is one of the best occasions for social union, relatives, friends and neighbors should come together, and casting aside all these differences and passions which may have existed in the past, be united in the bonds of kindred ties, friendship and brotherly love. It is the peculiar season for us to cast off old and sluggish habits, and enter anew the opening of the new year with better feelings, stronger desires for knowledge and wisdom, and a forgiving spirit for all differences with others. Reader, if you have sought against a relative, friend or neighbor, or cause for complaint, hasten before the setting of to-morrow's sun, and extend the hand of friendship and forgiveness; life will be lighter and happier. Let not your head rest on its pillar, to-morrow night, without your heart is free from one bitter feeling against your brother man.

How fast time flies; and yet in our youth we said, how slow. We can hardly realize that our winter has thus far progressed—it has passed away under so much sunshine and pleasant skies, that we look with some surprise at the first of January. The poor will estimate this great blessing, while we all feel grateful for so mild a season, by which we have easier performed our daily duties of life.

The "Woburn Journal" enters on the new year with renewed spirit, and with a firm expectation of many new subscribers. In the past we find little to complain of. That there have been difficulties, we shall not deny. Show us, if you can, a public journal without them. With our readers we continue on the best of terms, and it is a source of pride to us that we have never received a single angry notice to "stop my paper," during the existence of the "Journal." Its circulation has increased, and we now stand on a firm basis, free from every incumbrance, and beyond the reach of the common pecuniary fluctuations of life. We can "wear our own cloth and wear it." But the great stimulus for a central paper is now subscribers and advertisers. We have never been clamorous. We have room for additions, which will always be acceptable.

To our advertising friends we hold out some inducements. The "Journal" is placed a wide circulation, and we should be pleased with a long list for our next number. The patronage of our friends and neighbors in this line is duly appreciated. The New Year is an appropriate time to renew it. Our Boston friends are not forgotten.

Our correspondents are entitled to our thanks and good wishes, and we trust they will continue with us. We shall always endeavor to encourage the novice, and we must

not be blamed for our notice to "correspondents," when expressing our view in our language.

To our exchanges, a "Happy New Year," a friendly continuance, and an increase of patronage.

If health continue, we hope to make the "Woburn Journal" a more welcome visitor in the family circle for the future, as an improvement on the past. We have no enemies to punish, but a host of friends to receive our cordial "Happy New Year."

"SYMPTOMS OF CHARACTER."—We listened to a lecture, on Wednesday evening last, from Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, upon the above theme. Our lecturer affirmed, in the outset, (which in the course of his subject he fully demonstrated,) that character must be indicated by external action and signs outwardly visible, as unmistakably as does the throbbing pulse, or the coated tongue, or the crimson cheek, point out physical disorders. He showed that certain physiological developments were reliable symptoms of a sound or diseased character. Our author led us over much pleasant ground, enchanted by his musical voice, his full, distinct and natural articulation, and his faithful delineation of human nature, as found in its naked, undigested forms. Much was pleasingly disseminated amid his frequent sober and grave periods, while prescribing the desired remedy for certain theistic symptoms.

Our lecturer abounds in true eloquence and is possessed of a keen and pleasant wit. He seems to lose himself in his subject, while thoughts, pure and noble, come gushing and sparkling from the fountains of his soul deep and crystal.

We have heard remarks on the disappointment caused by the late ordinance of the City of Boston, forbidding the cars to enter that city by steam from the first of January. It is of course prevents the Lowell Railroad from erecting their contemplated new depot, which would have been a valuable improvement for our Woburn citizens, but as we cannot remedy it, we must be satisfied with the nearest depot we can get in Boston. There is no doubt but what it would have greatly benefited Woburn, many people disliking the long walk to the depot in Boston.

The great naval battle between the Turks and Russians, and the destructive fire in New York, will attract the reader's attention. We have omitted other matter to give our readers the principal facts.

The destruction of the ship "Great Republic" is a sad affair. She was nearly ready to sail for Europe.

The naval battle on the Black Sea will light up a fire in Europe, which, if not immediately checked, will rage with dangerous results to all the crowned heads in the old world.

The friends of Temperance may rejoice in the steady advance of the cause. The Municipal elections in Boston is evidence that even there public opinion is getting healthy. We say now as we always have said, that any cause, having truth and justice for its foundation, will in the end prevail. We shall see.

At a meeting of the Stoneham Light Infantry, held at their Armory, Dec. 24th, Col. N. P. Colburn presiding, the following officers were elected:

Capt. R. A. Lock vice Osborn Richardson resigned.
First Lieut. Charles C. Dike vice J. Parker Gould resigned.
Second Lieut. Geo. Porter Stevens vice R. A. Lock promoted.
Third Lieut. D. K. Wardwell vice N. T. Morrill, resigned.
Fourth Lieut. Jona. Dustin vice George P. Stevens promoted.

A free evening school was opened at Manchester for the first time on Monday last, and more than one hundred and fifty persons appeared and gave in their names as regular members. This was a much larger number than the rooms were capable of accommodating, and it is thought that if the apartments are sufficiently enlarged, many more will join the classes. Few institutions are more beneficial to society—particularly to the laboring classes—than these free evening schools; and we hope to see them introduced in every city and large town in New England. Who will begin one in Woburn? Much good would result from one. These long evenings afford time for improvement, and a free evening school is just the place for our young working men and boys to gather and improve the mind and heart.

The Boston friends of the late Angus C. McIntire, of East Point, P. E. Island, have purchased a beautiful marble grave stone, with an appropriate tribute to his memory, and forwarded it by schooner "Fair Play," to mark the spot at East Point where he rests from his many labors. His friends in the Island will be gratified to learn that though dead he is not forgotten.

We cordially recommend to all those wanting insurance, the Metropolitan Insurance Company of Boston. It has a chartered capital of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, and stands equal with any other insurance company in the State. We have taken the agency, knowing the responsibility and promptness of all their transactions. Forms of application may be obtained at G. W. Fowler's Bookstore, where all applications will receive attention, as at No. 11 Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Congress adjourned for the Holidays, and, as is usual, nothing will be done till after New Year, when the people will expect work. Whether they will get it to advantage, time will tell.

THE LADY AT EAST CAMBRIDGE. The lecture at the Rev. Mr. Bennett's church, East Cambridge, last Wednesday evening, was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, and was one of the most pleasant and best conducted lectures which we have ever attended. The addresses were all good. We cordially approve of what Rev. Mr. Blagden said on the subject of putting on coats and gloves in church before the benediction was through, as an evidence of want of respect to the pastor. We hope it made an impression.

Our good town was well represented, and was a fair evidence of the respect and love existing in our community for the Rev. Mr. Bennett. The music and singing was of superior order. The supper was proved by the small quantity left from overflowing tables, which were set in the best order, and provided by the fairest hands—none could be better.

We never saw a more happy gathering. The ladies were, as they always are, the solid attractions of the evening. On such occasions many hearts will flutter, and if we had been young and single, might have encountered, like, perhaps, many others there present, "where shall I go?"

The lecture passed off in a beautiful manner, in perfect order and we hope with satisfaction and profit to the Rev. Mr. Bennett and his fair associates.

About 150 from Woburn attended.

At a meeting of the "Working Men's Association," of Woburn, at the Methodist Chapel, on Monday last, after a lengthy and able discussion on the question, "Is it beneficial to the community that the laboring classes be highly intellectual?" it was there resolved, "That it is beneficial to the community that the laboring classes be highly intellectual."

On Monday evening next, at the above place, A. H. Nelson, Esq., will deliver a lecture before the Association, commencing at 7 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

TRAGEDY IN GROTON. On Sunday evening last, Mr. Haynes, superintendent of the poor house in Groton, in this State, while laboring under a temporary fit of insanity, attacked his wife with a razor, and cut her throat, severing the jugular vein, so that she died in a few moments. He then cut his own throat.

An account in the Mail states that Haynes, who is a native of Acton, about 24 years of age, although free from debt and pecuniarily prosperous, labored under the impression that he was ruined; he also labored under the belief that the town authorities were dissatisfied with his management of the Poor farm, although repeatedly assured by them of the contrary.

On Sunday afternoon he became so excited that Dr. Pines of Groton was sent for. His wife in the meantime urged him to go to bed; he went with her into their bedroom, the door of which he closed and then attacked his wife with a razor, finally succeeding, after two attempts, in killing her. Just as Dr. Pines arrived he cut his own throat, dying almost instantly. His wife's maiden name was Emily Titus, of Colbrook, N. H. They had been married about eight years and had two children, one five and the other two and a half years of age. One of the children was sleeping on the bed, but he did not offer to touch it. The brother and brother-in-law of Mr. Haynes arrived in Groton yesterday for the purpose of persuading Haynes to remove to his own farm, thinking that he might be more contented there, but they were too late. (Traveller.)

We have a reverence for every old relic remaining of the early days of our country, and especially the old buildings once inhabited by our great men. There is a building in Boston, at the corner of Hanover and Main streets, with a golden ball hanging on the corner, bearing the figures, 1696. This house was once the residence of Benjamin Franklin. We never pass it without a look at the ball and a big thought of Franklin. It is a wonder how it has escaped the modern rage for improvement.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT. The Boston Atlas of Saturday says that Robert Hamilton, 17 years of age, got his fingers caught between a bolt and a shaft in the mill of Benedict & Wood, at Central Falls, on Friday night last, and before the wheel could be stopped, was carried round the shaft some fifty times, his body striking a dresser, which stood a foot and a half from the shaft, at every revolution. He was injured in a shocking manner—both thighs, both legs and both arms being broken (one arm in two places), an ankle, dislocated, and the two fingers that were caught, torn off. Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Marine losses for the past month have been very heavy. A number of large vessels, richly laden, have been wrecked. The insurance in State street, on these vessels, is a very large, over Three Hundred Thousand Dollars.

We have no occasion to tell our readers that we have had the most tremendous snow storm which has raged for years. It has spoken for itself.

The editor being absent, and not able to reach us on account of the storm, several local matters are omitted.

John Murphy, on trial at Taunton for the murder of his wife by pouring sulphuric acid down her throat, has been convicted and sentenced to the usual one year's imprisonment previous to execution. He was intoxicated at the time when he committed the murder.

Benj. Buckingham, aged 37, shot himself in a cave at Milford, Ct. He had made \$20,000 on a voyage to California, and lost it in a second.

Immense Fire! Several Ships Destroyed!

The Clipper Ship "Great Republic" Burnt to the Water's Edge!

Five of Six Wharves Along Stores on Front Street in Ruins!

New York, Dec. 27.
About one o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the Novelty Bakery establishment of Trendwell & Sons, No. 242 Front street. It was completely destroyed, together with the greater part of its contents, consisting of a large amount of flour. The flames soon extended to an adjoining building, occupied by Jones & Rowland as a provision store, and through into Water street.

The wind blew a gale from the north west, covering the shipping at the docks with the burning cinders. The "Great Republic" was soon in flames and burnt to the water's edge. The packet ship "Joseph Walker," of the Black Star Line, is also a total loss. The clipper "White Squall" was towed down the river a mass of flames.

The clipper "Red Rover" was towed out of dock in flames, and was eventually burnt to the water's edge. The packet ship "De Witt Clinton" was also very seriously damaged. Many other vessels are burnt in their spars, rigging or hull. The ferry boats were busy in towing out vessels into the stream, by which many were saved.

The Great Republic was scuttled when she first took fire, but there was not sufficient water to sink her.

LATER FROM EUROPE! Great Naval Battle!

Defeat of the Turks!!

The news per Pacific is of thrilling interest. The greatest naval battle since Navarino has been fought with terrible loss of life, and the total destruction of twenty-three ships of war. The particulars are as follows:

On the 30th of November the entire Russian fleet from Sebastopol, under Admiral Manchinoff, of twenty-four sail, appeared off the Turkish harbor of Sinope where Vice Admiral Osman Bey lay with fourteen Turkish sail. The battle immediately commenced. The batteries being of no force the Russians forced the harbor. The Turks fought like devils and with most desperate bravery, scorning to surrender until one ship after another was sunk, blown up or burned. Thirteen ships were destroyed, and only one remained to tell the tale. Seven Turkish frigates, two corvettes, one steamer and three transports with three thousand men have been totally destroyed, and Osman Bey, the Turkish Vice Admiral, is taken prisoner. Each of the Turkish ships had besides their crews eight hundred troops on board on the way to Circassia. Also a quantity of money to pay the fleet, which of course was all lost.

The Turks burned or sunk seven Russian ships—namely, two line of battle, three frigates and two steamers; the battle lasted only one hour. The remainder of the Russian fleet was so shattered that it could scarcely reach Sebastopol.

All Europe is in excitement at the desperate disaster to the brave Turks; and the general opinion is that an European war can no longer be avoided with honor.

Where are the French and English fleets? Giving dancing parties in the Bosphorus! Admiral Slade, the Englishman in command of the main division of the Turkish fleet, is also party giving, at anchor in the Bosphorus. He returned to anchor on the 26th, four days before the battle, saying he could not find the enemy, although merchantmen continued to assert having seen numerous Russian ships-of-war prowling about. Some of the papers demand that he shall be put on trial for cowardice.

The Turks continued to gain advantages on land in Asia.

Private letters from Paris state that the news of the disaster to the Turkish fleet was received with the profoundest astonishment and grief.

The Emperor is stated to have been overwhelmed by the intelligence. Explanation is imperatively demanded why a considerable part of the Turkish naval force was permitted to be annihilated within so short a distance of where the powerful English and French fleets were lying in inglorious ease.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce states that there is a very good prospect of the conclusion of the treaty which has been agreed upon between the British Minister and our Secretary of State; that is, that the basis agreed upon is likely to be acceptable to the British Government. The aspect of our Government is implied in the arrangement which has been agreed upon.

Another plot against the life of the Emperor of France has been discovered. What a beautiful and happy life these great men live.

We have often reminded our friends that all Communications and Advertisements must be left by Thursday morning, or they will lay over for the next week.

The New England Society, of New York, celebrated the 22d, the anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers. The society expended in charity the last year \$800, and have over \$15,000 in funds, and intend to erect a statue of Daniel Webster in that city. The sons of New England abroad do not lose their New England principles.

From California to December 1.

The rainy season began on the 14th ult. The first rain lasted, with short intermittent clear spells, a week, after which there were five or six days of fair weather, and now it is again raining.

There has been some excitement at Jamestown, between the miners and citizens, the former asserting their right to dig up the streets for gold, the latter denying it.

The miners are pretty well prepared for the winter, and if it be favorable the golden harvest will be richer than ever.

New diggings have been found in a number of points, but nothing extensive.

The San Francisco papers had heard nothing from Walker's Filibuster expedition to Sonora. It was understood that the party consisted of 200 men.

The interments at San Francisco for the two weeks had been but 19. This is not the whole number of deaths in the city, but it is a criterion by which to judge of its healthy condition.

Thanksgiving was duly observed in San Francisco, and it may be some consolation to those in Boston who had to pay 16 cents per lb. for turkeys on that occasion, to know that in San Francisco the price ranged from sixteen to twenty-four dollars apiece.

We have repeatedly heard it stated, says the Grass Valley Telegraph, that there is in California a sugar-bearing pine, but never, until yesterday, have we been favored with a sight or taste of it. The specimen we saw was white, and of a pleasant flavor.

The State Journal says that wild cattle and horses have become a source of much annoyance to the settlers in some parts of San Joaquin valley. It is a common practice with the settlers to shoot them down as they make their appearance.

There is no snow on the trails over the mountains north at present; the recent rains have removed it entirely.

The Butte Record describes a new mining town, just sprung up on one of the hills lying upon the north side of the American valley. The town numbers over twenty houses of different descriptions, and numerous others are in process of construction. All this has been produced by a late discovery of very rich and extensive diggings at this place. The diggings are dry, and vary in depth to the bed rock, from three to fifty feet. In fact, the whole mountain side pays handsomely, and is one of the best winter mining localities in this county.

FROM OREGON.

Some of the Oregon papers begin to lean toward the Maine Liquor Law.

An attempt will be made to change the seat of government.

The rainy season commenced about the 5th, and the Willamette had risen. About 1500 immigrants, with 250 wagons, took a new route to the head of Willamette Valley, got lost and suffered severely. Several died by starvation and exhaustion. In 24 hours after the news reached the settlements 20,000 pounds of flour were on their way to aid them.

How many sufferers there are from headache, who attribute their ailment to nervousness, debility, inflammation, &c., when it is entirely owing to the pores of the scalp being filled up by scurf or dandruff. To eradicate this, a stimulant is required; and nothing can be more effective than the Oil of Rosemary. This essence is now so combined as to form the very best preparation for hair ever discovered. Try it before taking medicine. Sold by G. W. Fowler, at this office.

MARRIAGES.

"There are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats free, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime."

DEATHS.

"And what a life! the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plash, and is to-morrow gray."

In this town, 19th inst., by Rev. J. Ricker, Mr. James H. Murray to Miss Catharine E. Kierman, both of Woburn.

In this town, Dec. 25, of putrid sore throat, Charles Henry, only son of Mark and Matilda Allen, aged 3 years, 1 month and 23 days.

[Gloucester papers please copy.]

Written for the occasion and sung at the funeral.

BY M. W. WELLS.

Sleep, thou loved one; o'er thy ashes
Summer flowers will shortly bloom,
And they'll shed their dew fragrance,
Round thy cold and silent tomb.

Thus thy life was like the flowers,
Short thy stay with us below;
Nipped as is the tender blossom
When the winds doth rudely blow.

How we o'er thy slumbering ashes,
Down our cheek doth course the tear;
But our hearts are filled with gladness,
For the hope that's given us here.

Soon shall rise in Christ's own image,
Our dear babe, whom we deplore;
Rise in beauty, all immortal,
Rise to live, and die no more.

In this town, Dec. 27th, Rodger W. Hutchinson, aged 24.

Special Notices.

WOBURN LYCURIUM.

The next Lecture will be delivered, next Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, by Rev. Mr. Ricker. Subject—Eternity, now, as an element of Human Character.

NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them in to the Selectmen before the 1st day of February, 1854.

HORACE CONN.
HORACE COLLAMORE.
ALFRED G. CARTER.

Stoves for Sale.

FOUR Second-Hand Stoves, nearly new, for sale cheap. Enquire at this office.

ASSIGNEES' SALE

OF
Personal Property.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, Jan. 2d, at 9 o'clock, A. M., at the Minerva House, in Woburn, the following articles—4 cows, 7 team horses, 8 swine, a lot of tea in harness, cart &c., 1 carriage (in), 2 three horse wagons, 1 one horse wagon, 1 horse cart, 1 hay rack, 1 ox cart, 25 sheep, 25 pigs, 25 chickens, 1 pair of wheels, 8 horse sleds, 3 ox sleds, 3 ox yokes, 1 horse derrick and rigging, 2 well do, 2 horse traps, lot of drug plant, stout cutters' tools, hay and hay forks, 3 Hay Cutters, 3 Plows, 15 wheelbarrows, shovels, picks, Blacksmith's tools, dry wood, cedar poles, lot of mauls, joint and wall brick, 1 hog house, a quantity of salt pork, draught and timber Churns, &c. Directly after the above sale will be sold a stone shed, and a quantity of granite stone, on Park street, being on land of Flagg and Mann.

T. J. PORTER, Assignee.
WM. WENN, Jr., Auctioneer.
Woburn, Dec. 28th, 1853.

NOTICE.

THE firm of Otis & Bailey is this day dissolved. All affairs of the firm will be settled by G. H. OTIS, Jr.
Woburn, Jan. 1, 1854.

BOOK-KEEPING.

THOSE wishing to form a class in Bookkeeping or writing will please apply soon, to the subscriber on Salem street, Woburn. School, Wednesday and Friday evenings.
J. A. BOUTELLE.
Woburn, Dec. 28, 1853.

CLOTHING.

THE subscriber will keep constantly on hand and for sale a general assortment of Ready-made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods, cheap for Cash.
Please call at
WM. A. MILES.
dec31

VESTS.

A FEW of those fancy velvet vests, a splendid article, for sale by
WM. A. MILES.
dec31

Keep Your Hands Warm.

A FEW of those Buck Lined Gloves, for sale, cheap for cash, by
WM. A. MILES.
dec31

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

BY license of the Court of Probate, for the county of Middlesex, will be sold at Auction, on Monday, the 10th day of January next, at 3 o'clock P. M., about 33,000 feet of land, situated on Academy Hill, on the corner of Warren and Summer streets. Also, one other lot of land, situated in Fulton Village, in the easterly part of Woburn, being lot numbered 17, on the plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company. The above land will be sold on the premises of the lot on the Academy Hill.
CHARLES CHOATE, Exr.
Woburn, Dec. 22, 1853.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor to the last will and testament of Mary, single late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, a single woman, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to
JAMES TWEED, Exr.
Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1853.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A small house, situated on Court street, containing six rooms, wood-shed, and a small garden; in every way convenient for a small family. Will be sold very cheap, and on easy terms, if applied for soon. Enquire of N. BODWELL, on the premises.
dec24

Now is the Time

TO subscribe for the *Phrenological and Woburn* Care Journals, for 1854. The *Phrenological* and *Woburn* Journals in the United States. 62 cents per year, each. R. H. HOWARD, Agent, Woburn, Mass.
dec24

Hamilton Fire Insurance Co.,

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

CAPITAL \$150,000.

This Company continues to effect Insurance on favorable terms. It has a large amount of property insured. It is doing an extensive business, and is making large dividends to its members.
E. A. WILSON, General Agent for Woburn and vicinity.
dec17

Baskets and Reticules.

A VARIETY of Ladies Baskets and Reticules, of the latest styles for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

Pocket Books and Portemonnaies.

A NEW lot of Pocket Books and Portemonnaies, of all descriptions, for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

BOOK BINDING.

Now is the time to have your magazines bound, by leaving them at the Woburn Book Store.

COFFEES.

AT 50 CENTS PER GALLON, in large or small quantities.
A. Fresh Fish constantly received at the lowest Market Price.
C. Cream Chowder every Saturday evening.
Woburn, Dec. 24, 1853. A. F. UNION.

BUSINESS CARDS

MARK ALLEN,
Manufacturer of
Penholders
Rooms at Webburn Machine Shop,
Webburn, Mo.
Orders for various styles of Penholders, respec-
tfully solicited. July 29 11

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN...AND...DOMESTIC

Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Streetor's Church.)
P. F. Libby. } BOSTON. { S. R. Little

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
FRONT'S BUILDING, MARK STREET, BOSTON.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit. deciffr

George W. Fewle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER

AND
JOB PRINTER.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. J
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.
No. 8 WADE'S BUILDING.

WM. A. MILES,
(Successor to Amos Bugbee, 2d.)
—DEALER IN—
READY-MADE CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Wade's Block, Woburn.

June 4 '11

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly
filled.
oct 18

**JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.**
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
SHADES AND BLINDS, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 tlf. MAIN ST., WOBURN.

DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES
Cambridgeport, Mass.
 Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
 or
 Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.
 \$7 Ladders, &c., always on hand.
 oct 30 6 mos

HARRIS JOHNSON.
 LICENSED JOURNALIST

Woburn, Mass
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
nable terms. (Jan 31)

THOMAS SLEATER & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOSTER'S WHARF,....BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and
sold. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will
receive attention. nov 15 tf

EDWARD E. COOPER,
— DEALER IN —
Drugs, **Fancy Goods,**
Medicines, **Perfumery,**
Chemicals, **Dye Stuffs**

No. 8 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBUEN
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For
sign Leeches constantly on hand. mar 27 tf

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.)
No. 45 Washington Street,.....Boston
Feb 21. **TRAFFICMAN & SEAR** 1f

STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c)
MENZIES & WHITE.

— DEALERS IN —
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
371 Washington Street,
 West Door to the "Adams House,"....., BOSTON
 G. MENZIES H. H. WHITE
One Price...All Representations Warranted
 an 94 ly

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE

No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
 JERMAN HUNTING, }
 JARCUS EATON, } **BOSTON**
Hot meals at all hours of the day.

Isaac Habbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
 No. 120 Washington street, Boston.

S. C. SWEETSER,
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Washburn and the adjoining towns, that he has thoroughly refitted his well-known saloon for the accommodation of the public generally; and thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to satisfy those who may give him a call.
may 9th

BUSINESS CARDS.

MARK ALLEN,
Manufacturer of
Pemholder's
Rooms at Woburn Machine Shop,
Woburn, Mass.
Orders for various styles of Pemholders, respect-
fully solicited. July 30 11

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods.
Nos. 208 & 208 1/2 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church).
BOSTON. (S. H. Libby)

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNOX'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments cut and made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit. dec 11

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER

JOHN PRINTER.
Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth Building,
WOBURN.
Oct 18 11

W. A. MILES,
(Successor to Amos Bugbee, Jr.)
—DEALER IN—
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Wadsworth Block, Woburn,
June 4 11

OTIS & BAILEY.
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTERS.
GLAZIERS, GLAZIERS AND TAPER HANGERS.
—DEALERS IN—
Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and Glass.
Geo. H. Otis, Woburn. James B. Bailey.

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to. Oct 18 11

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Glazing and Molding.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop and Office South of the Branch Railroad depot.
Feb 14 11. MAIN ST., WOBURN.

J. H. EVANS,
NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,
Cambridgeport, Mass.
Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
—AND—
Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.
Oct 30 11

HARRIS JOHNSON.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms. Jan 31

THOMAS SLEATER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Foster's Wharf, BOSTON.
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Mechanic's Sundries and
solid. Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will
receive attention. Nov 15 11

EDWARD E. COOPER.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs,
No. 5 & 6 Wadsworth Buildings,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For-
eign Lotions constantly on hand. Mar 27 11

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS.
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARPETS TRIMMINGS).
No. 43 Washington Street, BOSTON.
Oct 11 11

BATES & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 130 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Cap Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18 11

BENZIE & WHITE.
—DEALERS IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
321 Washington Street,
BOSTON.
Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.
One Price. All Representations Warranted.
Oct 11 11

MORTING & BATHON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. 21

TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 130 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON JOURNAL, WASH-
INGTON JOURNAL, and all other leading
Pamphlets, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. Feb 24 11

COGNATE
WATER.

PLUMBING.
LOCKWOOD & LUMB,
34 School Street, Boston,
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

NICHOLS' REED ORGANS.
It will be the attention of the Musical portion
of the community to the REED ORGAN. It has
not only the improvements which we have made
during the past year, but we feel confident that our
efforts to meet the approbation of our patrons and mu-
sicians generally are not lost. We are about introduc-
ing a new and improved instrument, called the
FLUTE MELODEON.
It will be what its name indicates, PRICED, \$25 to
\$100. Sent by mail. No. 100, Tremont Street, Boston.
July 30

R. H. SPALDING,
SOLE MANUFACTURER OF
PORTER'S PATENT COMPOSITION
BURNING FLUID.
—AND—
Fluid and Oil Chandeliers,
ASTRAL, HANGING AND SIDE LAMPS.
Portable and Stand Lamps of every description,
Chandeliers, Candelabras, and all kinds of
China and Terra-Cotta Vases, Colognes,
Card-Receipts, &c. Also,
Globes, Shades, Glass Prisms,
and every article pertaining to the Lamp Department
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
NOS. 8 AND 9 TREMONT ROW,
(Opposite the Head of Hanover St.)
BOSTON.

READ! READ! READ!!!
Clayton's Rheumatic
CURE.
WARRANTED A SURE CURE for the Rheumatic, and
all nervous Affections, and Cramp and Pain in the
Stomach and Bowels, and all kinds of Bilious
Complaints, and it will cleanse the Blood of Humors of
all kinds.
This valuable medicine has been before the public for
some time, and has been thoroughly tested in its treat-
ment in all the above mentioned diseases, and highly re-
commended by those who have derived benefit from its
use, as well as by physicians who have used it with suc-
cess in the treatment of their patients.
From the numerous testimonials, which may be seen at
the office of the proprietor, in Randolph, we select the
following:—
RECOMMENDATION
This is to certify that I am acquainted with the ingre-
dients of the CLAYTON'S RHEUMATIC CURE, (manufac-
tured by Mr. W. E. CLAYTON, Randolph), and com-
pound and from their well-known safety and efficiency, ex-
cellent remedy for Rheumatic complaints.
E. A. ALLEN, M. D.
Randolph, July 13, 1852
Nov 16 11. Sole Agent for Woburn, E. E. COOPER

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and
Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, and
made to order at short notice. Also, Repair
all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MOREY & OBER are invited to
call and examine.
Oct 18 11

A New Article for Travellers.
**A VALUABLE AND DRESSING CASE COM-
BINED.**—The best article for convenience, con-
venience, and economy, now in the market. The above
article is very desirable for all persons travelling, who
would do well to call and examine, at A. S. JORDAN'S
Comb, Toilet and Perfumery Store, 101 Washington
Street, six doors north of Broadfield Street. Aug 30 11

Lead, Copper, and Brass.
CASH paid for Lead, Copper, and Brass, at the Pump
Factory, No. 98 St. JOHN ASH.
Persian Sherbet,
A New and healthy drink, for sale by SAMUEL C.
SWEETSER.
IRON SINKS.
CAST IRON SINKS for Dwelling Houses and Shops,
very strong and never leak; for sale at the Hardware
Store of L. J. THOMPSON, Jr.

Hair Dye Applied Satisfactorily.
O. S. NO CHANGE. The best Dye in the market,
for sale by the subscriber, and applied on his prem-
ises, to ladies and gentlemen, so as to give perfect sat-
isfaction, or no charge will be made. The Comb and
Perfumery Store of A. S. JORDAN, 101 Washington St.,
six doors North of Broadfield Street. Aug 30 11

COCOA, Bone and Ivory Colored Kneads and Fuffs,
for sale by W. WOODBERRY & Co.
W. WOODBERRY & Co.

Never Failing Remedy!
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
A Cripple Sets A-side his Crutches after Ten
Years Suffering.
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist,
Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,
Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most
interesting cure effected by your Ointment and Pills,
which has been administered every day for a long time
to the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W. Thompson,
of Salford Street, in this town, was thrown from his
horse, whereby he received serious injuries; he had the
best of medical advice at the time, and was after-
wards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he never
healed, and at length a malignant tumor grew in his
hip, which was so completely crippled him, that he could
not move without crutches for nearly 10 years; recently
he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now
healed the wound, strengthened his limbs, and enabled him
to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk
with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigor.
J. THOMPSON.
(Signed)

**A Most Extraordinary Cure of a Dreadful
Skin Disease when all Medical
Aid had Failed.**
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hird, Draper,
Keady, near Gainsboro', dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,
Sir—Some time since, one of my children was afflicted
with a dreadful eruption over the body and limbs. I obtained
the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians,
by all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At
length, I procured your Ointment and Pills, and with-
out a moment's delay, I commenced their use. The
eruption, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering
in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared, and
the child was restored to perfect health.
I previously lost a child from a similar complaint and I
firmly believe, had I in her case adopted your medicines
she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to
testify the truth of your assertions to any enquirer.
(Signed) J. HIRD, Dr. &c.

**Certain Remedy for Scorbatic Humours—
and an Astonishing Cure of
an old Lady 70 Years
Age, of a Bad Leg.**
Copy of a Letter from Messrs. Walker & Co.,
Chemists, Bath.

To Professor Holloway,
Dear Sir—Among the numerous cures effected by the
use of your valuable medicine in this neighborhood, we
may mention that of an old lady living in the Village of
Preston, about five miles from this City. She had ul-
cerated wounds in her leg for many years, and bitterly
lamented such an alarming extent as to defy all the
remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the
suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she
was introduced to your Ointment and Pills, and to the
assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use,
until she received a perfect cure. We have ourselves been
greatly astonished at the effect upon so old a person, she
being above 70 years of age. We shall be happy to supply
any enquirer as to the authenticity of this really wonder-
ful case, either personally or by letter.
A relative in the Bath Police Force, also, had been
perfectly cured of an old scabidic affection in the face
after all other means had failed. He states that it is en-
tirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its
praise.
We remain, Dear Sir,
Your faithfully,
(Signed) W. WALKER & Co.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment
in most of the following cases:—
Bad Legs, Corns (Soft), Scalds, Sore Nipples,
Bad Breasts, Cancer, Sore Throats,
BURNS, FURUNCLES, Contracted and
Blisters, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Bite of Mos- Elephantiasis, Scabies,
quitoes and Flatulency, Sore-heads,
Pain in the Head, Tinea, Tumors,
Coco-Blas, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers,
Chilblains, Lumbago, Wounds,
Chapped hands, Rheumatism, Yaws.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244,
Strand, (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable
Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the United
States, and in all the Colonies, at 25 cents per box, and
each, each. There is considerable saving by taking the
larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every
disorder are affixed to each Pot.
Wholesale by the principal drug houses in the Union,
and by Messrs. A. S. JORDAN, 101 Washington
Street, Boston, Mass. Jan 15 11

ROSEWELL THOMPSON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
ELM STREET, NORTH WOBURN.
Watches and clocks cleaned and repaired. Also,
Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Fans, &c., re-
paired.
G. N. B. All work done promptly, and in the best
possible manner. July 25 11

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH
DRY GOODS!
The subscribers have just received a large stock of
house-keeping goods, and staple articles, which they offer
for sale at fair and honest prices. Their stock consists in
part of:
Sheeting and Shirtings, Hoosy all kinds,
White and Colored Cambrics, Ribbons all varieties,
Towelling, all qualities, Shawls,
Table Linens, Fine Needles, Tapes, &c.
Broadcloths, Tweeds,
Bed Tickings, Cassimeres & Dressings,
Blankets, Counterpanes, Goods for Summer Clothing,
with a large variety of small articles for the sewing ta-
ble and nursery. We are confident of offering to our
country customers at the lowest prices, and are pleased at all times
to show our goods.
LIBBY & BROTHERS,
No. 208 and 208 1/2 Hanover Street,
Boston, Apr 23 11

REMOVAL.
DR. CLOUGH, Surgeon Dentist, has taken rooms in
the first building south of Tremont Temple, and
nearby opposite the Tremont House, where he will be happy
to receive his friends and all others who may need the service
of a Dentist.
Jan 20 11

JOHN MILLER,
BELL HANGER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
—AND DEALER IN—
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to. Apr 20 11

POWELL & WELLS & CO'S.
PHENOLOGICAL ROOMS,
142 Washington St., Boston.

PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS with charts or writ-
ten descriptions of character, are furnished at all
hours, including directions as to suitable occupations, the
selection of partners in business, and congenial compa-
nions for life, the correction of faults, &c., &c.
Also, all books on Pseudology, Physiology, Water
Cure, &c., at a very low price, and in great quantities,
for the wholesale and retail.

DRESS SILKS.—Black, and other Dress Silks, a
good assortment, at
W. WOODBERRY & Co.

FUN FOR THE BOYS!
WINTER AT HAND!
Get out your SKATES—polish the RUNNERS—bright-
en your SKATES—go to
OAK HALL NOTUNDA!
The Largest
BOYS' CLOTHING!
Establishment in the United States!!

Remember!!
OAK HALL HOUSE!!!
Is the place of universal resort for every variety and
grade of SKATING, on the Cheap
OAK HALL SYSTEM!!
NO. 34 NORTH STREET,
(OPPOSITE MERCHANTS' ROW),
BOSTON, MASS.

POTTER'S
HAIR BALM.
A VEGETABLE HAIR COMPOUND FOR BEAU-
TIFYING AND RESTORING THE HAIR.
THIS article has been long and extensively used, and
is considered one of the best preparations for the
hair.
Ladies will find this Balm to be a great addition to the
ornament of their toilet, and a most agreeable per-
fume—free from all ingredients injurious to the hair—
and its keeping the hair in place and curl.
The Balm is of a rich, agreeable odor, and may be dressed
in any form required. Previous to using the Balm,
moisten it slightly with the Balm, which will give it a
beautiful appearance. Price, 25 cents.
For Sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.
GENTLEMEN of Woburn and vicinity, who are in
want of Clothing (a good article made to order), are
invited to call and examine my goods. They will
always find a large assortment to select from.
The Balm is of a rich, agreeable odor, and may be dressed
in any form required. Previous to using the Balm,
moisten it slightly with the Balm, which will give it a
beautiful appearance. Price, 25 cents.
For Sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Health for the Afflicted!
To Professor Holloway,
Dear Sir—Lately myself of the first opportunity of inform-
ing you of the cure effected by your Ointment and Pills,
which has been administered every day for a long time
to the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W. Thompson,
of Salford Street, in this town, was thrown from his
horse, whereby he received serious injuries; he had the
best of medical advice at the time, and was after-
wards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he never
healed, and at length a malignant tumor grew in his
hip, which was so completely crippled him, that he could
not move without crutches for nearly 10 years; recently
he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now
healed the wound, strengthened his limbs, and enabled him
to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk
with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigor.
J. THOMPSON.
(Signed)

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
Extraordinary Cure of Loss of Health,
Disordered Stomach, Indigestion,
and Determination of Blood
to the Head.
Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Eri-
wen, near Harlech, Merionethshire.

To Professor Holloway,
Dear Sir—Lately myself of the first opportunity of inform-
ing you of the cure effected by your Ointment and Pills,
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to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk
with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigor.
J. THOMPSON.
(Signed)

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S
Private Medical Companion.
BY DR. A. M. MAURICEAU,
PROFESSOR OF DISEASES OF WOMEN.
One Hundredth Edition. 16mo., pp. 250. Price, 50 cts.
(ON FINE PAPER, EXTRA BINDING, \$1.00.)
First published in 1817, and it is not
SURPRISING OR WONDERFUL,
considering that EVERY FEMALE,
WHETHER MARRIED OR NOT, can here
acquire the full knowledge of the nature,
character and causes of her complaints,
with the various symptoms, and that nearly
HALF A MILLION COPIES
should have been sold.
It is impossible to convey fully the various subjects
treated of, as they are of a nature intended for the
private use of the individual, and the knowledge of the
nature, character and causes of her complaints, and that nearly
HALF A MILLION COPIES
should have been sold.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.
BE NOT DECEASED!
Buy our book unless "Dr. A. M. Mauriceau, 129
Liberty Street, N.Y." is on the title page, and the entry
in the Clerk's Office on the back of the title page; and
buy only of respectable and honorable dealers, or send
by mail, and address to Dr. A. M. Mauriceau, at New-
York, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. W. Fowle & Co.,
No. 129 Liberty Street, New York.

LET EVERY WIFE AND HUSBAND
READ THIS BOOK.
No excuse for Ignorance, when Ignorance
is misery to those we hold dear and dear,
and when to dispel our Ignorance is with-
in our reach.

**UPWARD OF ONE HUNDRED THOU-
SAND COPIES**
Have been SENT BY MAIL within the last few months
CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.
BE NOT DECEASED!
Buy our book unless "Dr. A. M. Mauriceau, 129
Liberty Street, N.Y." is on the title page, and the entry
in the Clerk's Office on the back of the title page; and
buy only of respectable and honorable dealers, or send
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York, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. W. Fowle & Co.,
No. 129 Liberty Street, New York.

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